



P. Boitard inv. et Sculp.



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T H E
Female Spectator.

V O L. II.

Le Luxe et le Jeu sont deux grandes Sources de Misere. Ce n'est pas la Naissance, les Biens, ou les grandes Emplois, qui vous rendront considerable dans le Monde, c'est l'Usage que vous en ferez.

L'Abbé de Bellegarde.



L O N D O N :

Printed and published by T. GARDNER, at
Cowley's-Head, opposite St. Clement's-Church
in the Strand. M,DCC,XLV.

HER GRACE

Duchess of Bedford

SECOND VOLUME

FEMALE SPECTATOR

INSCRIBED

(With an Introduction)

HER GRACE

THE DUCHESS OF BEDFORD

TO HER GRACE

T O
HER GRACE
T H E
Dutcheſs of Bedford,
T H I S
SECOND VOLUME
O F T H E
FEMALE SPECTATOR

I S
I N S C R I B E D
(*With all due Submission*)

By
HER GRACE'S
Moſt Devoted Servants,

The A U T H O R S.

T O

HER GRACE

T H

Diocese of London

THE

SECOND VOLUME

OF THE

REMAINS OF THE

18

INSCRIBED

(With an Introduction)

BY THE

REV. J. H. W. L.

TO THE

T H E
Female Spectator.

V O L. II.

B O O K VII.



L O N D O N :

Printed and published by T. GARDNER, at
Cowley's Head, opposite *St. Clement's Church*,
in the *Strand*, 1745.

THE

Female Spectator.

VOL. II.

BOOK VII.



LONDON.

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T H E

Female Spectator.

B O O K VII.

 HERE is no one Thing more generally talk'd of, and so little understood, as the Sin of *Ingratitude*. All complain of it in others, but none acknowledge it in themselves; tho' few there are, even among the most generous spirited Persons in the World, that are not at some Times compell'd, by an unavoidable Necessity, to Actions which may draw on them the Imputation of this Vice: — The Truth is, that to be totally free from it depends not wholly on ourselves but on Chance, Circumstances and the Influence of Passions: — One may be guilty of it even without knowing we are so; and innocent without the Direction of Principle. — There are indeed no established

Rules for it, and the Definition is no less a Mystery than the Philosopher's Stone.

I AM led into this Reflection by a Letter that now lies upon the Table, and the Publisher of these *Monthly Lucubrations* tells me was put into his Hands some Days since by a Person who had more the Appearance of a Spectre than a living Man: — I shall present my Readers with it, not only because the Piece is pretty extraordinary in its kind, but also as it gave Occasion to some Speculations which have not yet perhaps been hit upon by any of our Public Writers, and may be of Service in clearing up those Ideas which at present seem confused and indistinct.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

Ladies, or Gentlemen,

Madam, or Sir,

‘ **W**HETHER you are a single or
 ‘ collective Body; whether *Female*,
 ‘ as you pretend, or *Male*, as the Strength and
 ‘ Energy of your Writings tempts me rather
 ‘ to believe; if you have a Human Heart you
 ‘ will pity the calamitous Circumstance which
 ‘ occasions this Epistle.

‘ **K**NOW then, good *Spectator*, without farther Ceremony, that it was my Misfortune
 ‘ (for so it hitherto has prov’d) to fall into the
 ‘ Acquaintance of a young Lady, who has every
 thing

‘ thing in her worthy of universal Adoration;—
‘ Fain would I give you the Picture of this An-
‘ gel, but no Words can paint her such as she
‘ is; I will however venture on a Sketch, some
‘ Out-lines of her various Excellencies, and
‘ leave your own Imagination to fill them up.
‘ —Her Eyes,—Oh killing Eyes! seem to in-
‘ vite with their bewitching Softness the ten-
‘ derest Wishes, yet at the same time strike an
‘ Awe into the boldest Heart:—Her Skin is of
‘ a more dazzling Whiteness than new-fallen
‘ Snow, thro’ which, as *Shakespeare* says, the pure
‘ and eloquent Blood peeps in and out in most
‘ becoming Blushes:—Around her matchless
‘ Mouth a thousand Loves and Graces continu-
‘ ally play in dimpling Smiles:—Majesty blend-
‘ ed with a Look of Infant Innocence is diffus’d
‘ o’er every Feature:—Her Hair, her Hands, her
‘ Neck, her fine turn’d Shape, would singly charm
‘ the ravish’d Gazer, but there is something
‘ in her Air which not the most extensive Fancy
‘ can form any Figure of, without having seen
‘ the Divine Original:—If she but plays her
‘ Fan, takes Snuff, on the least Motion of a
‘ Hand, a Finger, a sparkling Dignity flies from
‘ her, filling all the Place.—What must she
‘ then be when Dancing!—I once had the Ho-
‘ nour to lead her up a Minuet; but oh God,
‘ how little was I capable of keeping Time to
‘ the Musick, or observing any Step!—My ill
‘ Behaviour must have render’d me the Ridi-
‘ cule of the whole Company, had not every Eye
‘ been too much taken up with my adorable
Partner

' Partner to throw away a Look on me: She
 ' however took but too much Notice of it, and
 ' refused to dance with me any more, which
 ' you may believe threw me into the most
 ' mortal Agitations; but I shall give you, in the
 ' close of this Epistle, a full Account of all my
 ' Sufferings from this Ungrateful Fair, in the
 ' mean Time I must proceed to the Detail of
 ' her Perfections: If there could be in Nature
 ' greater Charms than what are display'd in her
 ' Person and Dancing, they would be found in
 ' the extatick Accents of her Voice:—Every
 ' Word she speaks is Harmony itself, but when
 ' she sings, the Soul of Musick issues from her
 ' Lips:—What the celebrated Mr. Waller says
 ' of his *Mira*, may, I dare affirm, with infinitely
 ' more Justice be applyed to my adorable *Ar-
 ' pasia*.

*The Wretch who from her Wit and Beauty flies;
 If she but reach him with her Voice he dies,*

' BUT it were an endless Task to enu-
 ' rate the many Ways she has of captivating
 ' Mankind; I will, therefore, only give you a
 ' brief Account of the Beauties of her Mind
 ' in her Conduct and Behaviour, and then have
 ' done.

' SHE maintains a perfect Chearfulness with-
 ' out the least Mixture of Levity:—She is ne-
 ' ver the first in any Fashion, and when enter'd
 ' into it goes not to the Extremity:—She
 chuses

‘ chuses rather to wear Cloaths less rich than her
‘ Birth and Fortune will allow of, than to have
‘ the least Appearance of Extravagance about
‘ her : — She preserves a modest Reserve, yet
‘ makes no Shew of it : — She goes but seldom
‘ to Places of public Diversion, and never but
‘ in the Company of some near Relation : —
‘ In fine, all her Actions are governed by a
‘ Prudence far above her Years, nor can Envy
‘ find any thing to traduce.

‘ BEING such as I have describ’d, tho’ in-
‘ finitely short of what she is, you will not won-
‘ der that I became enamour’d with her at first
‘ Sight, or that my Passion grew more strong as
‘ I grew more acquainted with her Perfections :
‘ — It was however accompanied with an
‘ Awe which would not suffer me to reveal
‘ what it was I felt for a long Time ; but alas !
‘ there was little need of Words, every Look,
‘ every Action spoke the Meaning of my Soul,
‘ and said I died for her : — Indeed I lived not
‘ but in her Presence, and when absent from
‘ her was but the Ghost of myself. — All my
‘ Friends took Notice of the Change in me,
‘ nor were long without discovering both the
‘ Cause and Object : — As they knew there could
‘ be no Objections on the Account of my Birth,
‘ Fortune, or Character in the World, they
‘ laugh’d at my Timidity, and at last inspir’d
‘ me with Courage enough to declare myself,
‘ which you may be sure I did in the most pas-
‘ sionate and respectful Terms my Heart could
‘ dictate :

' dictate:—But, O God! with what a stabbing
 ' Indifference did she receive my Suit!—Had
 ' she treated it with Scorn or Anger, I should
 ' have been apt to have flatter'd myself either
 ' of these had proceeded from that Affectation
 ' young Ladies frequently assume on the first
 ' Addresses of a new Lover; but the cold Ci-
 ' vility, the unmov'd Reserve with which she
 ' heard me, struck like a Bolt of Ice through
 ' all my Soul, and gave a mortal Damp to all
 ' the Fires of Hope:—I grew pale,—I trem-
 ' bled,—I was ready to fall down in a Swoon at
 ' her Feet; and fearing I should be guilty of
 ' something unbecoming my Sex, took such a
 ' hasty and confused Leave, that had the least
 ' Sparks of Compassion harboured in her Breast,
 ' must have prevail'd on her to have call'd me
 ' back: — But alas! she suffer'd me to de-
 ' part without seeming even to observe my Dis-
 ' order: — Unequal'd Cruelty! — Barbarous
 ' Charming Maid!—Yet this is short of what
 ' I afterwards experienc'd from her unrelenting
 ' Heart.

' THE ensuing Night I pass'd in Agonies too terri-
 ' ble for Repetition:—Sleep was an utter Stranger
 ' to my Eyes:—The next Morning was wholly
 ' taken up in forming a Letter to her, which at
 ' last I did tho' in a most distracted Strain, in
 ' spite of all my Care, and writing over above
 ' an hundred Times in order to render my
 ' Meaning less deserving her Ridicule:—No-
 ' thing notwithstanding could have been more
 humble,

‘ humble, more pity-moving: — Yet what was
 ‘ the Effect? — She opened, read, and sent it
 ‘ back under a Cover, in which I found this rigo-
 ‘ rous Sentence.

S I R,

*I am very much oblig'd to the high Opinion
 you have of my Merit; but as it seems to have
 given Birth to an Inclination, which I am cer-
 tain will never be in my Power to encourage, must
 beg you will desist your Visits till you have ceas'd
 to think in the Manner you now profess to do of*

ARPASIA.

‘ NOTHING but Death itself could have in-
 ‘ flicted more severe Pangs, than those I felt at
 ‘ perusing these few Lines:—I accus'd Fate, and
 ‘ the Ingratitude of my cruel Charmer, as I had
 ‘ Cause to do; yet still I loved, and in the bit-
 ‘ tereft Anguish my tortured Soul could feel,
 ‘ kiss'd the Paper which contained my Doom:
 ‘ I never should have done, should I go about
 ‘ to relate the thousandth Part of the Particu-
 ‘ lars of my Sufferings; I will therefore only
 ‘ trouble you with no more than what is abso-
 ‘ lutely necessary to let you into the true State
 ‘ of the Case:—Several of my Friends, sensible
 ‘ of my Condition, renewed their Endeavours
 ‘ for my Consolation; and one of them being
 ‘ acquainted with the Father of *Arpasia*, spoke
 ‘ to him in my Behalf; the old Gentleman
 ‘ seem'd highly satisfied with my Estate, Person,
 ‘ and Character, and said he should be very glad

B

to

‘ to have me in his Family, provided his Daugh-
 ‘ ter had the same Kindness for me ; but added,
 ‘ he would never put any Constraint on her In-
 ‘ clinations, and therefore would give no positive
 ‘ Answer till he had discoursed with her on that
 ‘ Subject.

‘ FAIN would those who wish’d me well have
 ‘ perswaded me that the Coldness *Arpasia* had
 ‘ treated me with, sprung only from not having
 ‘ the Sanction of her Father’s Commands to
 ‘ authorize a more kind Reception, and that
 ‘ every thing would now be according to my
 ‘ Wishes : But all they said was ineffectual to
 ‘ remove entirely that Grief, which her Beha-
 ‘ viour had settled on my Heart ; and I re-
 ‘ main’d fluctuating between Hope and Despair,
 ‘ till the Day appointed by her Father for giving
 ‘ a decisive Answer being arrived, my Kinsman
 ‘ brought me a heavy Confirmation of what I
 ‘ most fear’d would be the Result, — *That he*
 ‘ *had sounded his Daughter’s Inclinations, and*
 ‘ *found they were not in my Favour ; so desir’d I*
 ‘ *would not give myself any farther Trouble.*
 ‘ This Message, tho’ dress’d up in many Com-
 ‘ pliments, threw me into a Fever :— My Life
 ‘ was despair’d of :—Fresh Applications were
 ‘ made both to Father and Daughter :—All were
 ‘ unsuccessful ; yet I recovered, if a Man may
 ‘ be said to be so, who is continually wasting
 ‘ with inward Pinings :—I summon’d all my
 ‘ Courage, imagin’d I could content myself with
 ‘ seeing her, tho’ at a Distance, and quitted my
 Bed

‘ Bed, in order to pursue her with my Eyes
‘ wherever she went :—I had the cruel Blessing
‘ of beholding her at Church one Sunday Morn-
‘ ing, and flattering myself with doing so in the
‘ Afternoon, went again, but the inexorable
‘ Creature was not there, though she had never
‘ been known to miss before :—I sought her in
‘ the Park, —at the Opera,—the Play,—at each
‘ of these Places found her once, but no more.
‘ —In a Word, she choose to deprive herself of
‘ every thing that gave her Pleasure, rather than
‘ allow me that poor one of seeing the Face that
‘ had deprived me of all other Comforts :—
‘ Was ever Ingratitude like this ! — Was ever
‘ Fate so hard as mine !—Yet all she does can-
‘ not abate my Passion ; nor is it in her Power
‘ to hide herself so entirely, but that I some-
‘ times get a Glance : — In a Disguise I watch
‘ about the House, see her get into her Coach :
‘ — See her with all that deluding Softness in
‘ her Eyes, which almost tempts me to give
‘ the Lye to my own Reason and Experience,
‘ and pronounce her as good-natured as she is
‘ fair.

‘ My whole Time is taken up with haunting
‘ her in this Manner :—All Day I skulk in Cor-
‘ ners like a Thief, and shun the Light, and at
‘ Night stand Centinel opposite her Chamber-
‘ Window, blest to see her Shadow through the
‘ Curtains, while undressing for Bed.

' THIS, worthy *Spectator*, is the sole Business
 ' I am capable of pursuing: — This the sole
 ' Pleasure I can taste; and in this I am wholly
 ' lost to all my Kindred, Friends, Acquaintance,
 ' and almost to myself. — Never was there a
 ' Cause in which your Pen could be more wor-
 ' thily employed than in an Endeavour to pre-
 ' serve the Senses, the Life, nay the very Soul
 ' from Death of an unfortunate miserable Man,
 ' who is so only by his having too great a Share
 ' of Love and Constancy for the most amiable
 ' Woman in the World.

' EXERT then all your Eloquence to move the
 ' Heart of my obdurate Fair, to give her a live-
 ' ly Sense of her Ingratitude, and convince her
 ' how ill so foul a Vice becomes so beauteous a
 ' Form: — She is a constant Reader of your
 ' Essays, a great Admirer of them, has often
 ' said the World would be happy could it once be
 ' brought to follow the Maxims you lay down:
 ' — Who knows, therefore, but she may be
 ' wrought upon herself when so favourite an
 ' Advocate vouchsafes to plead: — Ingratitude is
 ' a copious Subject, or were it less so, my unhap-
 ' py Story might give you a sufficient Hint. —
 ' It is a Theme I think you have never touch'd
 ' upon, and perhaps will be no less agreeable
 ' to a great many of your Readers, than to the

Sorrowful AMINTOR.

POOR *Amintor*! He is in a desperate Situation
 indeed, and if the *Female Spectator*'s Pity will
 do

do him any good, I am commissioned by our little Club to tell him he is heartily welcome to it; but am sorry to acquaint him withal, that we are afraid, by the History he gives us of the Progress of his Passion, Pity will be all the Consolation he will ever be able to procure. Nothing can be more plain, than that the Lady finds no Dispositions in her Heart of that Kind, which he places his whole Happiness in inspiring: There is no accounting for Antipathies in Nature, nor is the strongest Reason sufficient to surmount them:—In vain his Love and Constancy have a Claim to her Regard:—In vain her Father's Assent would authorize that Regard:—In vain a Parity of Age, of Circumstances, of Birth, concur to render a Marriage between them suitable; if that secret Impulse that rules the Heart be wanting, all other Considerations are of no force to attach.

THIS therefore being evidently the Cause that *Amintor* is rejected, he ought not to accuse *Arpasia* for what is not in her Power to remedy:—She can no more love him, than he can forbear loving her:—The Sentiments on each Side are involuntary; and where the Obligation is not of the Will, there can be no Ingratitude in refusing the Recompence:—Not but it were to be wish'd, for the Happiness of both, that *Arpasia* could meet so ardent and so sincere an Affection as that of *Amintor*, with an equal Warmth; but since it cannot be, and Nature is refractory, he should endeavour rather to forget, and enable himself

himself to live without her, than perpetuate his Passion and Anxieties by any idle Hopes of living with her.

THERE are many Methods to be taken which may heighten and invigorate a Passion that has once gain'd Entrance ; but no human Power can inspire it in Contradiction to the Heart : All Attempts therefore that the *Female Spectator* could make for that Purpose would be Labour lost ; and *Amintor* ought to think it more kind in us to advise him to quit the vain Pursuit, than by pretending to plead in his Favour flatter him with deceitful Expectations, which would only serve to add to his Disquiet in the End.— Time, Absence, and a constant Exertion of his Reason, may one Day restore his Liberty, but nothing can be done for him to make him easy in his Chains.

I WOULD have him consider, in the first Place, the invincible Obstacle between him and the Accomplishment of his Wishes ; and in the next, that were there a Possibility of her ever being prevail'd upon, by a Romantic Generosity, to give herself to him, and do a Violence to her own Inclinations for the Gratification of his, the Happiness of such a Union would be far from perfect :—A Passion so fervent as he pretends to be inspired with, could never be sordidly contented with being bless'd *alone* :—The chief Felicity of true Affection consists in the Power of bestowing it ; and tho' in full Possession of the
Body,

Body, he would still languish in a conscious Inability of having influenc'd the *Mind*.

I WONDER that his own good Sense did not long ago remind him of this Truth, as it seems not to have done by his never making any Efforts for subduing a Passion, which, from the very Beginning, threaten'd him with Despair:—He confesses she received the first Overtures of it with a Coldness which had nothing of Affectation in it, and no sooner knew the Motives of his Visits than she refused to see him any more:—It was not possible for her to testify a more sincere Dislike of his Addresses, nor a greater Inclination to check in their Infancy Desires, which by their Growth would be fatal to his Peace:—He might have loved a Woman (as too many such there are) who, fond of Admiration even from the Man she hated, would have encourag'd his Pretensions;—fed his Flame with the Fewel of vain Hopes, only to make the Damps of her Disdain more shocking, and then triumph'd in the Ruin she occasion'd: But *Arpasia* I find by his own Confession is not one of these;—she has acted toward him with Honour and Discretion, and I not only acquit her of all Ingratitude, but pronounce *Amintor* the Person obliged; and he ought to take Care, that in not acknowledging he is so, he does not draw on himself that Imputation he unjustly offers to fix on her.

INGRATITUDE implies a Want of
Will.

Will when one has the *Power* of returning a *real Benefit* : Now this is so far from being the Case before us, that, as I think I have already proved, *Arpasia* in the first Place is wholly destitute of Power to return the Benefit, if it were a Benefit, of *Amintor's* Passion, and in the next to be loved by a Person one cannot love, is *not* a *Benefit* but a *Persecution*; at least, it is certainly so to this Lady, since it obliges her to impose a Banishment on herself from all the Places she has been accustomed to frequent.

BESIDES, there is methinks a strange Tena-
ciousness in *Amintor* on the score of his Passion :
—He seems to imagine it has a Right to en-
gross all the Attention, all the Regard, all the
Pity to itself :—If *Arpasia* is in reality Mistress of
one half the Perfections he ascribes to her, why
should they not have the same Effect on others ?
—Why should he not have Rivals who may be
as full of Love and Misery as himself ?—And
whenever she makes Choice of any one, will not
all those who are rejected have an equal Motive
for Complaint and Title to Compassion ?

ON the whole, therefore, if in spite of all Per-
suasions, he will persist in being his own Tormen-
tor, hug his Disquiet, and refuse the only possible
Means of Relief, he has nothing in this World
to accuse but an Obstinacy of Nature in himself,
which taking Part with his ill Stars prolongs
their Influence, and doubles every Dart of Fate.

'TIS more than possible that among the Number of my Readers, there may be some in *Amin-tor's* Condition, and partially induc'd, by a Parity of Circumstances, to think I have dealt too severely with him, and that instead of blaming his Behaviour, I should have complied with his Request, and reproach'd that of his Mistress:— Many also of my own Sex, who pride themselves in the Multiplicity of their Admirers, may be fearful some of those, who at present compose their Train, will be warn'd by the Example of *Amin-tor* to retreat while they have the Power of doing so; and wish my Pen once more in the Goose's Pinion it was pluck'd from, rather than be employ'd in giving any Advice, which may be even suspected as a Design to lessen the Number of their Slaves: But it would ill become the Character of a *Spectator*, and Censor of Errors, (though a *Female* one) to flatter any thing that may be truly call'd so; and notwithstanding all I might have to apprehend from the Despair of the one, and Malice of the other, I am determin'd always to continue my plain Dealing without respect of Persons, which I am certain cannot fail of gaining the Approbation of the justly thinking Part of both Sexes, and will in the End deserve the Acknowledgments of those who at present may imagine they have Reason to resent it.

INGRATITUDE is on all hands agreed to be a Vice most detestable both to God and Man, and any flagrant Instance of it draws on the guilty

C

Person

Person the severest Censure; yet, if we examine nicely into the Nature of Things, we shall find it next to an Impossibility to be wholly clear from it:—It is not only, as *Dorax* says, *the Growth of every Clime*, but of every Heart;—the most exalted Virtues cannot sometimes be exercis'd without a Mixture of it:—The strictest Justice, the softest Clemency, may betray some Tincture of it; and what seems yet a greater Paradox, there may happen Occasions, when to be truly grateful one must be a little ungrateful.

I REMEMBER that many Years ago I found in the Library of a very learned Relation of mine a little Book, entitled *The History of Crete*; in which, tho' there were many other curious Passages well worthy of Remark, one above all so much hit my Fancy, that it has ever since dwelt strongly on my Mind. *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* doubtless thought as I did, since it was from thence they took the Hint for their excellent Play call'd *The Laws of Candy*. The Story is this:

ONCE upon a Time (I know not in what *Æra*) there reign'd a King, who so much hated Ingratitude, that he made an Edict, whoever was found guilty of it should be punished with Death, and that the Sentence once past by the Court, there should be no Appeal to any other Power, nor Remission but from the Complainant himself:—I do not find there was any Trial of this Nature during the Life of this good King,

King, but indeed he died in a short Time after, and leaving his Son and Successor an Infant, the Sovereign Power was during his Minority invested in the Senate.

THE States of *Candy* * had for a long Time been at War with the *Venetians*, and must have been entirely overcome by that powerful Republic, had it not been for the extraordinary Valour of their General. It would be too tedious to recount what is there related of this great Man:—How when oppress'd with Numbers his single Arm redeem'd the Honour of the Field:—How when cover'd o'er with Blood, and his whole Body seem'd but one great Wound, he spurn'd the Man who offer'd him a Litter, and grasping the Neck of his Horse when he was no longer able to sit upright, pursued in that Posture the flying Foe:—How when any Advantage offer'd, he was the foremost to plunge into the rapid Stream,—to mount the Breach,—to leap the Parapet,—how neither craggy Rocks, nor fenny Marshes could obstruct his Passage:—What Wonders he perform'd would be incredible to the present Times, nor are material to my Purpose; it shall suffice to say, he was look'd upon as the Guardian Angel of *Candy*, and so distinguish'd by all Degrees of People, more than by his Post, or the Name deriv'd to him from his Ancestors.

Long did he retain these Honours unequal'd and alone, till heaven rais'd him a Competitor

C 2

in

* Formerly call'd *Crete*.

in his own Son: The Youth whom he had train'd to Battle from his most early Years became in Time so to excel in it, that there was no Art of War, for which his Father was famed, but he knew how to practise it with a like Success:—His Courage was not less, and his Strength and Activity of Body superior:—He had highly signalized himself in two Campaigns, but in the third when the *Venetians* had assembled their whole Forces, commanded by the *Dogue's* own Son in Person, this young *Candy* Hero establish'd a Reputation never to be eras'd.

THE Troops of *Candy* were divided into two Armies, the one led on by the old General, the other by his Son; the former of which was able only to keep the Field, while the other entirely routed those they were engag'd with, then march'd to the Relief of their former Companions; and gain'd so compleat a Victory, that the *Venetian* Prisoners themselves confess'd, must entirely disappoint all Hopes in the Republic of making Head again, at least for a long Time, and be necessitated to sue for Peace; all the Flower of their Nobility being either slain or taken: So great was the Slaughter, that the Living were scarce sufficient in Number to bury the Dead.—To add to the Triumph of the young General, he had the Glory after a long Combat, where they fought Hand to Hand, to make the *Dogue's* Son his Captive, and after him an old and most experienc'd Captain, on whom the *Venetians* much relied

relyed, and on whose good or bad Success that of the whole in great Measure depended.

THE Joy and Acclamations with which these Warriors were received at their Return to the Capital, by the Senate as well as the Populace, was conformable to the Advantages they brought them; but soon this Sun of Triumph was overclouded by an unlook'd for Storm, which was very near overwhelming them all in Ruin and Destruction.

THEY had a Law in *Candy* which had subsisted Time immemorial, that whoever was generally allowed to have done most Honour to his Country, in the Day of Battle, should at his Return be gratified with any Demand he should think fit to make.

ON this arose a Contest between the two Generals, in which no Considerations of Blood, Duty, or Paternal Affection, could prevail on either to yield:—The Father knew, and regarded the Merit of his Son, yet thought to make a Sacrifice of his long-worn Honours would be a Recompence too great; and the Son, who on the least Command of so excellent a Father would have readily laid down his Life, could not submit to relinquish his Title to Glory, even to the Calls of Duty.

THEY both appear'd before the Senate, and made their respective Claims:—The Father pleaded

pleaded his ancient Services, the Son his late Success, and the Advantages gained by it to the Nation, which was confirmed by Ambassadors that Moment arriving, with Orders to treat of Peace, as well as by the unanimous Voice of the whole Army.

THE Matter was soon decided, and the young General was pronounc'd Deliverer of his Country, and requir'd to name the Boon he ask'd: On which, to atone as he thought for the Umbrage he had given his Father, he requested a Statue of him might be erected, and all his glorious Atchievements engrav'd on the Pedestal. The whole Assembly wrung with Applauses of his filial Piety, who having it in his Power to demand whatever he pleas'd, desir'd no more than the Perpetuation of his Father's Honours. But a quite contrary Effect had this Action on the Mind of him it was intended to oblige:—The old General, peevish through Age and Infirmities, and before chafed to think his Glories were about to be eclipsed by a Star, to which his Example had at first given Light, was so far from being pleas'd at this Proof of his Son's Respect, that he rather look'd upon it as Ostentation; and that he desir'd not this Monument of his Father's Victories, but to shew his own had surpass'd them; and that what grateful Recompence was made, was made in Consideration of his later and more meritorious Services. This Imagination, however unjust, sunk so deeply in his Soul, that he retired to his Country Seat full of the utmost Dis-

Discontent against his Son, whom he forbid ever to see him more, and renounc'd with the most bitter Imprecations.

THE young General was beyond all Measure afflicted at the Displeasure his Father had conceiv'd against him; and finding all the Submissions he could make served rather to increase than diminish it, fell into a Melancholly which all the Honours he received had not the Power to dispel.

IN the mean Time the Princess of *Candy*, Sister to the late King, and Aunt to the present, fell desperately in Love with him;—inasmuch that she forgot her Dignity, and made him an Offer of her Person and Treasures: But he, insensible to her Charms, and wholly devoted to make Peace with his Father, would consent to marry her on no other Conditions, than first to send a Sum of Money to his Father to redeem some Lands, which by his former Liberality among the Soldiers he had been oblig'd to mortgage; and in the next, to keep the Thing an inviolable Secret.

THIS implacable old Man received thankfully the Donation as coming from the Princess; but being unhappily inform'd afterwards by some one she had trusted, of the Love she bore his Son, and that it was by his Instigation she confer'd this Favour on him, instead of being appeas'd by this new Proof of filial Affection, became infinitely more

more irritated against him than ever ; and to be reveng'd on the Insult, as he term'd it, formed a Resolution the most strange and unnatural that ever was harboured by the Heart of Man.

BORNE on the Wings of Fury, and deaf to all the Remonstrances that were made him, he flew to the Capital and demanded Justice in the Execution of the Law against his Son, whom in a most pathetic Speech he accused of Ingratitude, repeated the various Obligations he had to him both as a Father and a Preceptor ; proved that in the Heat of Battle, while yet a Novice in the Art of War, he had thrown himself between him and impending Danger ; received the Wounds design'd for him, and Times unnumbered shielded him from Death : — *For all which Bounties, added he, he stript me of the Glories I had gain'd before he had a Being ; ravished from me the Prize of Fame, more dear to me than Life, and brought my Age with Sorrow to the Grave.*

THE young General refused to make any Defence, and hating a Life his Father's Unkindness had made wretched, submitted to the Sentence the Senate, tho' unwillingly, were obliged to pass on him.

THIS Intelligence no sooner reached the Princess, than wild with Grief, she ran to the Senate House, and first by soft Persuasions endeavoured to move the Heart of the old General ;
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but he continuing obdurate, she vow'd then he should suffer the same Fate with his innocent Son; and accused him of the highest Ingratitude to her, as being obliged to her for the Redemption of his Lands, he had contrived to deprive her of what he knew was the most dear to her.

HER Charge was too justly founded to be denied, and the Senate were compel'd to satisfy the Demand she made.

THE young General, who had heard with an unshaken Courage his own Doom pronounced, could not support that of his Father; and revolving in his Mind what he should do to save him, became in his turn an Accuser of the Princess: — He urged, that having for a long Time sought his Affections, she had at last obtained a Promise of Marriage from him, on which she pretended her Life depended, yet after she had won him to her Will, had most ungratefully betrayed a Secret he had bound her to conceal, and by that fatal Discovery irritated his Father, and been the Cause of both their Ruin.

To this the amorous Princess pleaded Guilty, desirous of dying with him she loved, even cruel as he now seemed; and as no Person whatever was exempted by this Law from the Penalty, she also was condemned to suffer with the rest.

THE Power of preventing so tragic a Scene lay wholly in the old General, who by remitting
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the Offences of his Son, had obtained of the Princess Remission for himself, as she also had from her Lover; but not all the Arguments made use of by the Senate for this salutary Purpose, not even their Tears and Entreaties, could prevail on his inflexible Heart; and these three illustrious Personages were about to be conducted to their Fate, when a young Virgin, Daughter to the General, rushed into the Council Hall, crying with a loud Voice, as she press'd through the Crowd, *Stop, stop the Execution till my Claim is heard:—If these must suffer, 'tis fit others more guilty shall partake their Fate.*

THE Guards on this were ordered to bring back the Prisoners, and all waited with Impatience what this new Wonder was to produce, when the Maid with an undaunted Courage began to speak to this Effect:

I think, said she, the Law against Ingratitude falls indiscriminately on all found guilty of it; to which being answered by the President, that it did. Then I accuse you all, resum'd she, all you of the Senate!—All you, who having the Power and Treasure of the Public invested in you, forgot the Services of this old Man, my Father, fifty Years your General, and stiled the Guardian Angel of his Country, and suffered him in Age to feel the Stings of Poverty, to be reduc'd even to Beggary, but for the Compassion of the Princess; while you yourselves were rioting in that Affluence, preserv'd for you by the best Part of his Blood.—If this
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*is not Ingratitude, nothing can be call'd so:—
Quit then your Seats, and be content to suffer the
Punishment of your Crime.*

NEVER was Consternation equal to that which this Demand occasion'd; the Populace seconded the Accusation, and cry'd out for Justice:—All the Lords, which compos'd this august Assembly, look'd one upon another without the Power of Speech:—What indeed could they say! How reply to so just, so self-convicting a Charge!—The Law by which they were condemn'd, was wrote in Terms too plain for any Evasion:—There was no Remedy to be found, and those who but a Moment past had pronounc'd the Sentence of Death against others, were now compel'd to submit to it themselves; the Soldiers immediately stript those late Judges of their Robes, and rang'd them with those who were before their Prisoners, in order to conduct them to the Place appointed for the Execution of Criminals.

How dreadful a Spectacle was this, the Princess, the two Generals, with all the Nobility and Magistracy of the Kingdom, about to be destroy'd at once!—Who, when they were no more, would be left to maintain Order among the People?—Where could there one be found to protect the Peace of *Candy*?—All Administration of public Justice must cease:—All Laws be abolish'd, and the whole Realm involv'd in a wild Confusion.

THE old General could now hold out no longer, all his Obduracy melted at the Reflection of his Country's Ruin; and as he knew his Breath was the Hinge on which the Lives of all depended, forgave his Son, his Son with Tears of Joy the Princess, and she no less readily remitted the Offences of his Father;—the young Lady, by whose Stratagem this happy Change was wrought, desired the Senate to resume their Places, and all was now restor'd to its ancient Form; but the sad Consequences which this Law had like to have occasion'd, and which it would always have been liable to draw on, made them unanimously agree to repeal it.

THIS little Abstract from the *Cretan Annals* may serve to shew of how ambiguous and perplex'd a Nature *Ingratitude* is in reality:—How impossible it is to be entirely free from it ourselves, and how readily we fix the Imputation of it on others:—In fine, there yet has never been, and possibly never will be a Standard found for it, by which one may truly know what is or is not so.

LOVERS complain of it more than any People in the World, and indeed with the least Reason; and a Woman, who has the Merit or the Chance of being address'd by several, must of Consequence be guilty of it, since in recompensing one, she must be guilty of what they will call *Ingratitude* to all the others.

EVERY

EVERY one, who labours under any Distress in Life, is full of Accusations on the Ingratitude of Persons whom he either has, or imagines he has, confer'd some Obligation on at one Time, or another ; tho' perhaps those whom he thus brands were never sensible of any Favour receiv'd from him, or if they are, may not have it in their Power to return them in the Manner he expects.

It must be confess'd, there is in most of us a Partiality to ourselves ; we are too apt to magnify every good Office we do, and lessen the Merit of those we receive ; and this is an innate Ingratitude, even tho' we should in Effect repay the Obligations confer'd on us a thousand fold.

THERE is also a Partiality in us to one another ; of two Persons we may happen to be acquainted with of equal Merit, we often shall be led by a secret Propensity which we cannot account, nor give any Reason for, to like the one much better than the other ; and yet, perhaps, he who most shares our good Wishes is by the same Impulse inclined to have the least for us ; and this is a Species of Ingratitude which we fall into unknowingly, or if we knew, have it not in our Power to avoid, because it is implanted in our Nature, and not to be eradicated.

REASON, however, and a thorough understanding it in ourselves, may put a Check on Inclination, and prevent the ill-judging Will from
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running into Practice:—We may do a Violence to our own Hearts, and in our outward Behaviour give the Preference to those who love us rather than to those we love: But few there are will take this Pains, and I know not indeed whether we ought always to impose so severe a Task on ourselves, or whether to perform it would in all Cases be laudable, or even agreeable to the very Person for whose Sake we undertook it.

THIS brings to my Mind a Story, the Veracity of which I will not answer for, tho' I have heard it well attested; and is not in itself impossible; for which Reason it may serve to corroborate what I have said, proving how great a Command Persons the most influenc'd by Passion or Prejudice may obtain over themselves by the Strength of Resolution, and also that there may happen Circumstances, in which to exert that Strength of Resolution would be rather a Fault than a Praise-worthy Action.

A GENTLEMAN in the Western Parts of *England* had two Daughters at Marriage Estate, the elder of whom was address'd by a Person whose Birth and Fortune render'd him more than an equal Match; but notwithstanding these Advantages join'd to a most graceful Form, and many great Accomplishments of Mind, she could not be brought to listen to his Courtship with any Degree of Satisfaction, while her younger Sister languished in the most ardent Passion for him: — Her Love was of that pure and disinterested

interested Kind, that tho' by what she felt she was too well convinced that she never could be happy without a Return in Kind; yet so much did she prefer his Satisfaction to her own, that she did him all the good Offices in her Power with her Sister: — Their Father soon discover'd the different Inclinations of his Daughters, and fearing he should never be able to bring the eldest to abate of her Aversion, and loth to lose the Opportunity of so good a Match for one of them, would fain have endeavoured to turn the Current of the Gentleman's Affections to the youngest; but all Efforts of that Nature were wholly vain, — his Reason avow'd the Merits of the kinder Fair, — it pointed out the lasting Comforts he might enjoy with one who tenderly lov'd him; but his Heart refused to listen to any other Dictates than its own, and shut out all Impressions but those it had at first receiv'd: — Not all the Disdain he was treated with by the one, had Power to abate the Ardour of his Flame; nor all the soft though modest Tokens of an Affection, adequate to her Sister's Hate, could in the other kindle the least Spark: — A kind Look from the one had transported him beyond himself, but the tender Glances of the other serv'd only to add to his Disquiet.

THUS did the beautiful Insensible, her hapless Sister, and despairing Lover, unwillingly continue to torment each other, till one ill-fated Day put a final Period to all Uncertainty and vain Dependence.

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THE Gentleman had lately bought a little Pinnace, beautifully ornamented and fitted up for Pleasure ; to this he invited the two Sisters, with several other Ladies and Gentlemen who lived near the Sea-Side, in order to give them a Regale on Board. The Weather being calm and clear when they set out, tempted them to sail a considerable Distance from Shore ; when all at once the Aspect of the Heavens was changed, and from a most serene Sky became clouded and tempestuous :—The Winds grew every Moment higher, and blew so strong against them, that in spite of their Intention they were borne still farther out at Sea.—The Storm increasing, the Vessel being weak, and, as some say, the Mariners unskilful, it bulg'd against a Rock and split at the Bottom ;—the Sea came pouring in on all Sides,—there was but a Moment between the Accident and sinking, — every one was in the utmost Consternation,—the Circumstances admitted no Time for Consideration, — all jump'd overboard, taking hold of those they were most anxious to preserve ; — the Gentleman catch'd the two Sisters one under each Arm, and for a while, even thus encumber'd, combated the Waves ; but his Strength failing, there was an absolute Necessity to quit his grasp of the one in order to save the other, on which following the Emotions of his Gratitude rather than his Love, he let go the elder of these Ladies, and swam with the younger till he reach'd the Shore.

ONE of the Sailors, who had none under his
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Protection, saw the Distress of her, whom her Lover had left floating, and catch'd hold of her Garments just as she was sinking; but Destiny forbad Success to his Endeavours, a Billow too large and boisterous for human Skill or Strength to cope with, came rolling o'er them both, and plung'd this unfortunate Lady, with her intended Deliverer, in the immense Abyfs.

HER Lover, who had just eas'd himself of his Burthen, beheld from Shore what had befallen her, and not able to survive the Shock, turn'd to the Lady he had preserved at the Expence of all he valued in Life, and with a Countenance full of Horror and Despair, said to her, *Madam, I have discharg'd my Debt of Gratitude to you for the unsought Affection you have for me, — I must now obey the Calls of Love, and follow her, whom to out-live would be the worst of Hells.* With these Words, they say, he threw himself with the utmost Violence among the Waves, which immediately swallowed him up.

THE young Lady had neither Power nor Time to utter any thing to prevent so desperate a Deed, and only giving a great Shriek fell down in a Swoon: In which Posture she was found by those, who seeing the Distress of the Pinnace afar off, were coming to administer what Relief the Occasion would admit.

Now if this Fact be real it must be owned that the Gentleman carried his Gratitude to a

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Degree

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Degree which the *French* call *Outrè*, — beyond Reason, and even beyond Nature, and in my Opinion was an Action too romantic to be recommended as an Example for Imitation. And tho' the Person who related it to me extoll'd it as the highest Proof of Magnanimity ; yet it appears to me as rather proceeding from a vain Desire of doing something to be talk'd of after Death, than the Effects of any real Virtue or Greatness of Mind.

THESE Refinings even on the most worthy Principles, these Over-strainings of Nature, are certainly never of any Advantage to the Persons themselves, or those for whose Sake they are supposed to go so much out of the common Road. — Extravagance and Excess will always be disapproved by Reason and good Sense, and when we are told of Actions, the Rise of which we know not how to account for, they only serve to puzzle weaker Understandings, and render them unable to judge what is really laudable, or what is the reverse.

THERE may happen Times when to be grateful may be a Vice ; for Instance, if a Prince, Minister of State, General of an Army, or any other Person in a lower Station of Life, who has it in his Power to confer Promotion, shall shower his Favours on an unworthy Object, merely to be grateful to the Love he bears him, thereby withholding Offices of Trust and Profit from the more capable and deserving : Such a Prince, Minister,

nister, or whatever he be, is unjust, not only to those who are rejected, but to a whole Nation, which, by this partial Indulgence, may be betray'd to Ruin in a more or less Degree, as the State is interested in the Employment or Post.

WHAT passes for Gratitude is often no more than Self-love, as Actions proceeding meerly from Ostentation are complimented with the Name of Liberality;--So near does Virtue border upon Vice, that they are sometimes confounded even by the Breast that harbours them. — We think that we ought to do every thing in our Power for the Person who seems to love us, and is ready on all Occasions at our Beck, and seldom consider whether in returning a trifling Obligation, or perhaps the Shadow of one, we do not an essential Injury elsewhere.

THERE is, I think, an old Saying, that *we ought to be just before we are generous*; and as amiable a Quality as *Gratitude* for Benefactions truly is, we should endeavour to find some other Ways, if possible, of testifying it than by those which rob Merit of its Due; and if they are not in our Power, rather chuse to seem ungrateful than be in reality base. — The Dilemma I confess is hard, and many a noble Spirit has been bewilder'd, and at a Loss to chuse between the two Extreams.

I WAS never better pleas'd in my Life, than at the Conduct of a Country *Justice* at the last

Election for Members of Parliament : — Two Gentlemen of very opposite Characters and Principles set up against each other ; — one of these, whom I shall call *Macrobius*, had a little before procured an Ensign's Commission for a Nephew of the *Justice's*, so thought himself certain not only of his Vote, but of all the Interest he could make for him in the County. He did not however fail going to him on that Occasion, and the first Civilities being over, *My good Friend*, said he, *I suppose you know I intend to stand Candidate, and I believe are enough convinced of my Abilities and Good Will to my King and Country to be assured I shall not prove an unworthy Member, therefore I depend you will do all you can to serve me in this Matter.*

THE *Justice* shook his Head, but without any Hesitation made him this Reply : — *Sir, I am perfectly acquainted with your Abilities ; — but you must pardon me, if I think the other Gentleman, who is your Competitor, more qualified to be a Representative of this County than you can pretend to be ; not only because he has a large Estate here, but because he has no Manner of Dependance on the Court, and consequently is less liable to be influenc'd : — For these Reasons, therefore, I think myself obliged to use all the little Interest I have among my Neighbours that he may be chosen.*

HOW ! cry'd *Macrobius* in a great Passion, Can you be so ungrateful ! — Did not I give your Nephew a Pair of Colours the other Day ?

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YOU did, Sir, return'd the *Justice* gravely, I thank you for the Favour : — *I am not ungrateful and would return it in Kind : — My Nephew wanted a Commission, you got him one ; and whenever you have any Dependant out of Employment, send him to me and I will make him my Clerk : — This, Sir, continued he, is all the Retaliation I can make, and I think the Difference of our Circumstances consider'd, is pretty adequate to the Obligation.*

THE *would-have-been Member* was ready to burst with inward Rage at this Sneer, but knowing how great the *Justice's* Influence was, he conceal'd it as much as possible, and omitted nothing that he thought might sooth and bring him into better Humour ; but his Flatteries as his Resentment, were equally ineffectual, the *Justice* could not be prevail'd upon to sacrifice his Honesty to his Gratitude, and *Macrobius*, to his great Mortification, was obliged to leave him as he found him.

WHEN Favours are confer'd with a latent View of corrupting the Integrity of a Man, or the Chastity of a Woman, they ought, when discovered to be such, to bring only Contempt on the Person who bestows them : — Gratitude in this Case would be the worst of Vices, and all Dispositions towards it in the Heart, should be banish'd as Traitors to Honour and Virtue.

PEOPLE sometimes out of an Excess of Good-Nature, or a timid Shamefacedness, think they may

may recede a little from their Strictness, in Compliance with the Desires of a Person they have received some Obligations from; but let them take care, the least yielding to an ill Action is inuring the Mind to it, and by Degrees takes away the Horror of it: — Nobody can say to themselves *thus far will I go, and no farther*, as a late noble Peer and Poet elegantly expresses it:

*Of Honour Men at first, like Women nice,
Raise Maiden Scruples at unpractis'd Vice:
But once this Fence thrown down, and they perceive*

*That they may taste forbidden Fruit and live,
They stop not here their Course, and enter'd in,
Grow strong, luxuriant and bold in Sin.*

THIS Observation will ever hold good in high and low, in public and private Life; and, therefore, as Obligations are the Bribes by which cunning and designing Men expect to enlist the more unwary into their Service, every prudent and honest Person will avoid receiving them from such whose Principles they are not well assur'd of.

IN fine, a very little Reflection may serve to convince us, that in a great Number of Cases what the World calls Gratitude may be a Vice even from the Prince to the Peasant; and in our Sex I dare say that nobody will deny but that a Woman who has a Number of Admirers cannot be-

behave to them in such a Manner, as they will allow to be a grateful Return, without rendering herself an Object of everlasting Infamy and Contempt.

It is greatly to be wish'd, for the Happiness and Reputation of the Kingdom, that there were fewer Instances of this destructive Gratitude in both Sexes than some late Years have produc'd; and that we could prevail on ourselves rather to return to the Rusticity of the ancient *Britons*, than by this guilty Complaisance to our Betrayers become accessary to our own Perdition, and entail Shame and Misery on our Posterity.

LET no one imagine that by pointing out the Rocks on which a Temper grateful to excess is liable to split upon, I mean to recommend its opposite as the safest Rule to steer by : — For Heaven forbid that so pernicious a Doctrine should ever be propagated : — All I have said is no more than an Endeavour to rectify some Mistakes concerning it, and to shew that what is call'd *Ingratitude* by the unthinking Part of the World is not always so, and that even if it were, could not sometimes be avoided without running into Faults of an equally detestable Kind.

I HAVE already more than once observ'd, that it requires the utmost Penetration and deepest Search to discover in some Circumstances how one ought to behave in this Point; but then again there are others in which there is no room for
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Hesitation: — Duty, Reason, Honesty, and Good-Nature plainly guide us to the Paths we ought to tread, and which in swerving from we can have no Excuse.

IN the first Place the Obligations we have to Heaven are self-evident, not to mention our Existence (which I have heard some People, who enjoy not every thing they wish for in this World, refuse to acknowledge as a Blessing) nor our Redemption and Hopes of Immortality (which too many are hardy enough to call in Question). Exclusive, I say, of all the glorious Prospects of an hereafter; is not our Preservation here amidst innumerable Dangers, which, tho' unseen, unthought of, continually surround us, not worthy of much more Gratitude than is in our weak Capacities to pay? — Those most defended from Hurts by the Affluence of Fortune and an indolent Life: — Those who loll in Coaches, and scarce lift their Hands to their Head, are every Moment liable to some inward Fraction which may throw into Disorder their whole Frame. — I have heard Anatomists say, that did we know the Delicacy of the human System, the thousand and ten thousand Fibres, which like Threads run through every Part of the Body, and which if any one should be crack'd or removed out of its Place would prejudice, if not bring total Destruction to the whole, we should tremble at moving even a Finger, for fear of hurting their elastic Quality, and cry out with the Royal *Psalmist*,

Lord,

Lord, I am fearfully and wonderfully made !

YET how are all our Motions so guided and directed by an invisible Power, that very rarely any Accident of this Kind happens, even to those who are continually employing themselves in the most robust Exercises.

WHEN we look around the amazing Scene, which this wide World affords, and consider the various Produce of the Earth and Air, the unfathomable Deep, and the Rivers issuing from it, all created for our Use, and abounding with every thing necessary for our Support and Pleasure ; how can we sufficiently testify our Gratitude to the Dispenser of these Blessings ! — But if we lift up our Eyes to the immense Expanse above, where Miriads of Miriads of Orbs, infinitely larger than that wherein we are placed, roll over our Heads, self-poiz'd in Æther, and at the same Time reflect that should one of these start from its Sphere its Fall would crush this Globe to Atoms ; how must our whole Souls dissolve in grateful Contemplation on that Almighty Power, whose single *Fiat* regulates their Motions, so as to be of no Prejudice to each other, or to us.

THOSE who disbelieve, or affect to disbelieve, all other Obligations, readily acknowledge themselves bound by these, and are ashamed and angry if but suspected guilty of Ingratitude on this Score.

OUR Parents, as next to Heaven the Authors of our Being, and Protectors of our helpless Infancy, certainly claim the first and greatest Share of our Love and Gratitude:—Never is it in our Power to recompence those tender Cares they feel for us:—Yet what we *can* we *ought*:—Love and Respect to them are Duties so known and universally confess'd, that where a Person is visibly wanting in either of these, he is deservedly look'd upon as a Monster. Most People, therefore, especially of the better Sort, endeavour to maintain an exterior Shew of this Gratitude, tho' too many have little of it in their Hearts.

THOSE also who under our Parents have the Care of our Education, such as Tutors, Governors, or Governesses, if they have discharg'd the Trust reposed in them, by inspiring us with true Notions of Honour and Virtue, justly demand our Gratitude; and we ought not only to acknowledge the Obligations we owe to their Integrity, but recompence it by all the Acts of Friendship in our Power.

NOR ought we to deny some Gratitude due to our menial Servants, when the Respect they pay us is accompanied with Love, and we perceive, as we easily may, that what they do for us proceeds from something more than meer Duty.—Such a Servant is indeed a Jewel rare to be found, and deserves to be used with all the Indulgence we can shew without lessening our Authority.

If, according to the different Relations they stand in to us, we treat any of these in an unbecoming Manner, we are guilty of an Ingratitude which no Excuse can shadow over: — The Obligations I have mention'd are plain, convincing, and when not acknowledg'd, tho' no human Law exist against the unnatural Propensity.

*Heav'n seldom fails to punish it in Kind,
Th' Ungrateful does a more Ungrateful find.*

THERE are also others more distant tho' not less binding Debts of Gratitude owing from us, such as that to a King when he is truly the Father of his People, when he places his chief Glory in the Happiness of the Common-Wealth, when he exerts his Power only for our Protection, when he seeks no Pretences to oppress us with Taxations, nor permits a haughty over-grown Minister to insult and ruin us: — To all the Members of a wise and uncorrupt Senate, who speak the Sense of those whose Representatives they are, who despise not our Instructions, but make their first Business the Redress of our Grievances, and by their upright Behaviour and steady Adherence to the Constitution, preserve the Balance of Power between the King and People: — To every Civil Magistrate, who is diligent in his Office for executing Justice, and maintaining Peace: — To those of the Clergy, whose Piety, Charity, Temperance and Humility of Manners, are a Proof that they themselves are convinced of the Truth of that Doctrine they preach: — And lastly, tho' not least worthy our Consideration

tion and Regard, to the gallant Sailors, who are the Guardians of our Commerce Abroad, and the true and sole Bulwark of our Islands from all foreign Force, who dare every Danger, endure every Hardship, that we may sleep securely and at Ease.

WHOEVER feels not a due Portion of Love and Veneration for these, or any of these, is unworthy to share the Benefit derived from them, and ought to be banish'd to some other Country, where the very Reverse of all these excellent Qualities are practis'd, and no such Persons as I have describ'd be found.

I HAD wrote thus far the Sense of our Society at our last Meeting, as near as I remember'd, and was proceeding with something of my own, when *Mira* and *Euphrosine* came into the Room, and looking over my Papers, *You have forgot*, said the former of these Ladies, *to make any mention of Authors in your Detail of those to whom the Public is oblig'd:—Pray, is laying out the Brain in an Endeavour to improve or to divert the World, of no more Estimation with you than to be pass'd over in Silence?*

EUPHROSINE seconded this Reproof, which I could not but allow the Justice of, and heartily ask Pardon for so palpable an Omission.

IT is indeed to Books we owe all that which distinguishes us from Savages, and it would be
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extremely ungrateful to refuse our Good-Will to the Composers of what affords us the greatest of all Benefits, that of informing the Mind, correcting the Manners, and enlarging the Understanding.

WHAT Clods of Earth should we have been but for Reading? — How ignorant of every thing but the Spot we tread upon? — Books are the Channel through which all useful Arts and Sciences are conveyed: — By the Help of Books we sit at Ease, and travel to the most distant Parts; behold the Customs and Manners of all the different Nations in the habitable Globe, nay take a View of Heaven itself, and traverse all the Wonders of the Skies. — By Books we learn to sustain Calamity with Patience, and bear Prosperity with Moderation. — By Books we are enabled to compare [past Ages with the present, to discover what in our Fore-Fathers was worthy Imitation, and what should be avoided; to improve upon their Virtues, and take Warning by their Errors. — It is Books which dispel that gloomy Melancholly our Climate but too much inclines us to, and in its room diffuses an enlivening Chearfulness. — In fine, we are indebted to Books for every thing that can profit or delight us.

AUTHORS, therefore, can never be too much cherish'd and encourag'd when what they write is calculated for public Utility, whether it be for Instruction or innocent Amusement; and it must
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be confess'd would be a Proof of the most sordid and ungrateful Spirit to deny the Recompence of their Labour, yet enjoy the Advantages of it.

IT may, indeed, be objected, that many of them deserve little Thanks for occasioning that Waste of Time the reading of them takes up ; but the same may with equal Justice be alledg'd against all those others in public Stations I have mention'd, since it is not to a bad King, a corrupt Parliament, an indolent Magistrate, a haughty, ambitious, or intemperate Clergyman, nor an unskilful Sailor, any more than a weak, illiterate, or vicious Author, I pretend our Gratitude is due.

ON the contrary, when those who should protect, enslave us ;—when those who should defend, betray us ;—when those who should guide, lead us out of the Way ; and those, from whom we might expect Pity and Relief, only laugh at our Distresses and triumph in our Misery ; whatever Eminence they are placed in, or by what Name soever they are dignified and distinguish'd, merit, in Proportion to their Greatness, and the Power they have of doing Good or Hurt, only Reproaches utter'd in the utmost Bitterness of Heart.

BUT when any one, who has the Abilities, exerts them for the common Good of Mankind, the Pains taken for that Purpose deserves not only bare Thanks, but the warmest Wishes of the Heart : — All who hear us speak of a Praise-worthy Action without Praise would condemn us, for
our

our own Sakes therefore we commend, but we feel for that of others : — True Gratitude kindles up the whole Soul, and shews by the Manner more than the Matter of what we say, that it longs to manifest itself in something more than Words.

THERE is certainly something extremely amiable in a grateful Mind, and whoever is possess'd of it, tho' he may be misled by the Weakness of his Judgment to testify it in Things not altogether commendable, yet the Effects are deserving Pardon for the sake of the Cause ; and such a one can never be premeditately unjust or base.

BUT, after all that I have said, my weak Endeavours only serve to shew how in some Instances Gratitude may be carried to an Excess, and how in others it never can extend itself too far, yet is the Definition still a Secret ; — a Gordian Knot, I fear, not to be untied by any human Skill. — To separate and distinguish it from other Passions of a quite different Nature, which it either covers over or is mingled with, is an Intricacy impenetrable, but by him who sees into the inmost Recesses of the Heart.

NOTHING is more common than for Actions which owe their Rise meerly to Pride and Ostentation to be mistaken for this truly noble Principle : — Many a one has requited some trifling Obligation with another of the greatest Consequence, only to acquire the Reputation of a grateful Person ; when at the same Time he has a thousand
Times

Times wish'd in secret that some Accident, of how dreadful a Nature he valued not, might render the other, whom he was about to favour, not in a Condition to receive it.

SIR Thomas Plausible was one Day in Company at a Tavern when Word was brought him that young *Wildman* was arrested and carried to Prison for a large Sum of Money. — *How!* said the Baronet, *I wonder he would not send to me on the first Notice he had of this Affair: — If I had known he had laboured under any such Apprehensions it never should have come to this.*

HAVING express'd himself to this Effect, he call'd hastily for Pen, Ink, and Paper, and wrote a Note to his Steward, ordering him to go and release the Gentleman immediately, paying the Debt and Charges, be the Amount ever so great. This he sent by the Waiter, and perceiving so extraordinary an Act of Liberality to one who it was well known was in no Condition to repay it, or ever likely to do so, astonish'd all that were Witnesses of it, which *Sir Thomas* perceiving, Gentlemen, said he, *I hate Ingratitude, Wildman it is true cannot be allowed to be a Man of much Merit in the World, but I owe him a Favour, and rejoice in an Opportunity to return it: — You must know,* continu'd he, *that about five or six Years ago, he was second to a Cousin German of mine three Times removed, and till now Fortune never put it in my Power to convince him how sensibly I was touch'd with the Obligation.*

THIS

THIS still more amaz'd the Company, and Sir *Thomas* heard nothing the whole Time he was with them but his own Praises:—The Thing afterwards made a great Noise in Town, and he pass'es to this Day for the most grateful and generous spirited Man in the whole World.

BUT how little was this Man of Honour known! — At the Time he was conferring this Favour on one of the most worthless of Mankind, and to whom in Effect he had not the least Obligation, he refused to assist in the utmost Distress one who had been the Companion of his Youth, and whose Purse he had commanded when their too expensive mutual Pleasures had reduced him to the Want of it?

THIS Gentleman, whom I shall call *Loftland*, was born to a plentiful Estate, but by the Negligence or Knavery of his Guardians in the first Place, and his own too easy Temper in the next, was driven to great Necessities. — He lay sick at that Time, and wanted many Things which his Condition requir'd: — He had wrote several Letters to Sir *Thomas*, reminding him of their former Friendship, which on his Part never had subsided, and requested some Relief in his present Exigence. — To all which this seemingly so grateful Man either return'd no Answers, or such as contained trifling Excuses:—*Loftland*, unable to support this Slight from a Person he thought he might have had some Dependance upon; sunk beneath the Weight of it more than by that of his Distemper,

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and died in a short Time after : — So true are the Poet's Words :

Fate ne'er strikes deep, but when Unkindness joins.

MANY such *Plausibles* are there in the World, and so easy is it for the Hypocrite in any Virtue to deceive us by their specious Pretences.

OPPOSITE to these there is another Species of Mankind in the World, a Race of odd Mortals who boast of Justice, Generosity, and talk loudly of their Gratitude, yet are blown up to that ridiculous Degree by Arrogance and Self-conceit, that they never think themselves obliged ; they imagine all that is done for them is their Due, and every Favour overpaid in the Acceptance. — Bounties confer'd on them, in bare Compassion to their Wants, they call Policy in the Donor, to engage their Friendship and Good-Will ; and set so high a Value on vouchsafing it, that if at any Time a Person to whom they may happen to owe the highest Obligations speaks or looks not just in the Manner they approve, they will threaten to visit them no more, and indeed be as good as their Word frequently, to the great Ease of those who have endured their Company only thro' an Exuberance of Good-Nature : But pleasant enough is it to observe how they laugh and hug themselves with the Thoughts of the Mortification those are under who are deprived of the Happiness of conversing with them.

IF a Person of this Humour happens to confer a Favour on any one, as his Pride, if he has the Power, will make him ready to do it, not only the Receiver, but all who are any ways related, he thinks bound to be his Slaves forever: — They must no more have any Will, any Disposition of their own, all must be govern'd by his superior Judgment, and if he discovers they even think in a manner different from him, base, unworthy, thankless, are the kindest Epithets he bestows on them.

SUCH a one it is equally dangerous to be civil to, or affront; but as they are never Dissemblers, a small Share of Discernment serves to point them out; whoever obliges them is a Prodigal in Goodness, but those who can condescend to be oblig'd by them must have Souls too mean to deserve any Pity for the Treatment they receive.

THERE are besides a third Sort less fordid and deceitful than the first, and of a less perverse and crooked Disposition than the last describ'd, and yet blameable enough too: — These are abundantly grateful while you continue to oblige them, approach you with with more Submissions than you require of them, over-rate every thing you do for them, extol you to the Skies in all Company, and seem proud of acknowledging every Favour they have received: — But if at last they happen to request any thing which it does not suit with your Convenience to grant, they set all that is past at nought, retract the fine Things they

they have said of you, and sometimes even go so far as to load you with the most gross Abuse.

THIS is a Temper, which, as it shews itself not immediately, one cannot so well guard against; but when once discover'd should be as much exposed as possible, to prevent others from being deceiv'd by it.

No one who is a Self-Lover can ever be truly grateful or sincere, for tho' that Passion engages a Person to love all that love him for a Time, yet will it make him, on the first Prospect of a greater Advantage, presently transfer his Affections elsewhere.

As for the Gratitude of a Lover to his Mistress, or a Lady to her Lover, I have already shewn in my Comments on *Amintor's* Letter, that there is no such Thing in reality, all the Actions being govern'd by a Passion which there is no over-ruling entirely, or if there be, that it is only when they consent to marry those they cannot love; for certainly that can never be a true Gratitude, tho' it sometimes bears the Name, which influences a Person to join in a Union for Life, with one, whom they must every Day render more miserable, by giving every Day new Proofs of Aversion.

It is therefore always owing to some latent Self-Interest, when either Man or Woman consents to do this Violence to Inclination.

AMELIA

AMELIA, the great Fortune, yielded, after a long Courtship, to marry *Melania*, a Gentleman of a small Estate: But wherefore did she so? Only to conceal, under the Name of Wife, the Effects of her Criminal Conversation with *Politics* the Gamester:—Yet she will tell you she gave her Person and Fortune to *Melania* merely as a Reward of his Constancy; and did this injur'd Husband make any Complaints of her Indifference and Contempt, or was observed to abate any Part of that Respect and Tenderness he treated her with before Marriage, all Mankind would brand him with the highest Ingratitude.

COULD we look into the Secrets of the wedded World, I more than fear we should find innumerable Instances, where Gratitude in both Sexes has been but the Pretext to mask over some less laudable Motive.

THERE is, I think, another mistaken Notion pretty general, and that is, when of two Persons who long have lov'd, and given each other all the Proofs of Affection in their Power, the one shall fall off without receiving any Cause from the other, and for the sake of a new Object forfeit all Vows, renounce all Obligations, and leave the forsaken Party to languish in vain Complaining:—In such a Circumstance, ungrateful is the Epithet commonly given to the Person guilty of violated Faith; but I can by no Means allow it to be just, because I once more beg Leave to assert,
that

that to love is not an Action of the *Will*, and we cannot pay any farther than is in our Power: . A Person may change in the Manner I have mention'd, yet know the Change unreasonable, and sincerely wish there were a Possibility that the first Obligations still retained their Force; therefore the Transition proceeds not from Ingratitude, but Weakness and Instability, a wavering and inconstant Mind, which knows not how to settle, nor what would satisfy it.

LET no one think, however, that I mean to palliate the Crime of so gross an Abuse of Tenderness, by attempting to prove it cannot properly be call'd Ingratitude; on the contrary, the Man or Woman guilty of it in my Opinion merits the severest Censure, yet not so much, because they change from one Object to another, as because they did not well consult their own Hearts before they made the first Overture:—A Passion inspired by that Sympathy I have mention'd founded on Reason and recompensed by Kindness, can never alter, and a Person who declares himself a Lover, should first ask himself the Question, and be well assured he can be always so.

NOR can I call it Ingratitude between married Persons, where one of them, by the arbitrary Power of Parents, shall be compell'd to give a Hand without a Heart, and is afterwards unable to subdue the fix'd Aversion, so far as to return the Affection of the other with any Degree of Tenderness.

derness.—This is, I confess, a Case truly pityable on both Sides, but yet leaves no room for Reproach on either, unless the Party who dislikes has ungenerously conceal'd it *before* Marriage, or the Party disliked is foolishly obstinate enough to run the Hazard of becoming more engaging *afterwards*.

IN a Word, I can see no Ingratitude in Love Affairs except in one Circumstance, which is this.—If a Person is extremely beloved by one, for whom he or she, for I do not confine myself to Sexes, has neither Inclination nor Aversion, and to whom either to be united or not is a Matter of Indifference, yet endeavours to make the most of what Affection offers, by higgling for more Advantages than his or her Fortune could any way pretend to, without that partial Affection, such a Behaviour is indeed ungrateful as well as fordid.

WE frequently hear of Instances of this Kind, but I heartily wish that all such thankless Persons might meet the same Fate with one, whose Adventures, I believe, will not be disagreeable to my Readers.

CELEMENA was the Daughter and sole Heiress of a Gentleman of a very large Estate, perfectly agreeable in her Person without being a Beauty; she had a good Capacity and an excellent Disposition:—Being such, it is not to be wonder'd at that her Parents were extremely tender of her, nor that they made her be instructed
in

in all the Accomplishments befitting a Person of her Sex and Fortune.

BUT that to which she most apply'd herself was Musick and Singing, she would sit the whole Day, if not call'd from it, at her Harpsicord, practising those Lessons which had been given her in the Morning, and by degrees became so attach'd to it, that in Effect she regarded nothing else. — Her Governess often chid her for devoting herself so much to one thing, and reminded her, that tho' Musick was very agreeable, yet there were other Studies more worthy her Attention, and ought at least to have their Share. — This she seem'd sensible of, but could not be brought to lay aside her Books without Reluctance, and whatever she employ'd herself in, the last new Song ran always in her Head : — When the Hour in which her Master in this Science accustomed to visit her approach'd, she was continually looking on her Watch, and if he came not at the Moment she expected, discovered an Impatience which was never seen in her on any other Score.

THIS, with some Glances she was ignorant of herself, yet observ'd by the Governess, made that careful Creature tremble, lest her young Charge should be no less pleas'd with the Person of her Master than with his Art : — She kept those Suspicions however for some time to herself, but imagining that every Day gave her fresh Reasons to believe they had not deceiv'd her

her, she thought it her Duty to acquaint the Mother of *Celemena* with them.

THE old Lady imparted what she had heard to her Husband, and on reasoning on the Subject, when they considered their Daughter's Youth, her excessive Fondness for Musick, and the handsome Person of the Man in question, they began to fear the Governess had not been mistaken.

AFTER debating what was best to be done in so vexatious an Affair, it seem'd most proper to them both, to discharge Mr. *Quaver*, for so I shall call him, from his Attendance, without giving any other Reason for it than that they thought *Celemena* had made a sufficient Progress, and had no occasion for further Instructions.

THE putting this Resolution into Execution convinced them, that what they fear'd was too sure a Truth:—The Melancholly which *Celemena* fell into on the Loss of this Master, shewed not only that she loved, but also loved him to an uncommon Degree:—All that could be done for her Amusement or Diversion, had not the least Effect, and the Disorders of her Mind had so great an Influence over her Body, that she fell in a short Time into a violent Fever:—Her Life for some Days was despair'd of, but her Youth, Strength, and Constitution, joined with the Skill of the Physicians, at length repell'd that Enemy to Nature:—The Fever left her, but the Cause still

remaining, threw her into another Distemper, which threaten'd no less fatal, tho' less sudden Consequences: — In fine, she had all the Symptoms of a Consumption, and those who had the Care of her, both in her late and present Illness, easily perceiving that she labour'd under some inward Grief, told her Parents, that without that were remov'd, it would be in vain for them to hope they should preserve their Daughter.

A SECOND Consultation was held on this afflicting News, between the Father, Mother, and Governess of the young Lady; the Result of which was, that the latter should, by all the Stratagems she could invent, draw her into a Confession of the Truth: — They flatter'd themselves, that if the Secret was once reveal'd, the Arguments they might make use of to her would enable her to overcome a Passion so unworthy of her; but if all fail'd, they resolv'd rather to gratify it than see her perish in the hopeless Flame.

It was no difficult Matter for a Person, who by her Age doubtless had some time or other in her Life experienc'd the Passion she was about to speak of; to talk of it in such a Manner as should discover the Progress of it in another. *Celemena* betray'd herself without knowing she did so; and when she found her Secret was reveal'd, scrupled not to confess, that she took a strange Liking of Mr. *Quaver*'s Person and Conversation from the first Time he was introduced to her; — that the more she saw him, the more her Inclination increased,

creased, till it entirely engrossed her whole Heart; and that by what she had endured since she had been deprived of seeing him, she was very well convinced she could not live without him; but added, that she believed he was ignorant of the Love she bore him, *At least, says she, I hope he is; for I should dye with Shame, if I thought he suspected me guilty of a Weakness which I cannot forgive in myself.*

THE Governess comforted her the best she could, and perceiving that the Hurry of Spirits this Discourse had put her in made her ready to faint away, exceeded her Commission so far as to give her Hopes that if she really loved to that Excess she appear'd to do, and thought him worthy of being her Husband, her Parents might be brought to consent.

THIS seemed too great a Happiness for the enamour'd Maid to give much Credit to; yet the Transport she was in at the bare mention of it, and the Agonies she fell into, as Reason abated the pleasing Idea, assured the Person who was Witness of them, that there was no other Means of saving her Life than such a Confirmation.

SHE went directly from her to the old Lady's Apartment, and related to her the whole of what had pass'd between them: — How great was her Affliction any one may guess: But flattering herself that Shame might work some Effect on her, she bid the Governess let her know she had ac-

acquainted both her and her Father with the Secret, *and you may tell her*, added she, *that you have endeavour'd to prevail on us to comply with her Inclinations; but that the Surprise and Grief we are in at hearing she had so much demean'd herself, as to entertain a Thought of such a Fellow, made us give no Answer to what you said.*

THE Governess went immediately about making this Essay, tho' certain in her Mind of the little Success it would have: — The Passion *Celestina* was inspired with, was indeed too strong to be overcome this way; and tho' dutiful, and wanting in none of those Respects owing from Children to their Parents, not all the Sorrows she occasioned them in this Point, had Power to turn the Current of her Affections.

FINDING her Mother came not into her Chamber the next Day as usual, she doubted not but her Indignation against her Passion was at least equal to the Grief for her Condition; and despairing of any Effect of her Governess's Promises, her Heart, over-press'd beneath a Weight of Anguish, refused its accustomed Motion, and she fell into Faintings, out of which she was not without great Difficulty recover'd.

HER Mother distracted at the Danger of so darling a Child, cry'd out to her, that her Inclinations should no longer be oppos'd; — that since *Quaver* was so necessary to her Life, he should immediately be made acquainted with his good Fortune,

Fortune, and that the Moment of her Recovery should join their Hands.

THE Father, no less anxious, made the same Promise, which *Celemena* still doubting the Performance of, they both confirmed with the most solemn Oath.

As it could not be supposed but that the Musician would receive an Offer of this Nature with an Excess of Humility and Joy, he was sent for, and told by the Parents of *Celemena*, that as notwithstanding the Disparity between them the young Lady had thought him worthy, they too dearly prized her to thwart her Inclinations, and would bestow her on him in case he had no previous Engagement.

THE Astonishment he was in at the Beginning of this Discourse was very visible in his Countenance, but being Master of a good Share of Cunning it abated, and he not only recover'd himself entirely before they had finish'd what they had to say, but also resolved what Answer he should make.

HE had heard the young Lady had been dangerously ill some Time, and that she still kept her Bed, and so sudden and unexpected a Proposal made to him by her Parents left no room to doubt the Motive of it; so without any Consideration of what he owed either to her Love, or this Condescension in them, he meditated only
how

how to make the best Bargain he could for his pretty Person, which he now thought he could not set too high a Value upon.

AFTER having assured them that he was under no Engagement, and slightly thanking them for the Honour they did him in making choice of him for a Son in Law, he begg'd Leave to know what Portion they intended to give their Daughter.

SUCH a Question from a Man, whom they expected would have rather thrown himself at their Feet all in Extacy and Transport, might very well astonish them : — They look'd one upon another for some Minutes without being able to reply ; but the Father first regaining Presence of Mind,—Mr. Quaver, said he, *since I am willing to give my Daughter to you, there is little room for you to suppose I should bestow a Beggar on you ; but since you seem to doubt it, I will put Five Thousand Pounds into your Hands for the present, and according as I find you behave will add to it.*

FIVE Thousand Pounds ! cry'd the Musician : *Sir, I live very well as I am on my Business, and will not sell my Liberty for twice the Sum.*

NOTHING could have been a greater Proof of the Consideration this tender Father had of his Child, than that he did not resent this Arrogance in the Object of her Affection, by ordering
his

his Footmen to turn him out of Doors ; but his Fears for her over-rul'd all he owed to himself, and he only reply'd, *Well, Mr. Quaver, I will think of your Demand, and if you call Tomorrow will acquaint you with the Result.*

'TWOULD be needless to repeat the Shock such a Behaviour must be to Persons of their Rank and Figure in the World ; or how great an Aggravation it was to their Affliction, that *Celemena* should have bestowed her Heart on a Man whose Mind was as fordid as his Birth was mean : — They were fearful of acquainting her with the little Regard he seem'd to have for her, but on her being extremely urgent to know what had pass'd at an Interview her Peace was so deeply interested in, they at last ventured to repeat not only the Demand that *Quaver* had made, but also describ'd the insolent Manner in which he spoke and look'd ; but withall assured her, that for her Sake they would both forgive and comply with it.

CELEMENA listen'd attentively to the Narrative, but seem'd much less troubled than their Apprehensions had suggested : — She fainted not, she even wept not, but after a little Pause thank'd her Father for the unexampled Tenderness he express'd for her, and beseech'd him, that since he was so good to grant every thing desir'd by a Man, who, she confess'd, was worthy of little either from him or herself, that she might be placed the next Day in some Room, where she
might

might hear, unseen by him, how he received the Condescension would be made him.

THIS Request was easily granted, and when they were told he was below, a Servant was order'd to conduct him into a Room divided only by a thin Wainscot from *Celemena's* Chamber. She had quitted her Bed that Day, which for a long Time she had not been able to do, and sat with her Governess as close as she could to the Partition, so that she could hear all that pass'd with the same Ease as if she had been in the Room with them.

WELL, Mr. Quaver, said the old Gentleman, *I think you told me Yesterday that the Price at which you set your Liberty was Ten Thousand Pounds : — It is certainly a great Sum for a Person of your Vocation, who have no other Jointure to make my Daughter than a few Music Books ; but as she has set her Heart upon you, I will not refuse you, and the Money shall be paid on the Day of Marriage.*

ALAS S, Sir, reply'd the other, *I am sorry I was so unhappy to be mistaken ; I told you that I would not marry for twice the Sum you offer'd at first, which you may remember was Five Thousand Pounds ; — and I think you cannot give me less than fifteen Thousand, and five Thousand more at the Birth of the first Child ; besides, I expect you should settle your whole Estate on me after your Decease, that your Daughter, who I know is*
Heirefs,

Heiress, may not assume too much, as many Wives do, when they have the Power of receiving Rents lodg'd in their own Hands.

AT these Words the Father was oblig'd to summon all his Moderation, yet could not restrain himself from crying out, *Heavens! What have I done to merit a Punishment so severe? — Unhappy Celemena, to love where there is nothing but what ought to create Contempt!*

WHATEVER Opinion you may have of me, Sir, return'd Quaver with a most audacious Air, I know myself, and shall not abate an Ace of my Demand: If you think fit to comply with it I will make a good Husband to your Daughter; — If not, I am your humble Servant: — She must die.

CELEMENA no sooner heard this, than she sent her Governess to beg her Father to come into her Chamber before he made any farther Reply to what was said; and on his entering threw herself at his Feet, and embracing his Knees with a Vehemence which surpriz'd him; — O, Sir, said she, *by all the Love and Tenderness you have ever used me with, by this last, the greatest Proof sure that ever Child receiv'd, I conjure you, suffer not yourself nor me to be on Moment longer affronted and insulted by that unworthy Fellow, whom I almost hate myself for ever having had a favourable Thought on: — Spurn him, I beseech you, from your Presence; —*

66 *The* FEMALE

let him seek a Wife more befitting him than Celemena, who now hates and scorns him.

BUT are you certain, my Dear, said this fond Father, *that you can persist in these Sentiments?*

FOREVER, Sir, answered she, *and your Commands to unite me to such a Wretch would now render me more miserable, than two Days past your Refusal would have done.*

IT is not to be doubted but that the old Gentleman was transported at this unlook'd for Change, and returning to Quaver, whom he found looking in the Glass, and humming over a Tune of his own composing, he told him, *That the Farce was entirely over, Celemena had only a Mind to divert herself with his Vanity, which having done, he might go about his Business, for there was no Danger of her dying, unless it were with laughing at his so easily believing that to be serious which was only a Jest.*

THE Musician, so lately blown up with Self-Conceit, was now quite crush'd at once; and as those too soon elated with the Appearance of any prosperous Event are, with the same Ease dejected with the Reverse, he look'd like one transfix'd with Thunder; but when he was about to say something in a stammering Voice, by way of Reply, — the old Gentleman cut him short, by
telling

telling him in the most contemptuous Manner, *That as neither himself nor his Daughter had any Disposition to continue the Frolick, he had no more Business there; but might go Home and dream of a fine Lady with fifteen thousand Pounds, and a great Estate.*

To prove how much he was in earnest, he rang his Bell, and ordered his Servants to shew him out; on which he muttered somewhat between his Teeth, and went away justly mortified, and ready to hang himself for what he had lost by his egregious Folly.

CELEMENA, perfectly cured of her Passion, and no otherwise troubled than ashamed of having ever entertained one for a Person such as he had now proved himself, soon resumed her former Health and Vivacity; and was some time after married to a Person of Condition, who knew how to esteem her as he ought.

THIS Behaviour in *Quaver* I will allow to be the highest Ingratitude, and am very certain there are many such Examples of it in our Bargain-Makers for Marriage, though all have not the same Spirit and Resolution *Celemena* testified in resenting it.

THUS have I attempted to obviate some of those Errors in Judgment, concerning the Crime of Ingratitude, which frequently mislead the Mind; yet on the whole I must conclude as I began,

gan, that there is no Possibility of tracing it in all Circumstances and Cases.

THAT I may avoid the Imputation of being guilty of it myself, I must not forget to acknowledge the great Favour I have receiv'd from the Public, by their Encouragement of these my *Monthly Lucubrations*, and also for *Distrario's* Letter, which is just now come to Hand, and which I assure him shall be inserted in the next *Female Spectator*, with the Sentiments of our Club on the Matter it contains.

End of the SEVENTH BOOK.



T H E

Female Spectator.

B O O K V I I I .



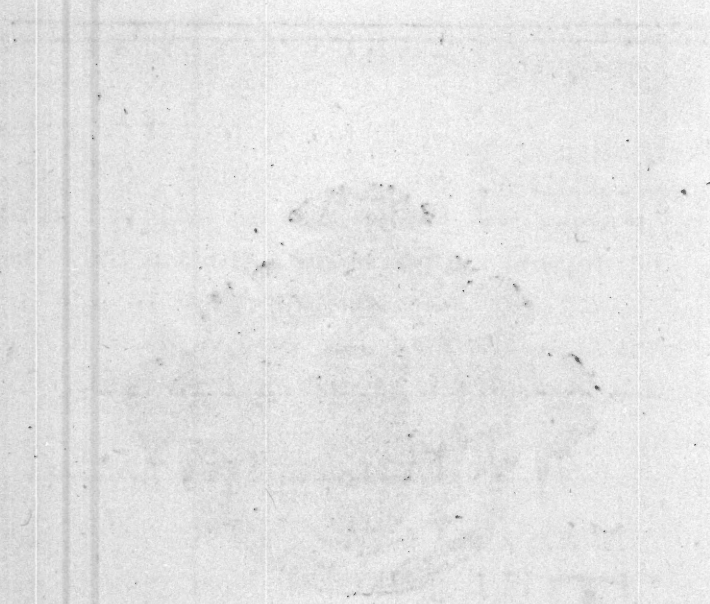
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T H E

Female Spectator.

B O O K VHL.



CORRESPONDENTS beginning to thicken upon us, and every one being desirous of somewhat by way of Comment or Reply, due Order must be observed as to inserting and answering the Letters as they come to Hand; we therefore hope those of a later Date will not take it ill that we give the first Place to that of *Disfrario*, as having been first received.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

M A D A M,

T H E Justice you have done in recommending Dramatick Performances, before any other of the present more encourag'd Diversions of the Town, renders your Monthly Essays a proper Vehicle to convey the Groans

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of

‘ of the Stage to the Ears of the Publick ; nor
 ‘ can those Gentlemen who unhappily have de-
 ‘ voted themselves to the Muses, find any Means
 ‘ of making their Complaint with so much Pro-
 ‘ bability of Success, as through your nervous
 ‘ and pathetick Strains.

‘ BE not startled, I beseech you, at the Sight
 ‘ of this long Epistle, nor imagine it is my In-
 ‘ tention to trouble you with any Animadversion
 ‘ on the late or present Contests between the Pa-
 ‘ tentees and Players, the Town is already suffi-
 ‘ ciently pester’d with Cases and Replies, and I
 ‘ am afraid these idle Quarrels among themselves
 ‘ will rather contribute to bring Acting in gene-
 ‘ ral into Contempt, than be of any Service to
 ‘ the Persons concern’d in them.

‘ NO, Madam, my Aim is to obviate the
 ‘ more real Misfortunes of the Theatres, and
 ‘ shew how the Drama is wounded through the
 ‘ Sides of those by whom alone it can exist with
 ‘ any Honour or Reputation.

‘ THERE are two Reasons commonly af-
 ‘ sign’d why the Nobility and better Sort of Peo-
 ‘ ple have of late Years very much withdrawn
 ‘ that Encouragement they used to vouchsafe to
 ‘ the Stage.—The first is, that the Parts in which
 ‘ *Wilks, Booth, Cibber senior, Oldfield, Porter,*
 ‘ and some others appear’d in with great Pro-
 ‘ priety, are but ill supplied by their Successors ;
 ‘ but I cannot look on this as any real Objection,
 ‘ because

because it would be both cruel and unjust: Actors cannot always retain the same Faculties any more than other People, much less can they be immortal: Besides, there are at this Time several whose Merit ought not to be absorbed in the Regard we pay to the Memory of those who went before them. And if even they are less excellent, I do not perceive but the Audiences are satisfied with their Endeavours to please us, by imitating them as far as it lies in their Power. — The second, were it founded on Truth, would be of Weight indeed, and that is, that there are now no Gentlemen of any Abilities that will write for the Stage, and that the Town is obliged to be content with seeing the same Things over and over again for several Seasons together, without any one new Subject of Entertainment being exhibited. The latter Part of this Objection is founded on too known a Fact not to give some Credit to the former, especially when propagated by those whose Interest one would imagine it was to inculcate a contrary Opinion; but this it is I take upon me to confute, by displaying those latent Motives which have occasioned a Report so injurious to the present Age, that I wonder no-body has yet taken the Pains to examine into it.

FIRST, let us ask the Question whether there are, or are not, any surviving Genius's truly qualified to write for the Stage? — I believe no-body will answer in the Negative, because nothing could be more easy than to prove the

‘ the contrary : — This being granted, let us ask
 ‘ farther, whence it comes to pass that every one
 ‘ should now despise an Avocation which was
 ‘ once attended with considerable Profit, and so
 ‘ much Reputation, that some of our greatest
 ‘ Men have valued themselves more on their
 ‘ Talents this way, than on their Coronets : —
 ‘ Strange it seems, that the Name of a Drama-
 ‘ tick Poet should at present be so contemptible,
 ‘ that no Person of real Abilities will chuse to be
 ‘ distinguished by it !

‘ YET it is easily accounted for, if the tedious
 ‘ Delays, the shocking Rebuffs, the numberless
 ‘ Difficulties an Author is almost sure to meet
 ‘ with in his Attempt to introduce any new
 ‘ Thing on the Stage, were laid open and con-
 ‘ sider’d as they ought.

‘ A Person of Condition would make but an
 ‘ odd Figure, if, after having taken Pains to
 ‘ oblige the Town, and do Honour to the Stage,
 ‘ he should be made to dance Attendance at the
 ‘ Levee of an imperious Patentee for Days,
 ‘ Weeks, nay Months together, and receive no
 ‘ other Answers than that *he had not bad Time to*
 ‘ *look over his Play ;—that he had mislaid it ;—*
 ‘ or perhaps affects to forget he ever saw it : —
 ‘ At last the Actors must be consulted, and it of-
 ‘ ten happens that those among them who are
 ‘ least capable of judging, are called into the
 ‘ Cabinet Council. — If any one of these hap-
 ‘ pens to dislike the Character he imagines will
 ‘ be

‘ be allotted for him, then the whole Piece is
 ‘ condemned; and at the Conclusion of the Sea-
 ‘ son, or it is possible at that of two or three suc-
 ‘ ceeding ones, the Author has it return’d, and is
 ‘ told, *It is not Theatrical enough*, a Term in-
 ‘ vented by this august Assembly, to conceal
 ‘ their Inability of pointing out any real Faults,
 ‘ and the Meaning of which can neither be de-
 ‘ fined by themselves nor any body else.

‘ BUT you will say, *Why should they behave*
 ‘ *in this manner? — Is it not the Interest of*
 ‘ *both Manager and Actors to receive a good Play,*
 ‘ *which will be certain of putting Money in the*
 ‘ *Pocket of the one, and securing the Payment of*
 ‘ *the Salaries of the other.*

‘ TO which I answer, That it is doubtless their
 ‘ their true Interest; but Avarice and Indolence
 ‘ render many People blind to what is so: —
 ‘ The Manager flatters himself, that if the Town
 ‘ cannot have new Plays they will come to old
 ‘ ones, and he shall thereby save the Profits of
 ‘ the third Nights; and the Actors (those I mean
 ‘ of them who are at what they call the Top of
 ‘ the Business, for the others have no Influence)
 ‘ having their Salaries fixed, think they have no
 ‘ Occasion to take the Trouble of studying new
 ‘ Parts, since they know they must be paid
 ‘ equally the same without it.

‘ THESE, Madam, are the false ill-judg’d
 ‘ Maxims by which both Patentee and Company
 are

‘ are sway’d to reject the most excellent Pieces
‘ submitted to their Censure, and are the Motives
‘ which deter, as far as it relates to them, an Au-
‘ thor from offering any thing to the Stage.

‘ Y E T while I condemn the little Inclination
‘ those Gentlemen for the most Part testify to
‘ oblige the Town, or give Encouragement to
‘ the Poets, I must do them the Justice to say
‘ that it has not been always owing to them that
‘ so many improveing and delightful Enter-
‘ tainments have been deprived of seeing the
‘ Light. There is another more terrifick Cloud
‘ from a superior Quarter hangs over the Au-
‘ thor’s Hopes, and threatens the Destruction of
‘ his most sanguine Expectations,

‘ I B E L I E V E neither yourself, nor any of
‘ your Readers will be at a Loss to understand I
‘ mean the *Licence-Office*, at the Head of which
‘ a great Person is placed who cannot be sup-
‘ posed to have Leisure to inspect every one,
‘ nor indeed any of the Pieces brought before
‘ him; and there is much more than a bare Pos-
‘ sibility that his Deputies may either through
‘ Weakness or Partiality err in their Judgment,
‘ and give an unfair Report; nay, some go so
‘ far as to imagine they are under a secret Com-
‘ pact with the Managers of both Houses to re-
‘ ject indiscriminately every Thing that comes,
‘ except recommended by the higher Powers;
‘ but this I am far from being able to lay to
‘ their Charge, nor do indeed think either the one

* or the other capable of entring into any such
 * Combination.

* B U T to what, unless one of the foregoing
 * Reasons, can we impute forbidding the Trage-
 * dies of *Edward* and *Eleonora*, *Gustavus Vasa*,
 * and some other excellent Performances, founded
 * on the most interesting Parts of History, sup-
 * ported by various Turns and surprizing Inci-
 * dents, and illustrated with all the Strength and
 * Beauty of Language, especially the former,
 * which for every thing that can render a Piece
 * improving and entertaining, finds itself not ex-
 * celled (I had almost said equall'd) by any Thing
 * either of the antient or modern Writers. —
 * Yet was this admirable Play, when just ready
 * to make its Appearance, forbid to be acted,
 * the longing Expectations of the Publick were
 * disappointed, and we had been totally deprived
 * of so elegant an Entertainment, did not, thank
 * Heaven, the Liberty of the Press still continue
 * in some measure with us.

* T H O' stript of all the Ornaments of Dress
 * and Action, it gives in the Reading a lasting
 * and undeniable Proof that it is neither Want of
 * Abilities, or an Indolence in exerting those Abi-
 * lities, but Permission to exhibit them in a pro-
 * per manner, that the Stage at present affords so
 * little Matter of Attraction.

* B U T I will now come to the Point which
 * chiefly induced me to trouble the *Female Spec-*

‘ tator with this Letter; and having enumerated
 ‘ the many Hardships Authors in general go
 ‘ through in attempting to get their Plays acted,
 ‘ I will proceed as briefly as the Circumstance
 ‘ will admit, to lay before you those which my-
 ‘ self in particular has labour’d under.

‘ I MUST inform you, Madam, that I have
 ‘ wrote several Things which have not only been
 ‘ well received by the Publick, but have also
 ‘ been favoured with the Approbation of some
 ‘ of our best Judges; and that it was no less ow-
 ‘ ing to their Encouragement than my own Am-
 ‘ bition, that I resolv’d to try the Force of my
 ‘ Genius in the Dramatick Way, which, accord-
 ‘ ing to one of the greatest of our *English* Poets,

*Is a bold Pretence
 To Learning, Breeding, Wit and Eloquence.*

‘ I VENTURED at it, notwithstanding;
 ‘ and, undeter’d by Example, launch’d into that
 ‘ Sea, on whose Rocks and Quickfands so many
 ‘ much more skilful Pilots than myself had been
 ‘ wrecked before my Eyes.

‘ To confess the Truth, I was greatly embol-
 ‘ den’d by the Favour and Friendship of a Per-
 ‘ son of Condition, a Courtier, and who I ima-
 ‘ gin’d had Interest enough both with the *Licen-
 ‘ ser* and *Players* to introduce whatever he should
 ‘ recommend. But to return: —

As

' As my Genius inclin'd me chiefly to the
 ' Sublime, my first Attempt was Tragedy. —
 ' The Part of History I made Choice on, was
 ' the famous Combat between *Edward*, sur-
 ' named *Ironside*, King of *England*, and the great
 ' *Canute* of *Denmark*. — There appear'd to me
 ' so true a Magnanimity and paternal Affection
 ' for his People in that heroick Prince, when, to
 ' save the Effusion of their Blood, he set all his
 ' own, as well as Kingdom at Stake, and fought
 ' Hand to Hand with one who had no Equal
 ' but himself in Strength and Courage, while
 ' both Armies stood admiring Spectators only of
 ' his wondrous Valour, that I thought a more
 ' proper Subject could not have employed my
 ' Pen. — I am not apt to be vain of my own
 ' Performances, but the Friend abovemention'd
 ' assured me I had done my Part as a Poet; but
 ' withal said, he was sorry I had not pitched upon
 ' some other Story; — that this would never do;
 ' that it would be look'd upon as too romantick;
 ' — that Customs were entirely chang'd since the
 ' Days of *Ironside*; — that Kings were now too
 ' sacred to hazard their Persons in that manner;
 ' and concluded with advising me not to expose
 ' it, as it would never pass the Office, and might
 ' render me obnoxious.

' THIS was a very great Mortification to me,
 ' however I submitted to his Judgment, and
 ' chang'd the Scene to the last Part of that glo-
 ' rious Monarch's Life, where himself and King-
 ' dom were betrayed and given up to Ruin, by

‘ the Treachery and Avarice of his first Minister
 ‘ and Favourite, *Edrick Duke of Mercia*; but
 ‘ alas! my Patron disapproved of this more
 ‘ than the former, and told me, A *first Minister*,
 ‘ especially an ill one, ought never to be repre-
 ‘ sented on the Stage; because seditious People
 ‘ might take upon them to draw Parallels, thereby
 ‘ lessening the Reverence due to those in Power.

‘ I THEN took the Liberty of intreating he
 ‘ would recommend some Part of History for me
 ‘ to write upon; but he told me, as to that, he
 ‘ had not Leisure to think of such Things; all
 ‘ he could do was to advise me either to find out
 ‘ or invent some agreeable Fable, where no King
 ‘ or Prime Minister of any sort had any Business
 ‘ to be introduced; and above all Things not to
 ‘ lay the Scene in any of the independant Com-
 ‘ mon-Wealths, *because*, said he, *it may naturally*
 ‘ *draw you into some Expressions that may savour*
 ‘ *of Republicanism.*

‘ SOME Months I pass’d in considering what
 ‘ he had said, and searching History in order to
 ‘ find out, if possible, some Event, the Represen-
 ‘ tation of which might be liable to none of
 ‘ these Objections; but the Thing was in itself
 ‘ an utter Impossibility, and all my Endeavours
 ‘ served only to convince me it was so.

‘ MY Ambition of acquiring the Name of a
 ‘ Dramatick Author not being quelled by the
 ‘ Disappointments I receiv’d, still flatter’d me
 ‘ with

' with better Success in the Comick Vein. — A
 ' Whim, which I thought would be entertaining
 ' enough, came into my Head, and I threw it
 ' immediately into Scenes, which I afterwards
 ' divided into five Acts, and gave the Piece the
 ' Title of *The Blunderers*, from two odd Fellows
 ' I had introduced, who were continually labour-
 ' ing to do and undo, and made whatever was
 ' *bad still worse*.

' B U T, good Madam *Spectator*, how shall I
 ' describe the Passion my Friend was in at seeing
 ' this Title! *If I did not know*, said he, *that you*
 ' *were an honest Man*, I should take you for the
 ' most arrant Rascal in the World: — *What is it*
 ' *you mean by calling your Comedy the Blunderers?*
 ' *Are you insensible that the Jacobites, and Enemies*
 ' *to the Government, aspers'd the late Ministry*
 ' *with the Name of Blunderers, and are they not be-*
 ' *ginning to load the present with the same odious*
 ' *Appellation?* — *I am surpriz'd a Poet can have*
 ' *so thick a Head*.

' T H O' what he accused me of had never
 ' before came in my Thoughts, I was now sen-
 ' sible I had committed an Error, and having
 ' confessed as much, told him, That the Title
 ' need be no Objection to the Play itself, which
 ' might with the same Propriety be called *the*
 ' *Bubbles*, there being several Characters in it
 ' which might well deserve that Name.

' T H I S, instead of appeasing, as I expected
 ' it

‘ it would have done, his Rage, more inflam’d it.
 ‘ — *How*, cried he, *then I perceive you are aim-*
 ‘ *ing at Popularity: — You cannot be so ignorant*
 ‘ *as not to know, by the Bubbles will be under-*
 ‘ *stood the common People: — I will have no*
 ‘ *more to say to you or your Productions.*

‘ HE left me in speaking these Words, nor
 ‘ could I prevail on him to renew our former Fa-
 ‘ miliarity for a long Time; and I was so much
 ‘ disquieted at the Thoughts of having so fool-
 ‘ ishly forfeited the Interest I before had with him,
 ‘ that I had no Capacity for writing any thing. —
 ‘ At length, however, he was reconcil’d; I reco-
 ‘ ver’d his Esteem, and with it my Inclination
 ‘ for the Drama, but told him, That the Mis-
 ‘ takes I had been guilty of had determin’d me
 ‘ not to go upon my own Bottom till I had more
 ‘ Experience, but would build on the Plan of
 ‘ some old Author, whose Fable could no way
 ‘ be brought into Comparison with the present
 ‘ Transactions.

‘ THIS he seeming to approve of, I men-
 ‘ tion’d a Comedy wrote near a Century and a
 ‘ half ago, by one *Drawbridge Court Belchier*, a
 ‘ Gentleman it seems much applauded for his poe-
 ‘ tic Works in the Age he lived: The Title of it
 ‘ is, *Hans Beer Pot*, or *the Invisible Comedy of see*
 ‘ *me and see me not*; which I had no sooner re-
 ‘ peated than he cried out, — *You must not think*
 ‘ *of it; — it will be taken for a Reflection on the*
 ‘ *Dutch, who, you know, tho’ they have of late*
 ‘ *played*

‘ *played a little the Will o’ the Wisp with us,
are, notwithstanding, our good Friends and Al-
lies, and must not be affronted.*

‘ I KNOCK’D under, in token of yielding
myself in the wrong; and having read over a
great many old Comedies in order to find one
for my Purpose, I asked what he thought of a
Play of Middleton’s, called, *A Mad World my
Masters*. — On which he shook his Head and
answer’d, *That may affect some Princes of Ger-
many; — I would not have you meddle with it.*

‘ I THEN told him, that *the Knight of the
burning Pestle*, wrote by Beaumont and Fletcher,
could not give Offence to any Party. *You are
deceived*, said he, *who knows but it may with
some ignorant People bring the noblest Orders of
Knighthood into Contempt.*

‘ *WELL* then, resumed I, *the Isle of Gulls,
wrote by Mr. Day in the Reign of our Eliza-
beth of immortal Memory, may surely be moder-
niz’d, without incurring the Censure of any
Party.*

‘ *FYE*, fye, replied he peevishly, *you are as
ill a Judge of other Men’s Productions as of
your own: — Such a Play would be look’d upon
as a most scandalous Libel.*

‘ QUITE impatient to hit on something out
of the Reach of Cavil, I propos’d the Revival
‘ of

‘ of *Brennalt*, or *the Discontented Colonel*, a
 ‘ Play of *Sir John Suckling’s*; but that it seems
 ‘ border’d too near on some late military Dis-
 ‘ gusts. — *The Glass of Government*, by *Gaf-
 ‘ cigne*, might also be construed into an arrogant
 ‘ Attempt to point out Defects which ought to
 ‘ be concealed. — *The Supposes*, by the same
 ‘ Author, might affront a certain great Man who
 ‘ is thought to build all his Schemes on Suppo-
 ‘ sition. By *the Hog has lost his Pearl*, tho’ wrote
 ‘ by *Taylor* in the Year 1611, I should infallibly
 ‘ be understood to insinuate a present Loss of
 ‘ *British Liberty*. — Mr. *Broom’s* Play of the
 ‘ *Court Beggar* would be a glaring Insult on
 ‘ some of the chief Nobility round *Whitehall*,
 ‘ and some other Places; — and *the Court Secret*,
 ‘ by *Shirley*, was a Thing too delicate to be pry’d
 ‘ into. — *The Doubtful Heir*, by the same Gen-
 ‘ tleman, and *the Fall of Tarquin* by *Hunt*,
 ‘ were equally rejected by this State Critic, tho’
 ‘ without explaining his Reasons for doing so on
 ‘ these two last.

‘ J U D G E, Madam, how much I was vexed,
 ‘ and confounded at hearing Inuendoes, which
 ‘ one could not have imagin’d should ever enter
 ‘ into the Heart of Man; but as I was resolv’d
 ‘ to try this pretended Friend to the utmost, I
 ‘ told him, that since it was so impossible a Thing
 ‘ either to write a new Tragedy or Comedy, or
 ‘ to revive what had been wrote so many Ages
 ‘ past without giving Offence, I would content
 ‘ myself with modernizing an Interlude of more
 ‘ than

' than two hundred Years old, compos'd by *John*
 ' *Heywood*, and intitled *The four P's*. On this
 ' he paused a little, but at last reply'd gravely,
 ' *That he could by no Means encourage me in any*
 ' *such Attempt; for, said he, by the four P's may*
 ' *be implied Prince, Power, Parliament and Pen-*
 ' *son, — or perhaps, People, Poverty, Prison,*
 ' *and Petition: — No, Sir, no,* continued he,
 ' *avoid all such seditious Allegories I beseech you,*
 ' *or we must be no longer acquainted.*

' THIS put me beyond all Patience, and I
 ' could not forbear answering with some Warmth,
 ' that I found he endeavour'd to pick Meanings
 ' where they were never intended. *If the four*
 ' *P's, said I, contain any Allegory, why must it*
 ' *needs be a seditious one? — Why may they not as*
 ' *well be understood to mean Penitence, Pardon,*
 ' *Peace, and Plenty; — or if that should seem a*
 ' *little strain'd, in the present Age, may it not with*
 ' *greater Propriety be turned on the coquet Part*
 ' *of the fair Sex, and stand for Proud, Pretty,*
 ' *Prating, and Playful?*

' THIS Argument, tho' certainly reasonable,
 ' had no manner of Weight with him, any more
 ' than some others I made use of for the same
 ' Purpose; and only serv'd to convince myself
 ' that there was no Possibility of writing any
 ' thing but what might be liable to Censure from
 ' those who made it their Business to find Matter
 ' for it.

M

' THUS,

‘ THUS, Madam, I have pointed out the Ob-
 ‘ stacles which lye in the Way of a Dramatic
 ‘ Author, and you will easily conceive the little
 ‘ Probability there is that a Person of Fortune
 ‘ will descend to that servile Dependance and Sol-
 ‘ licitation now requir’d for the Admission of his
 ‘ Play; and a Poet, whose sole Support is his
 ‘ Muse, is deterred from risking on so precarious
 ‘ a Hope that Time, which he is sure to be
 ‘ largely paid for, if employed in the Service of
 ‘ some Persons, not altogether convenient to
 ‘ name.

‘ WITHOUT some better Regulation therefore
 ‘ on the Part of the Theatres, and some Abate-
 ‘ ment of the present Severity on that of the Li-
 ‘ censer, the Town must despair of seeing any
 ‘ new Thing exhibited, the Drama be entirely
 ‘ neglected, and the Stage in a short Time be-
 ‘ come a Desert.

‘ NOTHING can be more worthy the Pen
 ‘ of a *Female Spectator* than to set this Affair in
 ‘ a proper Light; — that *good Nature* you have
 ‘ so amiably described, requires it of you in be-
 ‘ half of distress’d Authors: — Justice demands
 ‘ you should stand up in the Defence of an Insti-
 ‘ tution calculated for public Service; — and
 ‘ Reason will, I doubt not, engage you to exert
 ‘ yourself on so laudable an Occasion.’

I am, MADAM,

Oct. 21,
 1744.

*Very much your Admirer and
 Most obedient humble Servant,*

DISTRARIO.

WE were pretty much divided in our Opinions on the first Perusal of this Letter; but at last agreed, that tho' the Complaints contained in it might be, and it is highly probable are perfectly just, yet *Distrario* may perhaps have taken the Latitude allowed to Poets, and represented Things somewhat higher than the Life. — We know not how to think that either of the Patentees, who are both of them Gentlemen of Families, and doubtless have had an Education conformable to their Birth, should be able to bring themselves to treat, even the least meritorious of those who endeavour to serve them and oblige the Town, with that Haughtiness and Contempt he seems to accuse them of. Good Manners is a Debt we owe to ourselves as well as to others, and whoever neglects to pay it forfeits all the Pretensions he might otherwise have both to the Love and Respect of the World. A civil Refusal takes off the Asperity of the Disappointment, and is given with the same Ease as a more rough and poignant one: Sure therefore those who are at the Head of an eternal Scene of Politeness, cannot so far vary from what they have continually before their Eyes. But as this is a Punctilio which regards only the *Persons* of the Poets, who are very well able to return in kind any Slights they may imagine put upon them, and is of much less Consequence to the Public than those their *Productions* meet with, it were to be wish'd that some of the great World would vouchsafe to interest themselves in this Affair, and not leave it at the Option of those who live by the Good Humour of the Town, to

deprive the Town of any Entertainment it has a Right to expect from them.

As therefore there is an Office to *forbid* the Exhibition of such new Plays as by it are judg'd to have any thing in them offensive or indecent, it would not, methinks, be unbecoming the Wisdom of the Legislature to erect one for the *commanding* and *enforcing* such to be acted as on Perusal are found proper to entertain a polite and virtuous Audience.

SUCH an Office, under the Direction of Gentlemen qualified to judge of Dramatic Performances, would take away all Occasion of Complaint from the Poets, and be a Motive to induce many Gentlemen to write for the Stage, who, if it be as *Distrario* says, are now deterred from it.

BESIDES, to prevent the Shock an Author feels in having his Piece rejected, as well as all Jealousies of Partiality in the Affair, every one might send his Play without ever being known from what Hand it came, till it had been approved and was ordered to be acted.

THIS certain, that according to the Opinion we have of the Man, we are greatly prejudic'd in Favour or Dislike of his Work; yet this is in truth a Piece of Injustice which we ought not to indulge ourselves in. — It is possible to excel in one kind of Writing, yet be very bad in another: — Few there are, if any, whose Talents are

are universal. — Mr. *Pope*, whose poetical Works will always be read with an equal Share of Pleasure and Admiration, had, notwithstanding, no Genius to Dramatic Writing; and Mr. *Rymer*, that awful Critic on the Productions of his Contemporaries, that great Pretender to a Reformation of the Stage, by attempting to give a Proof what Plays ought to be, has only shewn how little he was qualified to write one: This, I believe, will be allowed by every one who has read his *Edgar*, a Piece which, after all his long Labour, can but at best be called correctly dull, since the two chief Beauties of Tragedy, Pity and Surprise, are entirely wanting in it. Yet doubtless the Town were in high Expectations of something wonderful from a Pen which had been so severe on the Performances of others.

I THEREFORE cannot help smiling within myself, when on the first Talk of a new Play being in Rehearsal, the Name of the Author is presently enquir'd into, and a strict Scrutiny made into the Merit of his former Works; and if he has wrote any thing, tho' never so foreign to the Stage, that has had the good Fortune to succeed, People cry out, — *Oh, if it is his, it must be good!* and following this Conclusion, run the first Night to give an Applause to that which perhaps, after they have seen and well considered, they are ashamed of having ever countenanc'd.

NOR am I less concern'd, and even shock'd, when I hear with what Contempt the Performance

mance of a young Author, who is in a manner but clambering up the Hill of Fame, is treated by some who speak of it; — how they throw aside his Tickets, and cry, — *What obscure Fellow is this? — What Stuff does he invite us to?* — and either not go to his Play at all, or go with a Prepossession which will not suffer them to give it a fair Hearing.

THIS is a Piece of Cruelty in some who would be thought good Judges, yet are entirely governed by Prejudice; and I have known has been practised long before those new Hardships which *Distrario* complains of were ever heard of.

SUCH an Office, therefore, as I have mentioned, where Plays should be candidly examined, without any Regard to the Merits of their Authors in other Respects, or even knowing who they were, would remedy all these Inconveniences to the Poets, and also be a Means of obliging the Town with three or four at least new Pieces every Season at each Theatre.

As to the Power of forbidding Plays to be acted, now lodg'd in the Licenser, it must be granted, that in an Age so dissolute as this, there ought to be some Restraint on the Latitude Poets might otherwise take, and some whom I could name have taken, in Expectation of crowded Audiences of the looser Part of both Sexes; but then methinks this Restriction should have its Bounds. — Whatever is offensive to the Majesty of Heaven,

ven, or of its Vicegerents on Earth, would be indeed very unfit Subjects to be exhibited on a Stage; but to reject a valuable Play for the sake of such strain'd Inuendoes as the Friend of *Disstrario* suggested, seems to overthrow that decent Liberty which in all Ages, and in all free Nations, has ever been allowed.

THE Stage by its Institution is the School of Virtue, and the Scourge of Vice; and when either of these noble Purposes is defeated, it is no wonder that Persons of true Sense and Honour chuse to absent themselves, and oblige their Families to do so too.

THE Tragedies of *Edward* and *Eleonora*, *Gustavus Vasa*, *Arminius*, and some others forbidden by this Office from being acted, have dared the Test of Examination by appearing in Print; and I never yet found any one Person who could penetrate into the Motives which denied us the Pleasure of seeing them represented.

IF the true *Amor Patriæ* be a Virtue these Times are not ashamed of, how must every Breast glow with the noble Ardour at the illustrious Example of *Gustavus Vasa*, and his brave *Dalecarlians*? — If the Desire of attaining Glory and Renown for worthy Actions be a Principle which ought to be inculcated in the Young, and cherished in the Old, *Arminius* affords Lessons for the laudable Ambition? — And if Courage in Distress, Resignation to Heaven, Faith, Love, Piety
and

and Zeal, and every Virtue that can illustrate the Character of a Christian Hero be deserving our Regard, where can we find a greater Instance than in our gallant *Edward*?

THE Ladies above all have Reason to regret the ill Treatment of this excellent Performance, since none was ever wrote could do greater Honour to the Sex. — The amiable *Eleonora* is a Character which I believe no other History can parallel, and her Behaviour a shining Proof that Greatness of Mind, Fortitude, Constancy, and all those Perfections which constitute a true Magnanimity, are not confined to the *Male* Gender.

It was however thought proper to suppress these Plays, and many others, as far as the Power of the Licenſer extended, and it is not our Province to examine into his Reasons for ſo doing; but may allow, with *Diſtrario*, that when ſuch as theſe were not permitted, it is very difficult for an Author to find or invent any Story which may not be liable to ſome Objection, and ſuffer the ſame Fate.

IF the Eye could be ſatisfied with ſeeing, or the Ear with hearing always the ſame Things over and over repeated, it muſt be own'd there are many old Plays which the beſt of our modern Poets would not perhaps be able to excel; but Nature delights in Variety, and tho' it would be unjuſt and ungrateful to ſtrip the Laurels from the Brows of *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*,

Fletcher, Dryden, Otway, Lee, Congreve, and several other deservedly admired Authors, to adorn those who shall succeed them, yet we love to see a Genius the Growth of our own Times, and might find sufficient Trophies for the Merits of such, without any Injury to their Predecessors.

THOSE most impatient for new Plays desire not, however, that those which for so many Years have continued to divert and please, should now be sunk and buried in Oblivion. — The Poets I have mention'd will always preserve the same Charms, and would do so yet more were they less frequently exhibited. — Some of *Shakespeare's* Comedies, and all his Tragedies have Beauties in them almost inimitable; but then it must be confessed, that he sometimes gave a Loose to the Luxuriancy of his Fancy; so that his Plays may be compared to fine Gardens full of the most beautiful Flowers, but choaked up with Weeds through the too great Richness of the Soil: Those therefore which have had those Weeds pluck'd up by the skilful Hands of his Successors, are much the most elegant Entertainments.

FOR which Reason I was a little surprized when I heard that Mr. *Cibber*, junior, had reviv'd the Tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet* as it was first acted; *Cajus Marius* being the same Play, only moderniz'd and clear'd of some Part of its Rubbish by *Otway*, appearing to so much more Advantage, that it is not to be doubted but that

the admirable Author, had he lived to see the Alteration, would have been highly thankful and satisfied with it.

It were indeed to be wished that the same kind Corrector had been somewhat more severe, and lop'd off not only some superfluous Scenes, but whole Characters, which rather serve to diminish than add to the Piece, particularly those of the *Nurse* and *Sulpitius*, neither of them being in the least conducive to the Conduct of the Fable, and all they say favouring more of Comedy than Tragedy. — It is, methinks, inconsistent with the Character of a *Roman* Senator and Patrician, to suffer himself to be entertained for half an Hour together with such idle Chat as would scarcely pass among old Women in a Nursery: Nor does the wild Behaviour and loose Discourse of *Sulpitius* at all agree with the Austerity of the Times he is supposed to live in, or any way improve the Morals of an Audience. The Description also of the Apothecary, tho' truly poetical, and his meagre Appearance, always occasion a loud Laugh, and but ill dispose us to taste the Solemnity of the ensuing Scene.

MR. *Otway* was doubtless fearful of going too far, or he had removed every thing which prevents this Piece from being perfect. — It must be own'd he has improved and heightened every Beauty that could receive Addition, and been extremely tender in preserving all those entire which are above the reach of Amendment.

Nor

Nor is his Judgment in this particular less to be admired than his Candour. — Some Poets, perhaps, to shew their own Abilities, would have put a long Soliloquy into the Mouth of young *Marius*, when he finds *Lavinia* at her Window at a Time of Night when it was but just possible for him to distinguish it was she; whereas this judicious Emendator leaves his Author here as he found him; and indeed what could so emphatically express the Feel of a Lover on such an Occasion as is couch'd in this short Acclamation:

————— *Ob 'tis my Love!*
See how she hangs upon the Cheek of Night
Like a rich Jewel in an Ethiop's Ear.

NOR is the Tendernefs and Innocence of *Lavinia* less conveyed to us, when in the Fulness of her Heart, and unsuspecting she was overheard by any body, she cries out,

Ob Marius! Marius! wherefore art thou Marius?
Renounce thy Family, deny thy Name,
And in Exchange take all Lavinia.

I MENTION these two Places merely because they strike my own Fancy in a peculiar manner, for the whole Piece abounds with others equally strong, natural, and pathetic, and is, in my Opinion, and that of many others, the very best and most agreeable of all the Tragedies of that excellent Author.

JOHNSON's Comedies, tho' they have less of Fire and Fancy than most of those of the foregoing Author, yet are infinitely more correct, therefore stand in need of little other Alteration than what the Omission of some Scenes, which render them too long for Performance, must necessarily occasion, and which is the Fault of most of those who wrote in former Ages.

BEAUMONT and Fletcher have left us many excellent Plays; those of them which are moderniz'd afford us very agreeable Matter of Entertainment; and there are many others which would be no less pleasing, if revived with a very few Alterations.

SEVERAL also of *Shirley*, *Broom*, *Messenger*, and other antient Poets, under the Care of a skilful Hand, might come in for their Share of Applause. But I must still agree with *Distrario*, that in Complaisance to the *past*, the Stage ought not to be shut up from the *present*; — that living Genius's should at least be admitted to a Probation, and that our immediate Descendants should not have it in their Power to accuse us of a Partiality our Ancestors were not guilty of.

BUT I am very much afraid the Apprehensions *Distrario* labours under on this Head are too justly founded, and that the Person whom he consulted on the Choice of his Fable, spoke no more than the Sentiments of those in a superior Class; and if this should happen to be the Case,
it

It will be in vain for us to hope for any new Performance in the Dramatic Way that will be worth our seeing.

It seems, however, extremely strange that it should be a Crime to represent on the Stage those Transactions which are in History, and everybody has the Privilege of reading and commenting on in any other kind of Writing.

BUT it may be thought impertinent by some, and too arrogant by others, in me to pretend to argue on a Matter equally impossible to *account for* as to *remedy*; I shall therefore forbear any farther Discourse upon it, and proceed to the next Letter on the Table.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

AS I look upon you to be a Person who knows the World perfectly well, and has the Happiness of your own Sex very much at Heart, I wonder you have never yet thought fit to throw out some Admonitions concerning the immoderate Use of Tea; which however innocent it may seem to those that practise it, is a kind of Debauchery no less expensive, and perhaps even more pernicious in its Consequences, than those which the Men, who are not professed Rakes, are generally accused of.

THIS,

‘ THIS, at first Sight, may be looked upon as
 ‘ too bold an Assertion, but, on a nearer Exami-
 ‘ nation, I am perswaded will be found no more
 ‘ than reasonable, and will undertake to prove
 ‘ that the Tea-Table, as manag’d in some Fami-
 ‘ lies, costs more to support than would maintain
 ‘ two Children at Nurse. — Yet is this by much
 ‘ the least Part of the Evil; — it is the utter De-
 ‘ struction of all OEconomy,—the Bane of good
 ‘ Housewifry, — and the Source of Idleness, by
 ‘ engrossing those Hours which ought to be em-
 ‘ ployed in an honest and prudent Endeavour to
 ‘ add to, or preserve what Fortune, or former In-
 ‘ dustry has bestowed. — Were the Folly of
 ‘ wasting Time and Money in this manner con-
 ‘ fined only to the Great, who have enough of
 ‘ both to spare, it would not so much call for
 ‘ public Reproof; but all Degrees of Women
 ‘ are infected with it, and a Wife now looks upon
 ‘ her Tea-Chest, Table, and its Implements, to
 ‘ be as much her Right by Marriage as her Wed-
 ‘ ding-Ring.

‘ THO’ you cannot, Madam, be insensible
 ‘ that the trading Part of the Nation must suffer
 ‘ greatly on this score, especially those who keep
 ‘ Shops, I beg you will give me Leave to men-
 ‘ tion some few Particulars of the Hardships we
 ‘ Husbands of that Class are obliged to bear.

‘ THE first Thing the too genteel Wife does
 ‘ after opening her Eyes in the Morning, is to
 ‘ ring the Bell for her Maid, and ask if the Tea-
 ‘ Kettle

‘ Kettle boils. — If any Accident has happened
 ‘ to delay this important Affair, the House is
 ‘ sure to eccho with Reproaches; but if there is
 ‘ no Disappointment in the Case, the Petticoats
 ‘ and Bed-Gown are hastily thrown over the
 ‘ Shoulders, Madam repairs to her easy Chair,
 ‘ sits down before her Table in Querpo with all
 ‘ her Equipage about her, and sips, and pauses,
 ‘ and then sips again, while the Maid attends assiduous to replenish, as often as call’d for, the drain’d Vehicle of that precious Liquor.

‘ A N Hour is the least can be allowed to
 ‘ Breakfast, after which the Maid carries all the
 ‘ Utensils down to the Kitchen, and sits down
 ‘ to the Remains of the Tea (or it is probable
 ‘ some fresh she has found Opportunity to purloin) with the same State as her Mistress, takes
 ‘ as much Time, and would think herself highly
 ‘ injur’d should any one call her away, or attempt to interrupt her in it: So that, between
 ‘ both, the whole Morning is elapsed, and it is as
 ‘ much as the poor Husband can do to get a Bit
 ‘ of Dinner ready by two or three o’Clock.

‘ DINNER above and below is no sooner
 ‘ over, than the Tea-Table must be again set
 ‘ forth: — Some friendly Neighbour comes in to
 ‘ chat away an Hour: — Two are no Company,
 ‘ and the Maid being very busy in cutting Bread
 ‘ and Butter, one ‘Prentice is called out of the
 ‘ Shop to run this Way and fetch Mrs. Such-a-one, and another that Way to fetch Mrs. Such-a-one,

‘ a-one, so that the Husband must be his own
 ‘ Man, and if two Customers chance to come at
 ‘ the same Time, he frequently loses one for want
 ‘ of Hands to serve them.

‘ IT often happens, that when the Tea-drink-
 ‘ ing Company have almost finished their Re-
 ‘ gale, and the Table is going to be removed, a
 ‘ fresh Visitor arrives, who must have fresh Tea
 ‘ made for her; after her another, who is always
 ‘ treated with the same Compliment; a third,
 ‘ perhaps a fourth, or more, till the Room is
 ‘ quite full, and the Entertainment prolonged a
 ‘ considerable Time after the Candles are lighted,
 ‘ when the Days are of a moderate Length.

‘ THIS is sufficient to shew the Loss of Time
 ‘ both as to the Mistress and Servants, and how
 ‘ much the Regularity of the Tea-Table occa-
 ‘ sions a Want of Regularity in every Thing be-
 ‘ side; but, Madam, there is yet another, and
 ‘ more mischievous Effect attends the Drinking
 ‘ too much of this *Indian* Herb.

‘ WHAT I mean is too notorious a Fact not
 ‘ to be easily guessed at; but lest it should be
 ‘ misconstrued by any of your Readers, I shall
 ‘ venture to explain it.

‘ TEA, whether of the *Green* or *Bohea* kind,
 ‘ when taken to Excess, occasions a Dejection of
 ‘ Spirits and Flatulency, which lays the Drinkers
 ‘ of it under a kind of Necessity of having re-
 ‘ course

' course to more animating Liquors. — The
 ' most temperate and sober of the Sex find them-
 ' selves obliged to drink Wine pretty freely after
 ' it: None of them now-a-days pretend to enter-
 ' tain with the one without the other; and the
 ' Bottle and Glass are as sure an Appendix to
 ' the Tea-Table as the Slop-Bason.

' HAPPY are those who can content them-
 ' selves with a Refreshment, which, tho' not to
 ' be had in any Perfection in *England*, is yet in-
 ' finitely less destructive to the human System
 ' than some others too frequently substituted in its
 ' Place, when it is found too weak to answer the
 ' End proposed by taking it.

' BRANDY, Rum, and other Spirituous Li-
 ' quors, being of a more exhillerating Nature, at
 ' least for the present, are become a usual Sup-
 ' plement to Tea, and, I am sorry to say, by their
 ' frequent Use grow so familiar to the Palate,
 ' that their intoxicating Qualities are no longer
 ' formidable, and the Vapours, Cholic, a bad Di-
 ' gestion, or some other Complaint, serves as an
 ' Excuse for drinking them in a more plentiful
 ' degree, than the best Constitution can for any
 ' length of Time support.

' HENCE ensue innumerable Maladies, Doc-
 ' tor's Fees, Apothecary's Bills, *Bath, Tunbridge*,
 ' the *Spa*, and all that can destroy the wretched
 ' Husband's Peace, or impoverish him in his
 ' Fortune.

‘ T H E more is his Affection for a Wife who
 ‘ takes so little Care of his Interest and Happiness,
 ‘ and of her own Health and Reputation, the
 ‘ more will his Affliction be; and the less will she
 ‘ be able to forgive herself, when brought by a
 ‘ too late and sad Experience to a right way of
 ‘ Thinking.

‘ T H A T you will therefore use your Endeavours that so great an Enemy to the Felicity
 ‘ of the meaner sort of People may be banished
 ‘ from their Houses, is the unanimous Desire of
 ‘ all Husbands, and most humbly petition’d for
 ‘ by him who is,

With the greatest Admiration of your Writings,

M A D A M,

Fryday-Street,
 Nov. 2, 1744.

Your most humble, and

Most obedient Servant,

J O H N C A R E F U L.

I D A R E say one Half of my Readers will expect me to be very angry at this Declamation against an Amusement my Sex are generally so fond of; but it is the firm Resolution of our Club to maintain strict Impartiality in these Lucubrations; and were any of us ever so deeply affected by the Satire, (which thank Heaven we are not) we should, notwithstanding, allow it to be just.

T H E R E cannot certainly be a Subject more tickling to the Spleen of the Ill-natur’d, or afford
 more

more Matter of Concern to the Gentle and Compassionate, than the Affectation of some Tradesmen's Wives in the Article Mr. *Careful* complains of; and, it must be own'd, he has done it in so Picturesque a manner, that it is impossible to read him without imagining one sees the ridiculous Behaviour he describes.

No Woman, who is conscious of being guilty of it, can, in my Opinion, behold herself thus delineated without a Confusion, which must occasion a thorough Reformation.

TEA is, however, in itself a very harmless Herb, and an Infusion of it in boiling Water agrees with most Constitutions, when taken moderately; but then, it must be confess'd, we have Plants of our own Growth no less pleasing to the Palate, and more effectual for all the Purposes which furnish an Excuse for the Afternoon's Regale.

THIS is a Truth allowed by all, even by those from whom we purchase Tea at so dear a Rate; but alas! the Passion we have for Exotics discovers itself but in too many Instances, and we neglect the Use of what we have within ourselves for the same Reason as some Men do their Wives, only because they are their own.

THE three Objections which Mr. *Careful* makes, or indeed that any body can make against the Tea-Table, are, *First*, The Loss of Time and Hindrance to Business; — *Secondly*, The

Expende; — and, *Lastly*, The Consequences, often arising from it, *Dram-drinking* and *Ill-health*.

To the *first* it may be answered, that were *Tea* to be entirely banished, and *Baum*, *Sage*, *Mint*, or any other *English* Herb substituted in its Place, and used in the same manner, the Effect would be the same as to that Point, because the one would engross the Hours as well as the other. — Nor does the *second* carry any great Weight, the Expende of *Tea* itself, exclusive of those other Appurtenances, which would be equally necessary with any other Herb is an Indulgence, which, where there is any thing of a Competency, might be allowed the Wife without Prejudice to the Circumstances of her Husband. — But the *third* is not so easily got over: This is what indeed renders the Use of *Indian* Tea, above all other, pernicious. None, I believe, that drink it constantly twice a Day, but have experienced the ill Effects it has on the Constitution: — They feel a sinking of the Heart, a kind of inward Horror, which is no ways to be removed but by that dangerous Remedy Mr. *Careful* mentions, and which, in Time, proves worse than the Disease itself

It is therefore to be wished, that People of all Ranks would endeavour to wean themselves from it; and I have the more room to hope it will be so, because Persons of Quality, whose Example made it first the Mode, begin every Day to take less and less Pleasure in the Tea-Table. — As it
gain'd

gain'd not, however, Estimation all at once, we cannot expect it should entirely lose its Credit all at once; and those who suffer by the Use of it, may comfort themselves in the Assurance my spectatorial Observation gives them, that it is already very much declined.

I CANNOT conclude this Subject without repeating what was said to me some Years ago by a certain Lady with whom I was intimately acquainted: — She was one of the greatest Devotees to the Tea-Table I ever knew: — *Bohea* and Bread and Butter was her chief Sustenance, and the Society of those who loved it as well as she did, her only Amusement. — An Accident, not material to mention, separated us for a considerable Time; but on the first Visit I made her afterward, was very much surpriz'd to find she had left off *Bohea*, and would drink only *Green*, which I thought more prejudicial to her Constitution than the other, she being extremely lean, and inclining to a Consumption. — Having expressed my Sentiments to her on this Head, *I am sensible*, replied she, *that it is very bad for me:— I have had continual Pains in my Stomach ever since I drank it, and cannot enjoy one Hour's sound Sleep in a whole Night: — Yet what can I do? — I had rather endure all this than have my Brain disordered, and, I assure you, if I had continued the Use of Bohea but a very little longer, I should have been mad.*

THESE Words, delivered in the most grave
and

and solemn Accents, made me not only then, but ever since, as often as I think on them, smile within myself at the Infatuation of making the drinking Tea of some kind or other of such Importance, that there is no such thing as quitting it, and to chuse that sort which will do us the least Mischief, is all we have to consider.

As these Monthly Essays are published with a View of *improving* the *Morals*, not *complimenting* the *Frailties* of my Sex, those who remember that *Excesses* in all Things are blameable, will not think what I have said too severe.

IN fine, nothing ought to be indulged till it becomes so far habitual, that we cannot leave it off without Difficulty, when we find it any way prejudicial or inconvenient.

THE Snuff-Box and Smelling-Bottle are pretty Trinkets in a Lady's Pocket, and are frequently necessary to supply a Pause in Conversation, and on some other Occasions; but whatever Virtues they are possess'd of, they are all lost by a too constant and familiar Use, and nothing can be more pernicious to the Brain, or render one more ridiculous in Company, than to have either of them perpetually in one's Hand.

I KNOW a Lady who never sits down to Dinner without her Snuff-Box by her Plate, and another that cannot sleep without her Bottle of *Sal Volatile* under her Pillow; — but I shall reserve
expatiat-

expatiating on the Folly and Misfortune of this Bigotry of Custom till some other Time, lest the fair Author of the following Letter should think herself neglected.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

Dear Female Sage,

I HAVE a vast Opinion of your Wit; and you may be convinced of it by my asking your Advice; — a Compliment, I assure you, I never paid to my own Mother, or any Soul besides yourself. — You must know that, among about half an hundred who make their Addresses to me, there are three who flatter themselves with Hopes of Success; and indeed with some Reason, for I have given to each of them all the Encouragement could be expected from a Woman of Honour: — But I will give you their Characters, and the different Sentiments they have inspired me with, that you may be the better able to judge which of them I ought to make Choice of for a Partner for Life.

THE first is a tall graceful Man, of an honourable Family, has a large Estate, and offers me a Jointure beyond what my Fortune, tho' it is very considerable, could demand: He is besides addicted to no kind of Vice, and has the Reputation of a more than common Understanding; but, with all these good Qualities, there

' there is somewhat in him that displeases me : —
 ' He ought, methinks, whenever we are alone
 ' together, to entertain me with nothing but his
 ' Passion; but, instead of that, he often talks to
 ' me on Subjects which he may easily perceive
 ' are not agreeable to my Humour, and are in-
 ' deed too serious to suit with the Years of either
 ' of us, he being no more than three and twenty,
 ' and I but seventeen. — We were a Week ago
 ' to visit a Relation of mine whose House has a
 ' Prospect of the Sea, and happening to look out
 ' of one of the Windows while we waited for
 ' my Cousin's coming down, how do you think
 ' he diverted me? Why with some grave Reflec-
 ' tions on that uncertain Element, — the un-
 ' happy Fate of brave Admiral *Balchen*, — and
 ' the Loss the Navy and whole Nation had of
 ' him; — as if I had any thing to do with the
 ' Admiral, the Navy, or the Nation: Would it
 ' not have better become him, since he must
 ' needs talk of the Sea, to have compared me to
 ' the *Venus* rising out of it, or to the charming
 ' *Hero*, for whose sake *Leander* swam the *Hellef-*
 ' *pont*!

' I COULD give you a thousand such odd
 ' Instances of his Behaviour; and tho' I am con-
 ' vinced that he loves me, because he has rejected
 ' several Proposals of more advantageous Matches
 ' in the precarious Hopes of obtaining me, yet he
 ' is such a strange Creature that he never once told
 ' me that he could not live without me, or swore,
 ' that if he could not have me, he would have
 ' nobody.

“ nobody. — But I have said enough about him,
 “ and will now go on to the second,

“ HE is what you may call a Lover indeed;
 “ — He follows me wherever I go: — My
 “ Shadow, or the Dial to the Sun, is not more
 “ constant: — Then he is sure to approve of all
 “ I say and do; and I frequently both act and
 “ speak what my own Reason tells me is absurd,
 “ merely to try how he will relish it: — But the
 “ poor Creature seems to have no Will but mine,
 “ and on my Conscience I believe, were I to bid
 “ him cut off his right Hand, he would not hesi-
 “ tate to obey me. — When I but smile upon
 “ him, he is all Extasy; and if I frown, his
 “ Countenance becomes so meagre, that you
 “ would think he had been sick a Week. — I
 “ have been two or three times about to give him
 “ his final Answer, but was obliged to retract my
 “ Words to prevent his running himself through
 “ the Body. — In short, the Passion the Man has for
 “ me makes him quite silly, and the greatest Ob-
 “ jection I have against marrying him, is, that his
 “ excessive Fondness would render us the Jest of
 “ our Acquaintance. — As to the rest, he has a
 “ very good Estate, a Person agreeable enough;
 “ a fine gilt Berlin, and the most beautiful String
 “ of Horses, except his Majesty’s, that ever I saw
 “ in my Life.

“ THE third is gay, witty, genteel, handsome
 “ as an Angel, and dresses to a charm: — He is
 “ intimate with all the great World, knows all
 “ Vol. II. P their

' their Intrigues, and relates them in the most
 ' agreeable manner: — Then he has a delightful
 ' Voice, a tolerable Skill in Music, and has all
 ' the new Tunes the Moment they come from
 ' the Composer. — In fine, there is no one
 ' Perfection we Women admire in the Sex, that
 ' he does not possess in an infinite Degree. — We
 ' never are in the Mall, at the Play, Opera, As-
 ' sembly, or any public Place, but all Eyes are
 ' fixed upon him, and then turned on me with a
 ' kind of malicious Leer, for engrossing so pretty
 ' a Fellow to myself. — Such a Lover, you will
 ' own, might be flattering enough to the Vanity
 ' of any Woman; and I cannot say but it highly
 ' diverts and pleases me, to observe the little Arti-
 ' fices some, even among my own Acquaintance,
 ' put in Practice in hopes of gaining him from
 ' me.

' BUT yet in spite of all these engaging Qua-
 ' lities in him, in spite of the Gratification it
 ' gives my Pride to see myself triumphant over
 ' all who wish to be my Rivals, my Reason tells
 ' me he deserves less of my Affection than either
 ' of those I have been describing, not only be-
 ' cause his Estate is less, but because he seems to
 ' make too great a Merit of preferring me to the
 ' rest of my Sex: — He is always telling me of
 ' the great Offers daily made to him; — of the
 ' Invitations given him by one celebrated Beauty,
 ' and the kind Glances he receives from another;
 ' and tho' he always closes these Speeches with
 ' vowing it is not in the Power of any Thing to
 ' come

‘ come in Competition with me, yet he seems,
 ‘ on the whole, to take more Pains to convince
 ‘ me how much he is beloved, than how much he
 ‘ loves; and this makes me conclude him to be
 ‘ what the World calls *a Man too full of him-
 ‘ self.*

‘ THIS is as exact a Picture as I can give you
 ‘ of my three Lovers, and I do not doubt but
 ‘ you are impatient to know which of them it is
 ‘ my Heart is most inclined to favour. — I will
 ‘ tell you then, with the utmost Sincerity, that
 ‘ they have all their Places, and I am, as it were,
 ‘ divided among them. — The first has my Es-
 ‘ teem, — the second my Pity, — and the third
 ‘ my Love: — But yet I have not so much *Es-
 ‘ teem* for the first, as should occasion me to de-
 ‘ spise either of the others I should make Choice
 ‘ of; not so much *Pity* to the second, as to en-
 ‘ gage me to allow any Favours prejudicial to
 ‘ whoever should be my Husband; nor so much
 ‘ *Love* for the last, as not to be able to withdraw
 ‘ it, if once I bestow my Person on a different
 ‘ Object.

‘ As I am entirely at my own Disposal, I
 ‘ would fain make such a Choice as should be
 ‘ approved on by the World, and afford the
 ‘ greatest Prospect of Happiness to myself. —
 ‘ You being a Person who can be no way preju-
 ‘ diced in favour of any Pretenders to me, are
 ‘ best capable of advising me in so important an

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‘ Affair, and, I flatter myself, will take the Trouble of giving me such Reasons for whatever Part you take, as will determine me to be wholly guided by your Opinion, and enable me to put an End to the long Suspence the above-mention’d Gentlemen have languished in, as well as the fluctuating Condition of my own Mind.

‘ A SPEEDY and cordial Compliance with this Request, will lay under the greatest Obligation her who is,

Dear Creature,

Your constant Reader,

And humble Servant,

Pall-Mall,
Nov. 7, 1744.

BELLAMONTE.

THERE is no Stage nor Rank in Life, that is not attended with some Portion of Disquiet of one kind or other, and I do not doubt but this young Lady feels little less in the Uncertainty which of her Lovers it will best become her to make Choice of, than the most passionate of them does in the Fears of being rejected. However, if she is really as ready to take Advice as the *Female Spectator* is to give it, the best in our Power shall be done to set her right.

IT must be confessed she is no less just than discerning in dividing the present Affections of her Soul. — The first of her Admirers demands all the Esteem she can bestow. — The second,

cond, if sincere, is indeed a pity-moving Character. — And the fine Person and Accomplishments of the third, if really such as she imagines them to be, may claim some Share of Inclination. But as all these favourable Sentiments must at last center in one, and Esteem, Pity, and Admiration blend to compose a perfect Tenderness, it would be well for her to consider that the *two last* of themselves, without more solid Merits to attract the *former*, can form but a short-liv'd and unsubstantial Passion. — *Love* is not deserving to be called Love, when not accompanied by *Friendship*, and Friendship can only be founded on *Esteem*. — He therefore who is found worthy of *that*, has a just Title to the *other* also, if no Disparity of Age, Birth, Fortune, or a disagreeable Form, forbids the soft Impulse, and forces Nature to oppose Reason.

By this, I dare say, *Bellamonte* expects I will decree for her first Lover, as she acknowledges none of the Impediments I have mentioned can be alledged against him; and if her extreme Youth will permit her to think with that Seriousness the Matter requires, I am sure she has a sufficient Fund of good Sense to know that Things are not always what they seem. — A very little Observation will serve to inform her that the most dying Lover is frequently far removed from the most affectionate Husband; and also, that a Man who values himself upon his *personal* Excellencies, has often been too careless of his *mental* Part, to be convinced within himself that Admi-
ration

ration ought only to be the Reward of *acquir'd* Virtues, not of such *casual Perfections* as a handsome Face, well-turn'd Limbs, or an agreeable Voice, which a thousand Accidents may deprive him of, and consequently convert the Love he so much plumes himself upon, into an adequate Contempt.

IF her first-mention'd Lover does not on every Occasion fall into Despair, and threaten to lay violent Hands on his own Life, as the second does, it shews he has less of the Froth of Love, but does not denote he is not more full of the permanent and valuable Part; on the contrary, his Passion evaporates not in Words: — The Spirit remains entire within his Breast, and it is scarce to be doubted will last as long as Life.

BUT because she seems to have an equal Share of Good-Nature as of Wit, I would have her be under no Apprehensions that any thing fatal will ensue on her refusing the second Lover; the Deaths threatened by a Man of his Cast, are as fictitious as the Darts and Flames of his pretended Deity; and we often see those of them who prosecute their Aim with the greatest Vigour, bear a Disappointment with the most Indifference. Much less would I have her imagine, that in preferring him to the others, she should be certain of retaining the same Power over his Will and Actions after Marriage as he now flatters her with. — Many Women have been deceived by this Shew of Obsequiousness in those who have afterward

afterward become their Tyrants, not remembering what the Poets says:

*The humblest Lover, when he lowest lies,
But kneels to conquer, and but falls to rise.*

BUT as mere Pity and Compassion is all our *Bellamonte* bestows on this whining *Strephon*, I am under no great Concern for her on his Account: He may whistle out his Lamentations to the Fields and Groves, or what is every whit as likely, if not much more so, carry them to the Feet of some less obdurate Fair, without her breaking her Peace for his Relief. — I wish I could say the handsome, talking, rattling, singing Gentleman had no more Danger in him. — The Heart is a busy, fluttering, impudent Thing: It will not lye still when one bids it, nor are its Dictates to be silenced by Reason, or guided by the Head; and if the *Beau* by his Dress, Address, or any other Charm, has got an Entrance there, I am very much afraid poor *Esteem* will come off a Loser in spite of all can be urged by the *Female Spectator*.

I THEREFORE sincerely wish it may be as she says; — that the Inclination she confesses for him may not have been so firmly establish'd, but that she may be able easily to withdraw it; for to deal freely with her, there is no one Part of his Character which seems to promise her any lasting Happiness.

HOWEVER,

HOWEVER, the better to enable her to gain this Conquest over herself, I will give her some small Sketches of those Scenes which I may venture to affirm there is more than a Probability she must make an Actor in, after prevailed upon to enter into a Marriage with this modern *Narcissus*.

A WEEK or ten Days passed over, for no more will I allow to the *Douceurs* of such a Union, the Bridegroom rises, says *Good Morrow, Madam*, perhaps bestows a faint Kiss, repairs to his Dressing-Room, passes the whole Morning at his Toilet, then throws himself into his Chariot, goes to the Mall, imagines every fine Woman regrets his being married, and puts on all her Charms to supplant his Bride in his Affection: — Returns Home about three; — walks backward and forward in the Room humming over some dull Tune, and viewing himself in the Glass every Turn he takes. — *Bellamonte* looks on him all this while with wishing Eyes, says a thousand tender Things: — He still sings on, makes no Answer. — Dinner is served up: — She offers to help him, he coldly thanks her; and tho' she begins ever so many Subjects for Conversation, he enters into none, nor interrupts his Meal with any thing farther than an *Aye, Madam*, or a *No, Madam*: — If, by Chance, he says a civil Thing, the Sound discovers it to be forced from him rather by the Laws of good Breeding, than those of Love, and he looks another Way all the time he speaks. — She has too much Penetration not to discover the

the Change: — She weeps in secret, and her inward Grievs at length break forth in gentle Reproaches: This he thinks unreasonable, and replies to with as much Peevishness as he dare, for fear of distorting the Muscles of his Face; but she is sure to meet, as often as she seems dissatisfied with his Behaviour, this or the like Rebuff: — *Gad, Madam, you are the most ungrateful Woman in the World: — You ought to be highly contented that I made you my Wife, in prejudice to so many fine young Creatures, who, it is well known, were dying for me.*

THIS is all her *Resentment* will be able to effect; and if she endeavours to work by *Fondness* on his Indifference, tells him she is never happy but in his Company, and begs him to take a little Tour with her among their Relations and Friends, or to pass an Evening with her at some public Place or other she may happen to think on, he will be ready to cry, — *Laird, Madam, how silly you are! — Don't you know that the most ridiculous Spectacle in Nature is a Man in Company with his Wife?*

IF *Bellamonte* can submit to this Treatment, let her indulge her Inclination; but I am apt to imagine what I have said will make her turn her Eyes into the World, where she will find a sufficient Number of Instances to prove this Truth, that a Man who admires himself, can never sincerely admire any thing beside.

I would also beg her to reflect that Marriage is a kind of Precipice, which, when once leap'd, there is no Possibility of reclimbing; — and wary ought the Person who stands upon it to be, lest, instead of a delightful Valley enamel'd with Flowers, blooming with perpetual Sweets, she plunges not into one where Thorns and Briars are only shadowed over with a few gaudy Tulips and tall Sun-Flowers, that yield no Savour, and fade upon the Touch.

BUT to quit Allegory: The Gentleman first described appears to me to have in him all the Qualifications that can make a Woman of Merit, such as I believe *Bellamonte* to be, truly happy in a Husband; and is so far from coming into any Degree of Competition with his two Rivals, that in balancing between them she has been guilty of an Injustice to him, which she can no way repair but by giving herself speedily to him, and thereby putting a final Period to the Hopes and Pretensions of every other Suitor. — I dare almost answer for him, that when the Esteem she now feels for him shall be converted into a more warm and tender Passion, she will have no Occasion to lament the Want of an adequate Return: — Honour, Good Sense, Gratitude and Duty will serve as Oil to feed the Flame of conjugal Affection, and the Hymeneal Torch burn with its first Brightness to the End of Life.

I HAVE dwelt the longer on this Subject, as I am compelled by a secret Simpathy to take a
more

more than ordinary Interest in the Fate of this unknown Lady; and also as it is probable there may be many into whose Hands these Pages may fall, who may equally stand in need of that Advice she alone has vouchsafed to ask: But I am now called upon to discuss Topics of a higher and more public nature, and it is likely that, by this Time, a certain Gentleman, who has lately sent me a very angry Letter, may be laughing in his Sleeve at me, as wanting either *Courage* to insert, or *Ability* to answer it. — The first, however, he shall find himself mistaken in; and as for the other, he may be sure of an Attempt, at least on all those Heads which are proper for me to touch upon; those which are not so, the Public will easily see into the Motives which oblige me to Silence, and on that Account excuse it.

He shall, however, have no Pretence to accuse me of stifling or suppressing any Reproaches made me: I shall present the Public with his Letter entire as I received it, without omitting or changing any one Word, Syllable, or even Period or Comma.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR

WAS the Superscription on the Cover of this doughty Epistle; but on the Top of the Enclosure he salutes me in these Terms:

Vain Pretender to Things above thy Reach!

Then begins at the very Bottom of the Paper,

thinking, perhaps, by that Piece of good Breeding, to soften the Asperity of the Invectives he had brewed against me; or else to shew that, however unworthy I might seem in his Eyes as an *Author*, he would not forego the Decorum owing to me as a *Woman*.

‘ **T**H O’ I never had any very great Opinion of your Sex as Authors, yet I thought, whenever you set up for such, you had Cunning enough to confine yourselves within your own Sphere, or at least not to raise the Expectations of the Public by such *mountainous* Promises as you have done, when you could not be insensible they must in a short time discover themselves to be but of the *Mole-hill* kind.

‘ **W**HATEVER Design you had in this it was a very shallow one, and betrays a Want of Judgment, which, to do you Justice, by your manner of handling some Subjects, I should not have suspected you guilty of.

‘ **F**OR God’s sake, what could move you to make use of all those pompous Flourishes in the sixth Page of the first Book of the *Female Spectator*? — Did the Spies you boasted of in every Corner of *Europe*, deceive the Trust you reposed in them? Or did you only dream you had established such an Intelligence? — The latter, I am afraid, is the most likely: — But did you never reflect that People would grow uneasy at the Disappointment, when, instead of
‘ that

‘ that full and perfect Account of the most mo-
 ‘ mentous Actions you made them hope, they
 ‘ find themselves for several Months together en-
 ‘ tertained only with Home-Amours, Reflections
 ‘ on Human Nature, the Passions, Morals, Infe-
 ‘ rences, and Warnings to your own Sex; —
 ‘ the most proper Province for you, I must own,
 ‘ but widely inconsistent with the Proposals of
 ‘ your first setting out.

‘ EVERY body imagin’d you had a Key to
 ‘ unlock the Cabinet of Princes, — a Clue to
 ‘ guide you through the most intricate Labyrinths
 ‘ of State, — and that the secret Springs of Am-
 ‘ bition, Avarice and Revenge, which make such
 ‘ dreadful Havock, would have been all laid
 ‘ open to our View. — Yet the eternal Fund of
 ‘ Intelligence you vaunted of, has given us not
 ‘ a Word of all this: — Not the least Tittle
 ‘ from *Flanders, Italy, Germany, France, or*
 ‘ *Spain*: — Great Armies have been continually in
 ‘ Motion, and the first Monarchs in *Europe* at the
 ‘ Head of them: — The *Rhine* has been passed
 ‘ and repassed: — The *Elb, Moldau and Neckar*
 ‘ crossed: — Cities have been depopulated: —
 ‘ Towns laid Waste: — *Ravage! burn! and de-*
 ‘ *stroy all before you, — Spare neither Sex nor Age,*
 ‘ have been the Words of Command! — Sieges,
 ‘ Battles, Rencounters and Escapes have filled
 ‘ the World with Clamour, but not been able to
 ‘ move the peaceful Bosom of the *Female Spec-*
 ‘ *tator*: — Contributions, Loans, Subsidies, Mili-
 ‘ tary and Ministerial Arts have drain’d the Suf-
 ‘ tenance

' tenance from the wretched Subjects of almost all
 ' the Kingdoms round us, even to Starving, yet the
 ' *Female Spectator* seems ignorant or insensible
 ' of their Calamities: — Excursions, Incurfions,
 ' Invasions, and Insurrections have been talked
 ' of by every body but the *Female Spectator*: —
 ' Huge Fleets cover the Ocean with their spread-
 ' ing Sails, but not all the Wind that fills them
 ' wafts to the *Female Spectator* any Account to
 ' what Intent equipped, where directed, or what
 ' great Feats they yet have done, or are about to
 ' do.

' Do you not blush at all this? — Are you
 ' not under most terrible Apprehensions that, in-
 ' stead of the Woman of Experience, Observa-
 ' tion, fine Understanding, and extensive Genius
 ' you would pass for, you should be taken for an
 ' idle, prating, gossiping old Woman, fit only to
 ' tell long Stories by the Fire-side for the Enter-
 ' tainment of little Children or Matrons, more
 ' antiquated than yourself?

' I DO assure you, I am truly ashamed for
 ' you: — It is not my Nature to be severe on
 ' the Failings or Mistakes of any one; and had
 ' your Boastings been less glaring, or your Exe-
 ' cution of what you pretended to undertake,
 ' any way answered the Expectation of the Pub-
 ' lic, I would have been the last that should have
 ' condemned you, but had overlooked small De-
 ' ficiencies in Consideration of your Sex, and
 ' the Desire you shewed of performing your
 ' Pro-

‘ Promises, which, at the Time of making, I
 ‘ should have been charitable enough to have
 ‘ judg’d you thought less difficult to accomplish
 ‘ than you afterwards found them.

‘ Yet were it so, some modest Apology me-
 ‘ thinks would have become you: — The least
 ‘ you could have done was to have confessed
 ‘ your Inability, entreated Pardon of the Town
 ‘ for having imposed on their Credulity, and as
 ‘ you now perceived you had overshot your
 ‘ Mark, and had it not really in your Power to
 ‘ entertain them with Matters of any very great
 ‘ Importance, at least to the Generality of your
 ‘ Readers, beseeched them to accept of such as
 ‘ fell within your Compass.

‘ To deal plainly with you, the best that can
 ‘ be said of the Lucubrations you have hitherto
 ‘ published, is, that they are fit Presents for Coun-
 ‘ try Parsons to make to their young Parishioners;
 ‘ — to be read in Boarding-Schools, and re-
 ‘ commended as Maxims for the well regulating
 ‘ private Life; but are no way fit for the polite
 ‘ Coffee-Houses, or to satisfy Persons of an inqui-
 ‘ sitive Taste.

‘ WHETHER you have received any Re-
 ‘ monstrances of the Nature I now send you, and
 ‘ have thought it prudent to take no Notice of
 ‘ them, I will not pretend to say, nor do I accuse
 ‘ you with it; but of this you may be certain,
 ‘ that I have alledg’d no more against you than
 ‘ is

‘ is the Sense of most of the Wits, as well as
 ‘ Men of Fashion I converse with, as it is pro-
 ‘ bable you may hereafter have further Reason
 ‘ to be convinced of from others beside

White's Chocolate-House,
Nov. 9, 1744

Curioso Politico.

‘ *P. S.* To shew you that Malice had no Share
 ‘ in dictating the above Lines, if there is any
 ‘ Possibility of your mending your Hand, you
 ‘ are at your own Liberty to insert them or
 ‘ not: — My Intention, in sending them, be-
 ‘ ing not so much to *expose* as to *reprove*, I
 ‘ shall be very glad to find that, by holding to
 ‘ you this faithful Mirror, you are enabled to
 ‘ wipe off whatever is a Blemish in your Writ-
 ‘ ings, and for the future supply those Defici-
 ‘ encies which you seem to me to have hitherto
 ‘ been wholly insensible of.’ — *Farewel.*

I HEARTILY thank Mr. *Politico* for the
 Permission he is so good to vouchsafe me as to
 keeping his Reprimand a Secret; but it would
 be abusing so extraordinary a Favour to accept
 it: — The Pains he has been at must not be to-
 tally thrown away, and whether I am able or not
 to improve by what he has wrote, it would be
 great Pity he should not have the Satisfaction of
 seeing it in Print.

THE Public will be the best Judges how far I
 deserve

deserve the Severity he has treated me with, and to them I readily submit my Cause.

I DO not pretend to deny but that, in the Introduction to this Work, I said that I had found Means to extend my Speculations as far as *France, Rome, Germany*, and other foreign Parts, and that I then flattered myself with being able to penetrate into the Mysteries of the *Alcove, the Cabinet, or Field*, and to have such of the Secrets of *Europe*, as were proper for the Purpose of a *Female Spectator*, laid open to my View; but I never proposed, nor, I believe, did any body but this Letter-Writer expect that these Lucubrations should be devoted merely to the Use of News-Mongers: — A Change-Broker might, I think, have as much Cause to resent my taking no Notice of the Rise or Fall of Stocks.

SEVERAL of the Topics he reproaches me for not having touch'd upon, come not within the Province of a *Female Spectator*; — such as Armies marching, — Battles fought, — Towns destroyed, — Rivers cross'd, and the like: — I should think it ill became me to take up my own, or Reader's Time, with such Accounts as are every Day to be found in the public Papers.

OH but the Meaning of all this he calls upon me to unravel: — I must unfold the Mystery, lay open the secret Springs which set these great Machines in Motion: — Why he has done it for me, *Ambition, Avarice, and Revenge* have set the

mighty Men of the Earth a madding, and there is indeed no other Mystery in it than what all the World may, and do easily see into.

I GRANT some Turns and Counter-Turns in Politics have been too abstruse to be accounted for by the Rules of common Reason, and no way to be fathom'd but by that Intelligence he wants me to receive from the Cabinets where they were hatch'd; — and yet perhaps, if once revealed, there would appear so little in them, that one might justly enough compare them to the Knots Children tie at School in Packthread, only to puzzle one another to undo again.

BE that as it may; — how far soever the *Female Spectator*, or any one else, may be able to penetrate into these dark Paths of State, the Attempt of making them a common Road might be imprudent, and perhaps unsafe.

THERE is an old Adage in the Mouth of every one, *viz.* — *All Things that are lawful are not expedient*: To which one may add, that *many Things are expedient, or necessary, which may not be deemed lawful*: If either of these should happen to be the Case, the Silence of the *Female Spectator* may very well be pardoned.

IF Princes have a Mind to play at *Bo-peep* with each other, or with their respective Subjects, who shall dare to draw the Curtain, and call the Rabble in to be Witnesses of what they do! — We
little

little People may hear and see, but must say nothing. — There are some sort of Secrets which prove fatal if explored, and like massive Buildings erected by Enchantment, will not endure too near Approach, but fall at once, and crush the bold Inspector with their Weight.

BUT I will not pretend to measure what Extent of Power the Guardian Angel entitled the *Liberty of the Press* may yet retain: Of this I am certain, that the better we regulate our Actions in *private Life*, the more we may hope of *public Blessings*, and the more we shall be enabled to sustain *public Calamities*.

TO check the enormous Growth of Luxury, to reform the Morals, and improve the Manners of an Age, by all confess'd degenerate and sunk, are the great Ends for which these Essays were chiefly intended; and the Authors flatter themselves that nothing has been advanced, but may contribute in a more or less Degree to the accomplishing so glorious a Point. — Many little Histories, it is true, are interspers'd, but then they are only such as serve to enforce *Precept* by *Example*, and make the *Beauty* of *Virtue*, and the *Deformity* of *Vice* sink deeper into the Reader's Mind. — When we would strike at any favourite Passion, it requires the utmost Delicacy to do it in such a manner as shall make the Person guilty of it ashamed of being so, without being angry at the Detection; and no way so likely to

succeed, as to shew him the Resemblance of himself in the Character of another.

THUS much I thought proper to say in Defence of myself and Partners in this Undertaking, which I doubt not but will be look'd upon as a sufficient Answer to all the Objections Mr. *Politico* has started for the present, and hereafter perhaps we may be better Friends.

I READILY agree with him, that the Public may reasonably desire and expect to be let into the Knowledge of Affairs which relate chiefly to themselves. — In those Countries which are under the Subjection of Tyranny and Superstition, — where the despotic Will of the Prince is the sole Law of the People, and Bigotry rides triumphant over Truth, all writing and speaking of State Matters, and the Use of the Bible are equally forbid under the most severe Pains and Penalties. The Reason of this is plain, a very little Enquiry might detect the Frauds the *Ministry* put in Practice in the one, and the Perversion of the *other* by the *Priests*; but in a Constitution such as our's happily is, there can be no such Prescription: — Every one here, who contributes to the *Support* of the Government, has a Right to be *protected* by the Government in any decent Attempt made for the Discovery of iniquitous Practices in those of the *highest*, as well as the *lowest* Stations of Life.

WHEN *Richard I.* surnamed *Cœur de Lyon*,
instigated

instigated by his Zeal for *Christianity*, and the Example of divers Kings and Princes of those Times, had determin'd to go to *Jerusalem* and make War against the Infidels, many of his Subjects were greatly dissatisfied because of the Expence which must necessarily attend such an Expedition, and which they expected must be levied from their Purses. — This good King being informed of their Complaints, and truly sensible of the Dangers of incurring a national Disaffection, bethought himself of an Expedient to enable him to pursue his Undertaking without burthening his People: — He mortgaged the City of *London* to the Knights of *Malta* for a considerable Sum of Money, which Obligation was to be discharged by stated annual Paymens out of his own Revenue: Nor was there any Tax or Impost laid on the Nation on account of this War, which occasion'd one *Jeofry Rudal*, a *Provencial* Poet, who accompanied the King in his Embarkation to write this Stanza:

*The English Kings Account must give
To all sworn Leigemen how they live,
Or from no Peril will they fend,
Nor ought of Succour to him lend.*

It would then be hard, if those who contentedly bear the Expence of Fleets and Armies, of Subsidies, Negotiations, Congresses and Embassies, should not have the Privilege of enquiring how, and for what Ends their Money is laid out. — The People of *England* have always been accounted
tenacious

tenacious enough of their Liberty in this Point; and God forbid they should ever wholly lose that glorious Spirit, which in so many Instances has bore up against all the Efforts for introducing arbitrary Power, in whatever Shape, and by what Name soever disguised, or endeavoured to be palliated.

THE Power of making War and Peace, is indeed lodg'd in the Hands of whoever sits upon the Throne: — It is the undoubted Prerogative of the Crown, and sad would be the Day when either of the two other States of the Kingdom should offer to infringe it: — Fatal Instances are on Record on this Score, such as will, I hope, be a Warning to the latest Posterity, — yet does not this Power, great and extensive as it is, deny every *Englishman* the Privilege of enquiring by his Representative in Parliament the Motives by which the Sovereign is induced to declare a War, or conclude a Peace.

IT is an allowed Maxim, that the King himself can do no Wrong: — Whatever Mistakes in Point of Government may happen, his sacred Person is still out of the Question; but I know of no Law nor Reason to restrain us from examining into the Conduct of his *Ministers*, his *Admirals*, or *Generals*, when suspected to have taken Measures destructive, or to the Honour or Interest of the Kingdom.

THE meanest Person has also an equal Right
with

with the greatest, to expect a satisfactory Account in every thing relating to the Common-Wealth: — He has his *all* at Stake as well as the most Opulent, and in case of any foul or unskilful Play in those who are entrusted with the shuffling of the Cards, must share in the same Ruin.

THIS is so just, so natural, and so consistent with that Freedom which by our Constitution is entailed on us and our Posterity, that those who have attempted to urge any thing against it, have argued in so awkward and weak a manner, as plainly shews they were ashamed of the Cause they had been prevailed upon to assert.

BUT tho' this Curiosity be not only pardonable but laudable also, there may be Reasons which render it improper, as I said before, for any one to take upon themselves to satisfy it, even tho' they were possessed of the most sure Materials and greatest Abilities.

THIS may serve, however, to convince Mr. *Politico* that the *Female Spectator* is not altogether so indolent and insensible to public Transactions as he imagines; and if he allows (as sure he must) that *Virtue* is the surest Preservative of *Freedom*, he must at the same time allow, that an Endeavour to rectify the Morals of *Individuals*, is the first Step ought to be taken for rousing up a *general* Ardor for maintaining and asserting those Privileges our Ancestors purchased for us with their
best

best Blood, and we have renewed the Lease of by almost all our Treasure.

IN this Road, therefore, I have travelled since the Beginning of these Lucubrations, and from this I shall not through the whole Course of them depart. But this I assure my Readers, and Mr. *Politico* in particular, that whenever any thing new and untouched on by other Authors shall present itself, I shall not fail to communicate it.

A *PIECE* of the Nature I have mention'd, and entirely genuine, lies now before us on the Table, but being of too great a Length to insert at this Time, must be deferred till the next Month, when the Public may depend on seeing it, with such Animadversions as the Nature of the Thing, and the Situation of the Times will admit.

End of the EIGHTH BOOK.

T H E

Female Spectator.

B O O K IX.



L O N D O N :

Printed and published by T. GARDNER, at
Cowley's Head, opposite *St. Clement's Church*,
in the *Strand*, 1745.

THE

Female Spectator.

A NOVEL

IN THREE VOLUMES.

LONDON

Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall.



T H E
Female Spectator.

B O O K IX.

Short is th' uncertain Reign and Pomp of Mortal Pride:

*New Turns and Changes every Day
Are of inconstant Chance the constant Arts.
Soon she gives, soon takes away,
She comes, embraces, nauseates you and parts:
But if she stays, or if she goes,
The wise Man little Joy or little Sorrow shews.*



WHAT indeed is more fluctuating than human Promotion! — What more strange than to see Persons, who know very well that *Wisdom* and *Virtue* are only capable of constituting true Greatness, pursue with Eagerness those shadowy Honours which flow from Favour,
Vol. II. S and

and the same Breath that gives, may in an Instant take away.

BUT tho' the many notable Changes which have lately happen'd, and others daily expected to happen, naturally lead one into these Reflections, and likewise so much engross the present Attention of the Public, that we might possibly be excus'd from entering into any other Subject at this Time: Yet the Desires, or rather the Challenge of Mr. *Politico*, the Promise made to the Town in our last, and the Gratitude due to the Gentleman from whom we received the following Piece, are Obligations which we cannot prevail on ourselves to dispense with on any Account whatever.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

‘ I T was my good Fortune to be very lately
 ‘ introduc'd to a polite Assembly, compos'd
 ‘ chiefly of Ladies, some of whom I found were
 ‘ *Hanoverians*, but spoke *English* perfectly well:
 ‘ One above the rest distinguish'd herself in a
 ‘ manner no less agreeable than particular. — I
 ‘ know not how the Conversation happened to
 ‘ turn upon Politics, but somewhat being men-
 ‘ tion'd concerning the unhappy Antipathy there
 ‘ seem'd to be between his Majesty's Subjects
 ‘ of *Great Britain*, and those of his *German*
 ‘ Dominions, it gave occasion to a Dispute, in
 ‘ which the Lady above-mentioned, and one of
 ‘ our

‘ our own Country had an Opportunity of exert-
 ‘ ing, in a very great Degree, that Good Sense
 ‘ and Eloquence they were both possess’d of ;
 ‘ and they were indeed so equally capable of ma-
 ‘ naging what they undertook, that the rest of
 ‘ the Company took too much Pleasure in hear-
 ‘ ing them, to offer any Interruption, by taking
 ‘ the Part either of the one or the other.

‘ T H E R E is certainly something so perswa-
 ‘ sively pathetic in the Manner of your Sex,
 ‘ whenever you go about to plead the Cause of
 ‘ any thing you have a real Interest in yourselves,
 ‘ that it gives a double Weight to all you say.

‘ I M U S T confess, my Reason yielded to them
 ‘ both by Turns : — I was convinced, confuted,
 ‘ and convinced again as often as either of them
 ‘ spoke : — Every Argument urg’d by each of
 ‘ these fair Antagonists had greater force with
 ‘ me, than all *Tully’s* Orations could have had,
 ‘ even tho’ I had heard them deliver’d by him-
 ‘ self, and accompanied with those Graces which
 ‘ History reports him so great a Master of, and
 ‘ records as inimitable.

‘ I T H O U G H T I never owed so great an
 ‘ Obligation to my Memory, as when I found
 ‘ it had faithfully treasured up whatever had been
 ‘ said, during this whole Debate ; which I put
 ‘ down in writing the Moment I came home,
 ‘ and now send it to you, as believing you would
 ‘ look upon it as no unwelcome Present.

134 *The FEMALE*

‘ I SHALL be extremely glad to see it published through your Canal, with such Observations on the several Arguments, as you shall think proper to make. — If you should happen to find any Errors, either as to Matters of Fact, or the Terms in which they are made mention of, I beseech you to rectify them in justice to the Authors, who argued too much dispassionately and unprejudiced to be guilty of any Mistakes this way, and must therefore lie wholly on the Transcriber. *I am,*

With very great Respect,

MADAM,

*St. James's-Street,
Nov. 16, 1744.*

Your most humble,

And most obedient Servant.

A. B.

P. S. ‘ You will perceive the Manuscript begins after the Commencement of the Dispute; the Reason of which is, that several others of the Company, having their Part in the Discourse previous to it; and on the first Questions and Repartees made by the Ladies themselves, I had not the least Notion of its becoming a particular Controversy, it made the less Impression on me, and I could not therefore be so exact, as I now wish I had been, in remarking what was said on that Occasion.’

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

*An English and a Hanoverian Lady:**Wherein the Motives are laid open of that small Share of sincere Love or Esteem which both Nations unhappily regard each other with.**Hanoverian Lady.*

WHATEVER you alledge against us is Matter of Imagination only, whereas we have real and undeniable Facts to complain of against you: — Have you not deprived us of the Presence of our dear Elector and all his amiable Family? — Do you not now engross all those Blessings to which we have a natural Right, and grudge we should have the least Share in? — What Heart-burnings? — What Murmurings are there among you on the least Talk of his Majesty's visiting his *German* Dominions, even when the Necessity of your own Affairs requires his Presence on the Continent! — And is it not plain, that those of us who attend him here are look'd upon as Intruders? — His very Menials are envy'd by a People who would enjoy all the Comforts of his Reign, yet refuse the least Encouragement to those who were born in the same Air, and some of them nurtur'd from their Infancy near his Royal Person. — Can any thing be more cruel, more unjust to us, or indeed more

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disrespectful to him, than to wish to take from him the Privilege of chusing his own Servants !

English Lady.] I BELIEVE, Madam, there are none amongst us so blind as not to see the inestimable Benefits these Kingdoms have receiv'd from the Accession of that illustrious House, which now fills the Throne ; nor were the *English* ever accounted an ungrateful or inhospitable People: Much less can those Vices at present with any Shadow of Reason be imputed to us, when we have done all in our Power to testify the Sense we have both of their late and present Majesty's Goodness to us in vouchsafing to take us under their Protection. — Have we not annihilated that Clause in the Act of Settlement which forbid them going to *Hanover* without Consent of Parliament? Have we not readily augmented the Civil List Revenue to almost double what was allowed in any former Reign? — Have we not relinquished our ancient Privilege of tacking Redress of Grievances to the Money-Bills? — Have we not granted without Reserve all the Supplies demanded, and assented to every Vote of Credit required of us? — These, I take it, are not Acts of *meer Duty*, but of the most *servent Affection* and *implicit Faith*, that ever any Monarch was regarded with by his Subjects : But tho' I willingly allow that all we can pay is not too much, yet methinks it is ungenerous to lessen the Merit of these Works of Supererrogation, by attempting to tinge them with a self-interested Hue ; for certainly it is far from the Interest of these Kingdoms

doms that his Majesty should visit *Hanover* so frequently, or that yielding to every Demand of the Crown is for the Advantage of our future Liberty, tho' at present it may suffer no Prejudice by that Confidence.

Hanoverian Lady.] How easy it is to put a Gloss on any thing! — A Stranger to the Affairs of *England* would imagine, by what you say, that the Prince lay under immense Obligations to the People; whereas, in reality, all you have done has only, under the Colour of Loyalty to him, been entirely to serve yourselves, as I doubt not to make appear to all who hear me.

IN the first Place, you had experienced the Benefits of his Majesty's Presence at *Hanover*, by several Negotiations carry'd on there with a Success which, without him, could not have been hop'd for; and as you were involv'd in Perplexities by former Treaties, which you know not how soon might call for his Assistance to unravel, you wisely judg'd it proper to cancel a Clause which might have detained him here, till it had been too late, either to enter into any Alliances for the Interest of *Great Britain*, or prevent those which might have been formed against her by the Powers on the Continent.

THE Increase of the Civil List Revenue, I think, has the next Place in your Roll of National Obligations: But, Madam, can you deny that in this *England* had not an Eye to her own

Grandeur? — Does not the Magnificence of the Sovereign shew the Opulence of the Kingdom, and besides gratifying a domestic Ostentation, does it not raise your Reputation Abroad, enlarge your Credit, and bring Foreigners to throw their Money into your Funds? — Yet in spite of all the Advantages it brought to yourselves; — in spite of the real Necessity there was for supporting so many Branches of the Royal Family in a manner becoming their Dignity, I am sorry to say this Addition was not made without a very strenuous Opposition; and when granted, raised such Murmurs, as some of you ought not to remember without blushing.

As to the old Custom of tacking Redress of Grievances to the Money-Bills, that must necessarily subside when there were no longer any Grievances to complain of; — and that there were no real ones, is evident by the very Persons who alone rais'd the Clamour, having since not only given up the Point, but also confess'd they were ashamed of having ever asserted it.

BUT above all I am surpriz'd, that a Lady of your good Sense and Impartiality in other Things, should mention the necessary Supplies granted to his Majesty as any particular Favour done to his Royal Person. — What must equip your Fleets? — Maintain your Armies? — Disburse the Subsidies paid to foreign Princes for their Assistance, or at least their Neutrality? — What support your Intelligence? — Enable you to keep Spies in every

every Quarter of the World, and many other Articles of Secret Service? — Is all this to be done with Air! — Will empty Words suffice to preserve your Commerce, and defend you from the continually impending Dangers of Popery and Slavery? — The Obligation therefore on this Head is wholly from the People to the Prince, who exerts his Wisdom and Goodness in laying out their Money to the best Advantage.

THIS being granted, as it must by every thinking Person, Votes of Credit are no more than an Appendix to the Supplies allowed by Parliament, since they only enable his Majesty to raise what Sums he shall have occasion for, when the Members of both Houses may be retired to their respective Seats, and at too great a Distance to be called together so timely as the Exigence of Affairs demands.

THUS, Madam, have I in a few Words rendered it I think pretty obvious, that all those boasted Proofs of Love and Loyalty to your King are no more than so many Obligations to yourselves; and that in not being always ready to confer them, you must be both a contemn'd and miserable People.

English Lady.] A PERSON of much less Wit and Eloquence than yourself, might easily maintain a Tenet, which is of too nice and delicate a Nature to be discuss'd with that Freedom and Plain-Dealing Truth requires: — But I have

this Consolation, that those Replies which are improper for me to make may be found in the Speeches of several of our most worthy Representatives in Parliament, as well as of those who are now turned Apostates to the glorious Cause of Liberty.

BUT, Madam, in my Opinion you have wandered from the Mark first levell'd at, and instead of proving that *England* had nothing to complain of on the Score of *Hanover*, as you seem'd to undertake to do, you confound the Obligations we have to his Majesty with those, you pretend, we have to love his Country. — This, I think, is not quite a fair way of arguing; but I shall follow you in your own way as far as it is convenient for me to do so, and perhaps even foil you at the very Weapons you have made Choice of.

SUPPOSING that all we have done has been no more than our Duty: — Supposing that we are at present under the most indispensable Necessity of maintaining those vast Armaments which are so expensive and burthenfome to the Nation; and supposing those Supplies and Votes of Credit, a Consequence of that Necessity, which is not to be avoided, I beg you will answer me one short Question, Whether we were brought into that Necessity by any Circumstance meerly our own, or whether we owe not so great a Misfortune to a Cause more remote, and which in fact we ought to have no manner of Concern with?

Hanoverian Lady.] DID I not see into the Motives which induce you to make this Interrogatory, I should be infinitely surprized to find you can affect an Ignorance of what none can really be uninformed: — You cannot sure deny that *Great Britain* was under an immediate Necessity of entering into a War on the Continent on her own Score, tho' she appear'd only as an Auxiliary to the Queen of *Hungary*.

English Lady.] WHATEVER may be my private Opinion, Madam, the People in general think in a different way, tho' indeed till they perceived the sad Effects of carrying on the War at such a Distance, their natural Generosity made them readily enter into Measures for the Relief of that distress'd Princess. — But I should be glad to know what other Intetest, except the Protection of her Fellow-Subjects of *Hanover*, *Great Britain* could propose to herself in such a War?

Hanoverian Lady.] Now, Madam, you explain yourself, and shew, without Disguise, that Inveteracy we have to complain of: — Yes, it is not difficult to make it appear, your own Interest was at the Bottom of all you have done for *Germany*; — as thus:

CONSIDER the exorbitant Power the House of *Bourbon* now enjoys: — It has all *France*, in which Name are comprized a Congregation of various other Kingdoms, which later Ages have added to it: — *Spain*, and its almost boundless Dependences,

pendences, are under a Branch of the same Family; as also the *Two Sicilies*: — They are partly Masters of the Empire, by having its present Head at their Devotion; and if his *Britannic* Majesty had not interpos'd, how easy had it been for them to have subdued the King of *Sardinia's* Dominions; then deprived the Queen of *Hungary* of all she possesses in *Italy*? — The *Austrian* Inheritance in *Germany* had next become their Prey; afterwards they would have taken *Portugal*, then *Flanders*, and having swallowed up all these, pour'd down on the *United Provinces*, whence there would have been a small Step to *England*. — What Course then could *Great Britain* take, but to endeavour to put a Stop to this spreading Evil, which, having over-run the rest of *Europe*, would have seiz'd her at last?

English Lady.] A CAREER very extraordinary indeed! Not to be match'd in all the fabulous Conquests of Antiquity! — Those of *Amadis de Gaul*, Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*, or the Seven Champions, are meer Trifles to it! — Why, these *French* and *Spaniards* are perfect Tygers for Nimbleness and Strength; but methinks the *Austrians*, *Sardinians*, *Portuguese*, *Flanderkyns* and *Hollanders* are but little obliged to you for representing them as such tame Sheep to suffer themselves to be devour'd without the Protection of an *English* Mastiff!

BUT to be serious: If there were the least Foundation for Belief, that the Attempt you mention

tion were practicable, or even intended, what Reason has *Great Britain* to take the *first* Alarm, which, by your own Confession, would be the *last* would suffer by it? — It cannot be denied but that the Queen of *Spain* has very much at Heart the aggrandizing her Sons; and it may with Probability enough be supposed, that *France* would assist her Projects on that Head; the King of *Sardinia* therefore by his Situation may have somewhat to apprehend if the Settlement of the Infant Don *Philip* should take Place, as his Dominions would then be in a manner hem'd in between those of that Prince, and of *France*: But the King of *Portugal* you see is under no kind of Terror, and tho' possess'd of Wealth that might well tempt an avaritious Conqueror, in Peace and Security enjoys his immense Treasures, and looks with Pity on the Devastation that Jealousy and Ambition have occasion'd. — The *Dutch* too have seen a *French* Army in their Neighbourhood, and beheld the taking of *Menin*, *Ypres*, and *Furnese*, without expressing any great Matter of Concern: — The Sweets of an uninterrupted Commerce had more Weight with it than all the Bug-bear Stories of universal Monarchy: — They could not think of parting with a real Good, which they every Day experienced, for an ideal Glory, *in futuro*, of contributing to support the Balance of Power between the Houses of *Austria* and *Bourbon*. — 'Tis true, that in Compliance with their Treaties, they at last gave some Assistance to the Queen of *Hungary*; but the many Pretences, the long Delays

lays they made, shewed with how much Unwillingness they were dragg'd to it, and how loth they were to break with *France*.

AND yet, Madam, it has always been allowed the Policy of *Great Britain* never to engage in a War on the Continent but in Conjunction with the *Dutch*, and being first solicited to it by them. — How strange an Alteration is therefore in our Conduct since the Interest of *Hanover* has been made the Interest of *England*! And how little possible is it for us to regard, with any degree of Affection, a Country, whose Alliance has been so expensive to us, and for whose Sake we are wounded in the most tender Parts, our Liberty and Glory;

Hanoverian Lady.] NOT so hasty, good Madam; were all you say founded on real Fact, which I can by no Means allow, how does your Liberty or Glory suffer by any Considerations your Ministry may have testify'd for us?

English Lady.] I AM sorry, Madam, to find myself oblig'd by this Question to give an Answer, which you may imagine, has somewhat of Sharpness in it; but all the Friendship and Complaisance we would wish to pay to particular Persons must yield to the Justice and Regard we ought to have for our Country:—I must therefore tell you, Madam, that Liberty is a meer Chimera, in a Land where none must hope for Favour, who do not adapt foreign Maxims in manifest Contradiction to their own.

own. — And pitifully indeed the Glory and Renown of a Kingdom must be sunk, when it descends to become the Province to a petty State; such as *Hanover* once was, and would be still, were *England* what it once was.

Hanoverian Lady.] ALL this is easily said, and I know very well is the vulgar Cry; — but I call upon you to prove your Assertion, and shew what real Benefits have accrued to *Hanover* by the Accession of her Elector to the *British* Throne.

English Lady.] THIS might easily be done by innumerable Instances; yet as it is not what *Hanover* has gained, but what *these Realms* have lost, which justify'd the Complaint on our Side, I shall confine myself to that.

THE World beholds with Astonishment the Self-destructive Schemes which of late Years have been pursued: — The humbling ourselves to almost every Power in *Europe*, the numberless Alliances we have entered into, and Treaties made and broke as often as the Interest of *Hanover* required it, are the least we have done for that Electorate; yet so entirely did it engross our Attention, that nothing relating to ourselves could come in for a Share: — How neglectful did we seem of all that formerly was dear to us! — *Commerce*, the very Life and Soul of these Islands, was no more remember'd! — The Honour of the *British* Flag and the Sovereignty of the Seas became

an empty Name, no longer worthy our Regard, and the most glaring Insults, cruel Depredations, and every kind of Outrage, the Avarice and Pride of *Spain* could treat us with, was with the most shameful Patience submitted to.

OUR Trade to the *West-Indies* near wholly lost, our Colonies in the utmost Danger and daily menac'd by the unresisted Foe, cried loudly to us for Protection and Revenge; yet how deaf, how insensible, how incapable of being rous'd was this lethargic State for a long Time! and when compell'd, as it were, by the incessant Clamours of an almost ruin'd People, War was at last declar'd, the Manner in which it was carried on had more the Face of Pageantry than Reality.

A GALLANT Fleet indeed was fitted out, which made a fine Shew at *Spithead*, and part of which defy'd the *Spaniards* quite as far as the *Nore*, while the *Galleons* and *Assogues* (Shameful Remembrance!) laden with Treasure sailed safe into their Ports.

A MOST brave and worthy Admiral also with much ado obtained Permission to go on an Expedition no less glorious for himself than serviceable to his Country, had it been accomplish'd, as it questionless would have been, had *Integrity* at Home seconded his Zeal and Courage Abroad: But how cruelly and shamefully his glorious Projects were defeated none can be ignorant.

IN fine, the Minister then at the Helm had other Business on his Hands than humbling the Pride of *Spain*; he call'd this War *the Merchants War*, and to the Merchants he left the Care of it: Nor was the Name ill-judg'd, since more was done against the Enemy by those Ships which were equipt by the Trading Part of the Nation, than by the whole Royal Navy.

BUT now the fatal Reason of this seeming Inactivity came out:—I say *seeming*, because the Minister was not in effect lazy as to what concern'd his own Interest, Promotion or Security; and could he have found his particular Good in the Good of the Nation, he had doubtless had no other Point in View; but his Dependance lying a different way, he was oblig'd to pursue such Measures as were inconsistent perhaps with his own Wishes, could they have coincided with his Ambition.—But to return,—The Mystery was this:

JEALOUSIES of the new Emperor, and yet greater of *Prussia*, res: on the Score of *Hanover*; and some Means to secure that darling Spot must be found, whatever became of *Great Britain*.

A *French Army* in the Heart of *Germany*, and the piteous Complaints made by the Queen of *Hungary*, gave a Pretence for reviving the old Story of maintaining the Balance of Power; a Thing 'tis certain much to be desired by all the inferior States, who in their Turns have been

equally oppress'd by the Houses of *Austria* and *Bourbon*, but wholly impracticable by any one Power: — *Great Britain* alone could never hope to do it, even at the Time of her greatest Opulence; much less could such visionary Schemes now take Place with any thinking Person.

THEREFORE to disguise, as much as possible, the glaring Madness of such an Undertaking, we were told the *Dutch* would go Hand in Hand with us: — That *Russia* would bear a great Share in the Expences: — That *Poland* would furnish all the Assistance in her Power; and *Sardinia* come heartily into the Cause. All which Expectations, except the last, we see have vanish'd into Air; and this perhaps had done the same, had not the Sums advanced by us to the Queen of *Hungary*, great Part of which was apply'd that way, served to fix his Resolution as to what Part he ought to take.

THE People thus cajoled, and made to believe what was doing was for the Honour of the Nation, came at first with a supposing Readiness into this Project, concerted by one Ministry, and put in Execution by a succeeding one, with a Front which, I believe, no Age can parallel. — The Balance of Power, Success to the Queen of *Hungary*, and pulling down the *French* King, were the general Toasts from the Table of the Peer to the Cocker in his Alehouse; tho' if we had once remembered some Treatment we had received from the late Emperor, and that too on the

the Account of *Hanover*, we should have found ourselves under little Obligation to be so warm in the Cause of his Daughter; nor at that Time had we any Manner of Reason to fall out with *France*.

So strong, however, was the Infatuation, and so vehement were we in the Interests of *Germany*, that our Concerns in the *West Indies* and the daily Seizures of our Trading Vessels by the *Spaniards* seem'd utterly forgotten, tho' Bankruptcies at Home, like the Ghost of former Opulence, and depreciated Credit Abroad, stared us every Day full in the Face: — We acted indeed, as one of our Public-Writers took notice, exactly like a Man, who having his own House on Fire left it, and ran to extinguish that of another at a great Distance off, while all belonging to himself perish'd in the Flames.

Now the whole Business was to raise Men and Money; every Street echo'd with Drums on the Score of the one, and our Senators rack'd their Brains on that of the other: — A difficult Task indeed, since every Produce, every Benefit of the Earth and Air were already under Imposts which would scarce receive Addition; yet in spite of all this, new Ways and Means were found to furnish the Sinews of War; Embarkations on Embarkations issued from our Ports, and Mercenaries were hired from every Quarter to assist this Expedition.

BUT

BUT that which above all other Impositions calls most in Question *British* Penetration is, that entering into this War only as Auxiliaries ourselves, we suffer'd *Hanoverian* Troops to be taken into our Service, and paid the Subjects of that Electorate for joining with us in Defence of their own Country.

THIS is what will scarcely be credited in after Ages, especially when to the Account of it shall be subjoined the shameful Behaviour of these Hirelings, and the Audacity and Ingratitude with which they treated those to whom they owe their All.

THESE, Madam, are some of the Reasons which will not permit the People of *England* to look on their Fellow-Subjects of *Hanover* with so friendly an Eye as might be wish'd, and give a very great Alloy to the Value of those Blessings we might otherwise enjoy in being govern'd by a Prince of that Country.

Hanoverian Lady.] AND all these Reasons, Madam, pompous as they seem at first View, will be found, on a nearer Examination, to be no more than Shadows formed by *English* Jealousy and natural Discontent: The common People indeed of all Nations, as one of your own Poets elegantly expresses it, are

— *A scarce animated Clod,*
Ne'er pleas'd with ought above them, Prince
or God.

BUT the *English*, more than any Nation in the World, think they have a Right to be made acquainted with all the Mysteries of State; and if the least Part, tho' never so inconvenient, to be made public, be denied them, they presently form a thousand Chimeras, which they as readily vouch for Truths.

BESIDES, you have another odd Way, artful enough it must be confess'd, and that is to avoid the Indecency of accusing your Prince with any thing you think a Miscarriage in Point of Government, you lay the Blame wholly on the *Ministry*; — the *Ministry* give up the Liberties of their Country; — the *Ministry* are influenced by foreign Interests; — the *Ministry* does every thing that you imagine is, or would represent, as a Grievance to the Nation; when at the same time you know very well that the *Ministry* can do nothing without the Consent of the King, and have been seldom known to advise any thing which may be displeasing to him, because the very Existence, as well as Continuance of their *Ministry*, depends wholly on his Royal Will: — This Mode of Speech is known to all *Europe*, so that every Invective publish'd against the *Ministry* testifies your Disaffection to your King, as all your Murmurings against *Hanover* are so many Reflections on that Partiality you would have him

him be thought guilty of, to a Land which gave Birth to him, and all his great Progenitors.

BUT admitting there were a Tenderneſs in him towards us, not altogether agreeable to the *British* Pride, which would engroſs all Regard, all Attention to itſelf, how unreaſonable is it in you to diſapprove that very Principle in him which you call ſo glorious in yourſelves! — Muſt he renounce all Affection, all paternal Love for a People he was born to govern, in order to humour thoſe he was call'd to rule over, meerly to protect and ſhield from the worſt Miſchiefs they could fall into? — He is your *King* 'tis true, and happy for you he is ſo, but he is ſtill our *Elector* and Sovereign, and cannot nor ought not to forget the Claim we have in him.

[*English Lady.*] I THOUGHT, Madam, from the Beginning of your Diſcourſe, you were about to make ſome Attempt of confuting thoſe Arguments I urg'd to prove the Misfortunes *Great Britain* was brought into by her ſo ſtrict Alliance with *Hanover*; but I find you too wiſe to enter the Liſts on that Topic; and fall upon a *Mode of Speech*, as you call it, which, if no more, is both loyal and reſpectful in us, and ſhews how very loth we are to throw out any thing which may caſt a Blemiſh on the Luſtre of the *Throne*: — But, Madam, it would be eaſy to find Inſtances of *Ministers*, who have abuſed the *Royal Confidence*, and given up the *Glory* of their *Maſter* at the ſame time that they had ſacrificed the *Interest* of
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the People, both which indeed, if rightly consider'd, are essentially the same; but as such a Discussion is altogether foreign to the present Debate between us, I shall leave you to make what Inferences you please, and only take Notice of the Justice of that Claim you seem to boast of, as to his Majesty's particular Attachment.

SUPPOSE, Madam, a Woman of an illustrious and ancient Descent, beautiful in her Person, unblemish'd in her Honour, and Heiress of immense Wealth, should throw herself into the Arms of a Man of small Fortune, and only worthy of her by the Reputation of his Virtue.

THE Ceremony of Marriage over, and the Husband in full and undisturb'd Possession of all that a reasonable Mind could have to wish; what would the World say of him, if thus happy, — thus oblig'd, he continued his Attachment to a little Mistress he had before enjoyed? — And what must the Wife feel, if he become froward and ungente to her; — if he returned her Endearments only with Sullenness and Frowns; — if she saw her richest Jewels converted into Ornaments for her tawdry Rival; — found her Coffers emptied; her Estate mortgag'd; — and all her late Affluence reduc'd to pinching Want? — Surely, when thus depress'd, tho' Duty and Affection might restrain her from making any Complaints against her Husband, she could not be expected

to pay either Friendship or Esteem to the Woman who triumphs over her dearest Hopes, and is enriched only by her Spoils.

FAR be it from me to intimate that *Britannia* is this injur'd Wife, or make an Application so injurious to the known Wisdom, Justice, and Goodness of his most sacred Majesty:— But while we acknowledge our Happiness in having a King above all mean Prejudice or Partiality, we cannot avoid expressing some Discontent to find a petty State imagines she has a Pretence to outrival us in his Royal Care and Affection.

Hanoverian Lady.] MEER Jealousy and groundless Apprehensions! But it is in vain to argue with your Nation on this Point:— The *English* it is known are no less positive than proud, and are not to be convinced, but by Time and Experience, that they have been in the Wrong; else it would be easy for you to see that whatever Inconveniences you may labour under for the Sake of *Hanover*, we endure no less on the Score of *Great Britain*.

English Lady.] THAT indeed appears a strange Position! — I should be glad to be inform'd as how?

Hanoverian Lady.] NOTHING more easy than to oblige you, Madam; — as thus, — Being both Subjects of the same Prince, on any Broil
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England shall happen to be involv'd in on the Continent, whatsoever Power is disoblig'd will in Revenge immediately fall upon *Hanover*, not only as the nearest, but as she is the least capable of defending herself:—So that our Country may become the Seat of War, perhaps be laid waste, before any Succours from *Great Britain* can arrive, who, in such a Case, I believe you will allow, ought to afford us her Protection.

English Lady.] UNDOUBTEDLY, Madam.—I grant also that the Apprehensions you mention are fully justified by Reason;—but then that they are so is one of those Misfortunes to us of which you are the innocent Cause; since to preserve you from the Dangers to which you might be liable on our Account, we may be oblig'd to behave with greater Complaisance to the Powers on the Continent than would be consistent with our Interest or Glory.

Hanoverian Lady.] BUT as there is an absolute Necessity for your acting in this Manner, you ought not to hate and upbraid us for every little Condescension you make.

English Lady.] NEITHER do we, Madam, yet we may wish it were not so.

Hanoverian Lady.] THE same Liberty then with greater Reason may be allowed to us, since you can never suffer so much from yielding in

such trifling Points as would be required of you, either by any of the Powers of *Germany*, or by any Prince who may happen to have an Army in the Empire, as we must infallibly do by their Resentment, should you ever by any Act of Obstinacy provoke them.

English Lady.] YET as nothing is so dear as Glory to a brave People, how hard is the Dilemma, when either that or our Generosity must be sacrificed.

Hanoverian Lady.] ALAS, Madam, it only seems so, because whatever you find yourself oblig'd to do for us you do with Reluctance and Ill-will: — In fine, you envy us, are jealous of us, and industriously seek out Pretences for Complaint against us: — Whereas you ought rather to use your utmost Endeavours for banishing those narrow selfish Views which keep up the Animosity between us, to cease all Revilings, all injurious Reflections, and at least behave towards us as if you regarded us with a Sisterly Affection. — This I think it would become you to do for your own Sakes.

English Lady.] MADAM, whatever Vices may be laid to the Charge of our Nation, none could ever yet tax us with that of Dissimulation; and it would be strange if we should now begin to practise it in favour of a People from whom
we

we cannot flatter ourselves with even the most distant Hope of ever receiving the least Obligation.

— You must therefore make it very evidently appear, which I believe will be a pretty difficult Task, that it would become us, *for our own Sakes*, to feign this Sisterly Affection to *Hanover*.

Hanoverian Lady.] BECAUSE in the first place it would be a Proof of Love and Respect to your King; and in the next, while you enjoy the invaluable Blessings of his Reign, or after him of any of his Royal Descendants, even to the End of Time, there will always be an absolute Necessity for the Interest of *Hanover* and *Great Britain* to be inseparable. — So that I leave it to yourself, whether to submit chearfully to what you may think an Inconvenience (tho' I am far from allowing it to be such) be not more prudent, than by continual Repinings, vain Clamours, and ridiculous Oppositions, lose all the Merit of the Obligation (if it be one) both with his Majesty and those belonging to him, and proclaim at the same time to all the neighbouring Nations the Restlessness and Quixotism of your own Natures.

English Lady.] MADAM, I have done; — your last Argument is indeed not to be answer'd: — Whatever is unavoidable must be yielded to: — But however, we may say to ourselves with the Poet, that

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*Pleasure never comes sincere to Man,
But sent by Heaven upon hard Usury :
And while Jove holds us out the Bowl of Joy,
E're it can reach our Lips, 'tis dash'd with
Gall
By some left-handed God.*

‘ Thus ended a Dispute which I am of Opinion will give very near the same Satisfaction to the Readers as to those who heard it.’



AETER thanking Mr. *A. B.* for the Favour he has done us in communicating this Manuscript, I am desir'd by our little Assembly to assure him, that if it has the same Effect on the Public as it has had on us, he will find his Opinion confirm'd in all Companies where the *Female Spectator* is admitted.

NOTHING certainly is more pleasing than when we find Arguments, especially on any tender Point as this was, urg'd with Moderation and Sweetness: — The Temper with which these two Ladies carried on their Dispute ought to make those blush who cannot hear themselves contradicted without Virulence and bitter Speeches.

AT first reading I was indeed sometimes in Pain for my Country-Woman, and trembled lest the artful Evasions, frequently going from the Point, blending Things proper to be discanted upon

upon with others which were not so, and many such like Subterfuges practis'd by the other, should have made her lose that Patience and Calmness so becoming in an argumentative Discourse; but to my great Satisfaction she soon convinced me she knew how to separate those Topics her Antagonist endeavoured to huddle together, and to be silent where Prudence required she should be so, as well as to treat with a genteel Irony those Things which merited not a serious Reply.

THERE is something which to me seems altogether unfair, and too much designing in the Method pursued by the *Hanoverian* Lady in this Debate. — She condemns the *English* for charging all Errors in Government on the Ministry, and attempts to prove what none of us either dare, or even wish to do, that the Ministry are only so many Tools to the Will of the King. -- This I cannot forbear looking upon, and I believe every Body else will view it in the same Light, as an invidious Artifice to silence all Complaints of Grievances, or to render the Continuance a Breach of Duty and Respect to his Majesty.

BUT this is a stale Pretence, and has been so often made use of by our *English-Hanoverians*, that it is grown Thread-bare: — The Tenet is now thrown out of Doors, and while there is any Spark of Liberty remaining, it will shew itself at least in expressing our Dislike of any Measures which tend to our Oppression.

It is an old but very true Maxim, that *England* can be undone only by herself: — Our Constitution, like a Wall of Brass too thick to be broke through, too high to be overlook'd by the Power of the Crown, preserves the People from any Encroachments from that Quarter; yet may this Wall be undermined by those entrusted to repair and keep it, and it is therefore our Business to have a watchful Eye on whomsoever this weighty Trust is reposed, lest for the Sake of private and particular Interest, that of the whole should be utterly destroyed, and this glorious Fabric, the Envy and Admiration of other Nations, and so long our Defence and Happiness, thrown down, and all our boasted Freedom perish in its Ruins.

BUT I will not dwell on so ungrateful a Subject, nor alarm myself or Readers with Apprehensions, which, whatever Foundation they may have had, ought now to vanish with the Power and Influence of those Persons by whose Conduct they were first excited.

WHAT, tho' Coronets adorn their Brows! — What tho' they riot in the Spoils of suffering Millions, and securely laugh at the Mischiefs they have done, their Day is over, their Sting is spent, *detected* tho' unpunish'd, the Beguilers can beguile no more, and all Dangers to our Civil Rights seem now as far as removed as those we were lately threaten'd with from foreign Foes.

THE *Hanoverian* Lady is so pleasantly whimsical in her Description of the galloping Progress of the *French* and *Spanish* Armies thro' *Italy*, *Germany*, *Portugal*, *Flanders*, and the *United Provinces*, in order to reach these Kingdoms, that I thought we all, especially *Euphrosine*, should never have done laughing:—Nothing certainly could have been added to the Humour of this *Raw-Head and Bloody Bones* Expedition, unless the ingenious Inventress of it had made them call at *Rome* in their Way, and brought the *Pope* and the *Pretender* on their Backs.

BLESS us! what a terrible Monster is this House of *Bourbon*! If these Ideas of it should reach some distant Countries in *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, it might fright the good Women into Fits, and occasion many a Miscarriage, and thereby lessen the Number of future Soldiers, which would be a great Prejudice to us should the War continue, or we continue to be engag'd in it till the Queen of *Hungary*, the *French* King, or *Spanish* Queen are willing to recede from the Views they at present seem to have.

If any one should think I treat this Matter too ludicrously, the *Hanoverian* Lady must bear the Blame, who has really put me quite out of the way of serious Reasoning.

BUT I will return to myself as soon as I can; for going on in this wild way puts me in Mind of the old humorous Poet.

*What need have we for Sack and Sherry,
When our own Miseries can make us merry?*

THIS is not a Time indeed to laugh, and I heartily beg Pardon of my Country for it:—Instead of diverting the Thoughts of our Calamities, we ought rather to bend our utmost Endeavours for the Ease of them; which can only be procured by observing a strict Oeconomy and Frugality in our Apparel, Food and Furniture; in fine, to retrench our Expences as to all the Necessaries of Life, as well as the Pleasures of it, otherwise how shall we be for any long Time enabled to pay those Taxes which are requisite for the Support of the War; and to join in the most fervent Prayers to Heaven, that it may soon end in an honourable and lasting Peace, and the ambitious Great Ones of the World be made to see their Error, and bid Rapine and Devastation cease!

BUT tho', for the general Good of all *Europe* as well as ourselves, we ought to wish the Broils on the Continent were amicably adjusted, yet if the War should conclude without receiving any Satisfaction on the Part of *Spain*, for the Insults and Damages we have received from her, I believe no *Briton* will be sorry to see the whole Force of our Arms turn'd against that haughty Power, in order to retrieve the Verdure of our too much blasted Lawrels, preserve our Commerce, and defend our Colonies.

THIS

THIS is truly our own War, and justifiable by all Laws both divine and human:— Here, if we conquer, we reap the Advantage of it ourselves; besides, *Naval* Fights, when made in good earnest, are seldom unfortunate for *England*; but in a *Land* War there is much more than a Possibility of being undone by our own Victory, and becoming greater Losers than those we overcome.

BUT there is little left for me say on this Head, the *English* *Championess* has, in too pathetic a Manner, describ'd the Wildness of our engaging in a War on the Continent, the *much* we have to fear, and the *little* we have to hope, whatever the Event shall happen to prove, for me to imagine any thing I could add would render it more plain.

BESIDES, after those Clouds and Tempests with which the Bark of *English* Expectations has so long been lost under the Direction of unskilful, or unfaithful Pilots, a rising Sun begins to dawn upon us, and promises to dispel the horrid Gloom, calm the swelling Waves, and glad us with the near Prospect of that wish'd-for Harbour we have sought, but sought in vain, for many tedious Years.

EVEN now while I am writing, a Messenger of Joy arrives: — *Fame* sounds her Golden-Trump with Energy Divine, and thus reports: — Our Island's Genius rouses from his dreary Bed, — shakes off inglorious Sloth, and once more ac-

tive, inspires his chosen Sons with Godlike Fires
to quell Oppression, save the sinking State,
and recall long banish'd Virtue to her ancient
Seat.

MIDST all the Snares that artful Vice has laid
to catch the Passions and enslave the Heart : —
Midst all the Numbers that have renounced their
God, and bowed the Knee to *Baal*, a Patriot
Band, an uncorrupted *few* have still remained, un-
awed by Frowns, unbought by Smiles, or all the
glittering Toys a Court bestows ; alike impreg-
nable to Force or Fraud, Strangers at once to soft-
ening Luxury and overbearing Pride, and Foes to
all Ambition but that of doing Good.

YEARS after Years did they behold their Coun-
try's falling Honours, but deceived with specious
Words, and outward Shews of Virtue, wise but yet
unfuspicious ; and fearing by vindicating public
Right to do a private Wrong, they bore with
Temper what they saw with Grief ; 'till bold Ini-
quity, of her own Accord, pluck'd off the Vi-
zard of Hypocrisy, avowed her Influence, and
disclos'd the Traytors, by different Means to dif-
ferent Ends aspiring, but all assisting to bind
Britannia in eternal Chains.

ALL was at Stake ; — but one Step more was
wanting to tread down Liberty, and erect an Idol
of their own Formation in its Place : — Success-
ful Villany had well nigh gained its horrid Point,
and

and free born Souls had been compell'd to bend to Power illegal.

Now rise these Sons of Honour, and tho' long disunited by the base Artifices of their common Foes, forget all petty Feuds, and resolve to stem Destruction's Tide, or perish in the brave Effort.

O Glorious Coalition! — O Crisis, never to be forgotten!

THE noble Ardour kindled in their Veins represents the Occasion such as it is, admitting no Delay, and this blest Moment they hasten to the Throne, there will they prostrate, fall, and never rise till they have wrought upon the Royal Mind to listen and give Sanction to their Suit.

THIS is the Boon they ask, and are determined with all becoming Decency to assert:

THAT his Majesty will vouchsafe Permission, that all the Impositions, Deceits, Perjuries, Oppressions, Misrepresentations, and other enormous Crimes which these State-Harpys have been guilty of to the Nation, may be laid before him; and in Consequence of a full Detection, that he will be pleas'd to render them for the future incapable of holding any Office, Post, or Employment, either in the Government or about his Person; and in fine, drive them forever from his Presence, that his Royal Ear no more may be poisoned by their Councils, nor the most faithful
Sub-

Subjects ever Prince could boast traduced by their
Insinuations.

THIS is the glorious Project which the Voice
of *Fame* assures us is on Foot, and if once ri-
pen'd into Action, how dear to the present Age,
and how immortal to a long Succession of Ages,
will be the Names of all who have a Share in it!

EVEN should any baleful Planet, Foe to
England's Glory, interpose with dark'ning Influ-
ence and blast the Attempt, the very making it is
sufficient to deserve Statues more durable and
more ornamented than any placed in the Capital
of ancient *Rome*.

BUT let us not perplex ourselves with idle
Doubts, they say, *Who fears his Fate deserves it* ;
and should we imagine his most sacred Majesty
will be deaf to the united Voice of his whole Peo-
ple, deliver'd to him by the most faithful, noble
and wise of his Subjects, it would be an Injus-
tice to his Goodness, which sure no loyal Heart
could ever forgive itself.

LET us rather rejoice in the almost certain
Hope of seeing this Petition made and granted,
—That those Court Moths, those Canker-Worms
of State will be no longer suffered to gnaw even
into the very Vitals of our Constitution, but be
expell'd and driven from all the nobler Part of the
Creation, and henceforth compell'd to associate
only with their Fellow-Insects.

IN

IN lone Retirement let them repent, at least regret their past Abuse of Power:—Deprived of every Means to oppress or to betray the Innocent, let them upbraid and become Tormentors to each other:—Too mild a Doom for Crimes so consummate, so complicated as theirs!—For if, as *Cato* says,

————— *What Pity 'tis*
A Man can dye but once to serve his Country!
 Certainly for those
Who trusted by their Country have betray'd it,
To die but once is Punishment too small.

BUT these truly worthy Patriots retain the same Moderation with which they have ever behav'd, and shew that tho' now oblig'd to exert themselves, they exert themselves only to save *Britannia*, not to destroy the very worst and most degenerate of her Sons.

WHAT indeed can they desire less, or what is more absolutely necessary than that those should be removed, who if trusted would deceive, and if not trusted would be perpetually contriving Means to obstruct all their Measures, and render abortive their best-concerted Schemes!

No Councils without a perfect Unanimity can prosper; but when Men, tho' of never so different Interests and Principles in other Things, shall happen to agree and pursue with Vigour one favourite

yourite Point, be it of what kind soever, one seldom sees them miscarry in their Aim.

THIS Argument has a thousand Times been made use of, both within and without Doors, by a late eminent fallen Patriot; he cannot therefore take it ill, or be surpriz'd that it is now urg'd against himself, tho' he both may and ought to be asham'd of having given the Occasion.

OH *Curio! Curio!* once so admired, so lov'd!
 — *Most* thought thee *honest*, — *All* believed thee *wise*; — thou *Terror* of *one* Party, Darling and chief Dictator of the *other*; how do the one *despise*, the other *bate* thee now! — *Verres* himself less shunn'd, and more excus'd.

VERRES, train'd up from Infancy in the low Arts of Gain, — Stranger to Ease and Affluence, yet in his Soul vain-glorious and ambitious, might easily be tempted to join in any thing to raise his Fortune; which having done, in a short Time, beyond what Hope could promise, the Sweets of ill-got Wealth, and the prosperous Success of those Crimes to which he owed it, embolden'd him to act still greater, and to stop at nothing; and when at last swell'd to enormous Size, Justice began to shake the brandish'd Sword, in order to ward off the impending Stroke, he found himself oblig'd to pursue Measures more wicked yet, more mischievous than ever: — As his Indigence therefore had led him, so his Security compell'd him to persist.

BUT

BUT you, O *Curio*! had no such Pretence; born to, and in Possession of Demesns sufficient to prevent all sordid Aims from entering your Breast: — Nurtur'd in Patriotism, long you trod the Path of Glory, and your Country's Happiness seem'd more your Aim than ought belonging meerly to yourself; or if you wish'd Reward, it was only because it would be a Proof to after Times of *British* Gratitude, and shew your Labours had attain'd their End: — For more than twenty Years did you pursue this *Verres*; — explored his dark Designs, and oft prevented the Execution of them: — All Offers you rejected, all Menaces disdain'd, — and firm in the Cause of Liberty, with unwearied Zeal spoke, wrote, and acted as became a *Briton*: — At last, the long-desir'd, — the *long-sought Time* arriv'd, to crown your Toils with an assur'd Success: — Fortune herself seem'd weary of her Minion, and left him on the Verge of Ruin: — The meaner Instruments of his Oppressions already mourn'd his Fate, and trembled for their own: — Each honest Heart exulted, and Liberty secured with all its salutary Barrier Laws was now the general Hope: — This you beheld, and with what grateful Raptures each Eye look'd on you, and each Tongue spoke of you: — Every Relief from ill, every expected Blessing, they own'd chiefly to *Curio* owing: — *Curio*! the Friend of Public Good; — *Curio*! his Country's Prop: — Agent of Heaven, to shield *Britannia* from impending Danger.

SUCH Love, such Praises as were shower'd upon you might have converted even Treachery into Truth, much more confirmed the Heart inured to Honour: — Yet then, O most infatuated, most ill-farr'd of Men! — When arrived at the utmost Summit of human Perfection, you fell at once into the lowest Abyfs of Infamy and Perdition: — Betray'd the People who so trusted in you; — renounced the Cause you had so long maintain'd; — favoured the Abuse, and screen'd the Abuser you had sworn never to quit till you had seen chastised.

AMAZING Change! In one ill-fated Hour the Prize of your whole former Life wantonly thrown away; it cannot be call'd sold, since barter'd for a Toy you might have even commanded, illustrated with real Glories had you remain'd yourself, not daub'd and tinsell'd over such as this, which, instead of *adorning*, but *deforms* your Brows, and renders your Shame the more conspicuous.

WE all remember, nor can you sure forget, how happy you seem'd to think yourself when the pernicious Scheme of the Excise was on Foot, and your Influence in the Senate had put to Shame the Minister and his Adherents! — How true, how permanent an Honour then you thought it to make Millions happy! — And how laudable was that Ambition in you of receiving merited Applause! — When you beheld the best and wealthiest of our Citizens waiting the hop'd
but

but fear'd Result of that important Hour :—You hastened to relieve their Anxiety, and said aloud these remarkable Words :

GENTLEMEN! Date your Liberties from this Day.

WE do, — We do, Sir, replied they with a Shout that seem'd to shake the spacious Dome : — The joyful Tidings resounded to the Gates of the Hall : — The Crowd without heard it, and eccho'd back the Cry of *Liberty! Liberty! and no Excise!* — Hung on your Chariot Wheels and bore you home in greater Triumph than old *Rome* e'er knew : While *Verres*, pale and trembling, sculked amidst his Guard of Hirelings, and scarce escap'd the just Resentment of a People whose Slavery he had projected.

How truly glorious for you was this Night ! — The Fires and Illuminations which blazed in every Street less proclaim'd the general Joy for the Benefit received, than that to you we owed it. — O had this Spirit still existed in you, *What might you not have been?* — Shocking Reflection! — *What are you now!* — But I have done. — *Verres* and *Curio* link'd, compose a Prodigy such as no past Age can parallel, and all future ones will stand aghast at the Description of.

I FORBEAR making any particular mention of the many Followers of this guilty Pair; who

like their Patrons, lost in a Moment all their former Animosity, and shook Hands with those who not a Week before they had pursued to Destruction.

ENGLAND, however, will reap this double Advantage from the Crimes of both *Minister* and *Patriot*: — The *Detection* of the *One* will, 'tis to be hop'd, deter all future Statesmen from treading in the same Steps; and the *Apostacy* of the *Other* serve as a Warning to the Nation not to place too entire a Confidence in any Professions whatsoever.

THOSE who sincerely labour for their Country's Welfare will certainly find their Reward in the Success of their Enterprize; and if the great Work, which I hear is now in Hand, should be accomplish'd before these Lucubrations see the Light, I dare answer the Satisfaction will be too great to render stale or displeasing what I have said on the Occasion.

HOWEVER, till *Suspense* is wholly swallowed up in *Certainty*, there will be Emotions in the Heart that will not suffer us to be quite compos'd: — We are, as it were, divided between Pain and Pleasure, and having been already so often deceived, are apt to cry out in the Words of the Psalmist:

There is no Confidence in Man!

A LETTER we have just received seems very much adapted to the fluctuating Situation of our present Expectations, and as it directs to that Side of the Question, which will render us most easy, is highly proper to be inserted in this Place.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

AS you have hitherto seem'd to exert your speculative Capacity wholly for the Improvement of the Morals, and a due regulating the Conduct; and in order to give Success to your Endeavours, there is an absolute Necessity to begin with the *Passions*, I flatter myself you will not think it impertinent in me to offer to your Consideration some Reflections which casually came into my Head this Morning.

HOPE and *Fear* are the first *Passions* that agitate the human Mind:—In our very *Infancy* they find Entrance, and operate before we are capable of receiving any other:—They guide our Actions in *Maturity*;—retain their Vigour even to extreme *old Age*, and never utterly forsake us till Death and Eternity close the Scene, and leave nothing more to wish for.

THEY are *Passions*, which if taken in a religious Sense seem inspired by the Creator himself; for what can more instigate us to Acts of Piety and Devotion than the everlasting Rewards which *Hope* presents in prospect to the

‘ the virtuous Mind? — Or what Restraint from
 ‘ Crimes equal to that which arises from the
 ‘ *Fear* of those tremendous Punishments threat-
 ‘ ned to the guilty? — But as this is a Truth none
 ‘ but *Free-Thinkers* and *Deists* will deny, I shall
 ‘ only mention a few of those Advantages or Dis-
 ‘ advantages, the being possess’d of them is to
 ‘ our temporal Satisfaction and Happiness.

‘ *H O P E* is, in my Opinion, the most pre-
 ‘ cious Good we can enjoy, our sure Defence in
 ‘ all the Assaults of *adverse* Fortune, and a main
 ‘ Step to the Attainment of more *prosperous*
 ‘ Events: — Whoever chides it from him, and
 ‘ encourages its opposite, sinks beneath the Bur-
 ‘ then of his Fate, and is in danger of rising no
 ‘ more; but he who preserves it will be climbing
 ‘ still, and tho’ he may be oft repulsed, is un-
 ‘ toiled with Disappointment, and never loses
 ‘ the Prospect of his Wish. — Our inimitable
 ‘ *Cowley* has given us a beautiful Definition of
 ‘ this Passion in one of his *Pindarick* Odes;
 ‘ which, tho’ I doubt not but you have read, I
 ‘ cannot help transcribing for the Benefit of those
 ‘ who may not:

‘ *Hope of all Ills that Men endure*
 ‘ *The only cheap and universal Cure!*
 ‘ *Thou Captive’s Freedom, and thou sick Man’s*
 ‘ *Health!*
 ‘ *Thou Loser’s Victory, and thou Beggar’s Wealth!*
 ‘ *Thou Manna which from Heav’n we eat;*
 ‘ *To every Taste a several Meat!*

Thou

‘ *Thou strong Retreat! Thou sure entailed
Estate,*

‘ *Which nought has Power to alienate!*

‘ *Thou pleasant honest Flatt’rer; for none*

‘ *Flatter unhappy Man but thou alone!*

‘ *Hope, thou First-Fruits of Happiness,*

‘ *Thou gentle Dawning of a bright Success,*

‘ *Who out of Fortune’s Reach dost stand,*

‘ *And art a Blessing still in Hand.*

‘ *Happiness itself’s all one*

‘ *In thee or in Possession.*

‘ *Best Apprehender of our Joys, which hast*

‘ *So long a Reach, and yet can’st hold so fast!*

‘ *Men leave thee by obtaining, and strait flee*

‘ *Some other way again to thee.*

‘ *It was chiefly by being strongly possess’d of
this Passion that Julius Cæsar gain’d the Battle
of Pharsalia; and had Cato not been entirely
abandoned by it, he had persisted in his Endeavours
for the Liberty of his Country, and possibly
retrieved it too.*

‘ *ALEXANDER the Great thought so
highly of it, that when chosen General of the
United States against Persia, he divided his whole
Kingdom of Macedon among his Officers, giving
Towns to some, Cities to others, and whole
Provinces to those whose Capacities in his Judgment
merited them. Parmenio, who was one
that profited by this extraordinary Bounty, beheld
it with Surprise, and ask’d his Majesty
what he reserved for himself? — Hope! replied*

‘plied that Prince, implying that he esteemed it
 ‘above every thing; and indeed his future Glories
 ‘proved it was with Justice he did so, since it was
 ‘by that encourag’d and embolden’d he acquired
 ‘them.

‘ON what Pursuit soever the Soul of Man is
 ‘bent, whether to the Attainment of Love, Ho-
 ‘nour, or Riches, how languid, how enervate will
 ‘be the Efforts he makes, if not animated by the
 ‘Hope of succeeding! Yet notwithstanding this
 ‘obvious Truth, those People who judge of Things
 ‘only as they appear to themselves, are apt to
 ‘turn this glorious Passion into Ridicule:—They
 ‘look on a Person who aims at any thing which
 ‘they imagine is out of his Reach, as an Extrava-
 ‘gant, and treat all the Schemes he proposes as so
 ‘many visionary Delusions:—He is laugh’d at by
 ‘his Enemies, and pity’d by his Friends, who per-
 ‘haps by their mistaken Counsels avert the Inspi-
 ‘ration of his good Genius, and turn him from
 ‘the only Means by which he might arrive at
 ‘Happiness.

‘BUT I would fain know of these obstinate
 ‘Opugners of *Hope*, what Reasons they can give
 ‘for our endeavouring to repel the Dictates of so
 ‘pleasing, and at the same time so beneficial a Pas-
 ‘sion:—For my Part I must confess it comes not
 ‘within the reach of my Apprehension to con-
 ‘ceive any thing their surly Wisdoms can offer,
 ‘that would be sufficient to compensate for what
 we

* we should lose in being deprived of *Hope*, even
 * tho' it happen to be vain, because the very
 * Deception it puts upon us is a Blessing for the
 * Time it lasts.

* THE ancient Philosophers have proved by
 * Arguments, I think, unanswerable, that the real
 * Attainment of our Wishes brings with it no
 * Proportion of Happiness which can come in
 * Competition with the Idea of it, while we re-
 * main in a State of Expectation: — If this is
 * granted, it must also be confess'd, that those
 * delightful, those rapturous Ideas are made so
 * only by *Hope*, since it would be far from a Fe-
 * licity to contemplate on a Good we wish, but
 * are fearful will never be in our Possession.

* IN fine, while we have *Hope* we are all *we*
 * *would be*; and when robb'd of that, all *we would*
 * *not be*.

* How many living Spectres do we see who, lost
 * to *Hope*, wander about the World, so wan and
 * pin'd with Care and Discontent, their very Souls
 * would seem dead were it not that ever and anon
 * their Starts and Groans discover they apprehend
 * some worse Calamity than what they feel alrea-
 * dy? — These are the Slaves of *Fear*, the Antago-
 * nist of *Hope*, and the meanest, *pocrest* of all
 * *Passions*: — It makes the Wretch who har-
 * bours it anticipate the Ills he is doom'd to suf-
 * fer, and tremble for others that Fate never in-
 * tended to bring on him.

‘ THERE is indeed but one Step between this
‘ *Passion* and *Despair*, and that is made only by
‘ some Remains of *Hope*, which however is a
‘ very unquiet Situation, because the Mind is per-
‘ petually tofs’d and knows not where to fix;
‘ — all Joy one Moment, and all Grief the
‘ next; — sometimes lifted up to the highest
‘ Pitch of rapturous Expectation; at others
‘ sunk, abash’d, and trembling to pursue what
‘ most it wishes.

‘ BUT notwithstanding all I have said in the
‘ behalf of *Hope*, I must allow that there is
‘ Danger in indulging it too much: — Pre-
‘ sumption, Arrogance, and Self-Conceit are as
‘ frequently Attendants on this *Passion*, as a
‘ mean Bashfulness, or a sneaking Behaviour, and
‘ an Inability of exerting ourselves in a proper
‘ Manner, are of its Opposite: — *Hope* is apt
‘ to inspire us with too great a Warmth, *Fear*
‘ with too much Coldness.

‘ IT is therefore the first Employment we
‘ ought to give our Reason to keep a due Me-
‘ dium; — to moderate both these *Passions*,
‘ and not to suffer the *One* to hurry us to any
‘ Actions unbecoming of our Characters and
‘ Stations in Life, nor the *Other* to with-hold us
‘ from the Pursuit of any thing that in itself is
‘ laudable, because it may seem attended with
‘ some Difficulties.

‘ IT is also the Business of Wisdom to conceal, as much as possible, the natural Propensity we have to either of these *Passions*: —
 ‘ To be conscious of having testify’d a too sanguine *Hope* in any thing we may chance to fail in the Attainment of, gives double Asperity to Disappointment; — and to shew we have been restrained by *Fear* from undertaking any thing for the Advantage either of ourselves, our Friends, or Country, which has been easily accomplish’d by another, makes us be look’d upon as unworthy the Respect or Confidence of the World.

‘ I MAY add to this, that *Hope* is apt to make us place too great a Confidence in Things and Persons, as *Fear*, on the other Hand, inspires us with too much Distrust: — The *One* sometimes renders us the Tools of our worst Enemies, and the *Other* guilty of Injustice to our best Friends.

‘ DISSIMULATION therefore in this Case is no more than Prudence: --- Happy is he who can seem to have no Excess of *Hope* or *Fear* of any thing; but more happy is he who knows how to command both, and has Penetration enough to discover when, and to which he ought most to incline!

‘ THERE are certainly many Things we ought to *fear*, and others which it would be unjust for us to *hope*: — Virtue and good

180 *The* F E M A L E

‘ Morality will point them out, as Wisdom will
 ‘ direct in a great measure how either Appre-
 ‘ hension or Expectation may be justify’d.

‘ But because the Scale of human Probability
 ‘ frequently deceives us, and Events greatly de-
 ‘ pend on what we call Chance or Fortune, the
 ‘ safest way is not to build on any thing.

‘ To bear *Prosperity* with *Temper*, and *Adver-*
 ‘ *sity* with *Fortitude*, is the truest and noblest
 ‘ kind of Heroism, the Crown as well as Proof
 ‘ of Virtue, and will render us more easy to our-
 ‘ selves, more agreeable to our Neighbours, and
 ‘ more acceptable in the Sight of Heaven, than
 ‘ all the gilded Trophies of the Field, or Fa-
 ‘ vours of a Prince.

‘ THE Man then that would attain or preserve
 ‘ this happy Situation, let him make all Things as
 ‘ indifferent to him as possible, but always take
 ‘ care rather to *hope* the *best* than *fear* the *worst*.

I am,

MADAM,

Your very humble and

Most obedient Servant.

Eaton, Dec. 14, 1744

PHILO-SERENITAS.

THE Conclusion of this Letter, tho’ perhaps
 not intended in a political Sense, contains the best
 Ad-

Advice can be given us while in expectation of the Event at present depending.

THE *having* been deceived, does not imply we *shall* again be so, tho' there is a Possibility we *may*, because the best of Men are still but Men : — All have *Passions* of one kind or other to gratify, and none can answer for himself, that in some unguarded Hour the Fiend within him may not prove too strong for the Angel.

ONE of our Weekly Papers, of which a certain great Man before his Apostacy was said to be the Patron, has given us some Maxims on this Head, which ought never to be forgotten ; and as they cannot therefore be too often repeated, I shall give them in his own Words :

‘ WHEN a Person in Power finds his best Endeavours to maintain his Popularity fruitless,
 ‘ if he finds his most innocent, nay meritorious
 ‘ Actions blasted, and what he administers for
 ‘ *Nourishment* converted into *Poyson* ; unless
 ‘ he is another *Socrates* or *Confucius*, his Heart
 ‘ must unavoidably be turned against us ; and
 ‘ that Affection, that Zeal, and that Fidelity
 ‘ which was before divided between *Prince* and
 ‘ *People* will center in the *first only*, and thence-
 ‘ forward he may become so much a Prey to
 ‘ his *Passions* as to lay hold on every Opportunity to *distress* those, whom he found it impossible to *oblige*.

LET

' LET it be a Rule with us then so to behave;
 ' as, that in case those at the Helm should de-
 ' sert the Interest to which they owe their
 ' Greatness, they may have no Excuse for their
 ' Apostacy.

' LIBERTY is the true *Palladium* of our State;
 ' and the meanest *Briton* is as much concern'd
 ' in its Preservation as the greatest: — Let
 ' every *Briton* then be as watchful over it as
 ' ever: — Let a blind Confidence be placed
 ' in no Man whatever: — It is what no *ho-*
 ' *nest* Man would desire, what no *wise* Man
 ' can expect, and what no *wicked* Man deserves.

' BUT let us not fire the Beacon, and cry out
 ' the *Enemy!* the *Enemy!* before there is any
 ' visible Danger.

' IT is a good Thing to be upon one's Guard:
 ' — It is a very bad one to be in Confusion.
 ' — He that draws to defend himself when at-
 ' tack'd, is both wise and brave: — He that
 ' fences with the Wind is either a Bully or a
 ' Madman.

' IF the present Managers act up to their Pre-
 ' tensions, every honest Man in *Great Britain*
 ' will be in their Interest and at their Devotion:
 ' — If they fall short of, or act in Contradiction
 ' to them, the Prejudice in their Favour will soon
 ' wear off; their Enemies will retort their own
 ' Arguments upon them; and, what is worst of
 all,

‘ all, *Patriotism* in *State Affairs* will run some
 ‘ risque of being put on a footing with *Hypo-*
 ‘ *crisy* in *Religion*, than which a more affecting
 ‘ Curse can hardly visit this Land of Liberty.’

I need not tell my Reader that this was wrote at the Time of our late *Jebu* Minister’s first coming into Power, and when there were some who, as it prov’d, too justly apprehended that when he had catch’d the Fish he would throw away the Net.

WE owe, however, some Obligation to him that he shewed himself so soon; a Man more artful and less daring might have proceeded by such imperceptible Degrees as, before we were aware, might have entail’d Slavery in perpetuity on these Nations.

LONG were we cajoled, and flatter’d out of our very Reason by his timid Predecessor; and perhaps had he not been forced by Counsels, not his own, into some Measures which discover’d the pernicious Mark he aim’d at, he might have completed the Destruction he had begun.

THE above Rules will therefore be of excellent Service to us, if well observ’d, under all Administrations, even tho’ composed of Men, who, on the Score of former *Patriotism*, should happen to be the greatest Darlings of the Time; for, if we may credit the Poet,

The

*The Court's a golden, but a fatal Circle;
Upon whose Magic Skirts a thousand Devils,
In Crystal Forms, sit tempting Innocence,
And beckon early Virtue from its Centre.*

BUT I am quite weary of the unfathomable Mysteries of State, and the yet more unfathomable Depths of great Men's Hearts:—He who sees all Things is alone able to unravel them; even Time itself cannot do it, for tho' he brings all Actions to Light, the Motives of them frequently remain a Secret, and will do so to all Eternity.

THE Author of the following Letter, notwithstanding, seems to have a great Opinion of my Abilities this way; but I am afraid he will be of another way of thinking, when he perceives a Question, which perhaps to him may appear to be of a Nature easily answered, is in reality too puzzling for my Comprehension.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

WORTHY DAME,

‘ **T**HO’ I never found you set up either for
 ‘ a *British Apollo* or *Athenian Mercury*,
 ‘ nor had given out any Bills or Advertisements
 ‘ to signify you resolv’d all lawful Questions,
 ‘ yet I have Dependance enough on your Capacity and Good-Nature to flatter me you will
 ‘ give your casting Vote in a Dispute, in which
 all

all concern'd have agreed to submit to your Decision.

I was last Night engag'd in a good deal of Company at the *Bedford-Head Tavern, Covent-Garden*, when, among many other fashionable *Healts, Succes* to the *Queen of Hungary* went chearfully round the Table.

A CERTAIN Gentleman took Occasion, on naming that Princess, to say that he thought Nature was growing frolicksome, and, swerving from her ordinary Course, had transfer'd those Souls which ought to be confined to us of the *Masculine Gender* into that of the *Feminine*: *That Sex*, said he, *has long been encroaching on our Province of Wit, but I think it is too much they should rob us of our Glory likewise:—Some Share of Policy I am ready to allow them, but can by no means consent they should be Warriors.*

He then run great lengths in praise of her *Hungarian Majesty*, as being above the little softening Follies which are the Characteristic of Womanhood:—Intrepid, undaunted, and despising all Passions but those of Glory and Ambition. — *How truly noble*, continu'd he, *did she behave, when News arrived that Prince Charles of Lorrain's Army was all cut to Pieces, instead of putting Finger in Eye, as some Women would have done, and lamenting the untimely Fate of so many thousand gallant Men,*

• No Matter for the Army, said she, if the General be safe. — What great Things would she not be able to accomplish at the Head of an Army if her Childing Condition did not prevent it?

• ANOTHER seeing him so warm, told him, that tho' he could not but agree with him in what he said of this *German* Heroine, yet he thought the Queen of *Spain* yielded to her in none of those Points which seem'd so much to attract his Admiration: — That she was no less anxious for aggrandizing her Family; — was no less insensible of those tender Emotions which, as the Poet says,

• *Drag Men backward from immortal Actions.*

• THAT she took no less Pride in Conquest; — was no less intrepid after a Deafeat; — no less inflexible to all Offers of Accommodation, unless they tallied exactly with her Wish; and in fine, that she was in every thing as little of a Woman as the other could possibly be.

• THIS, the Champion for her *Hungarian* Majesty denied, and the Arguments between them continued, till by Degrees every one in the Room lifted himself either on the one or the other Side: — The Numbers on both happen'd to be equal, and it was at length concluded to consult the *Female Spectator*, and that we should allow that Opinion to be most just which you should pronounce to be so.

SPECTATOR 187

' I FORBEAR to acquaint you who I am, and
 ' also which Party I took, because I would not
 ' be thought to influence you to any Partiality
 ' in my Favour: All are Witnesses of what I
 ' write, and join to beg you will give Judgment
 ' with Freedom and Impartiality, which will
 ' confer a lasting Obligation on a Set of Gentle-
 ' men who are most of them your Subscribers,
 ' and all Admirers of your Speculations, parti-
 ' cularly him who at present must only be known
 ' to you by the Title of

Your humble Servant,

*Bedford-Head Tavern,
Dec. 15, 1744.*

The QUERIST.

' P. S. MADAM, If you think it improper
 ' to insert this in your next Publication, or print
 ' any thing in Answer to it, please to favour us
 ' with your private Sentiments on the Debate,
 ' directed for me (as I have above subscribed
 ' myself) to be left at *Will's Coffee-House* in
 ' *Great Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.*

As I can perceive no Manner of Reason which
 should oblige me to stifle this Epistle, unless, as
 I said before, my Want of Power to comply with
 the Request contained in it so definitely as may
 be expected, the Directions given in the Post-
 script were altogether unnecessary.

BUT to shew my readiness to oblige my Cor-
 B b 2 respondent

respondent, I will give my Sentiments on the Matter in Question to the best of my Judgment.

THE Dispute, I think, is, whether the Queen of *Hungary* or of *Spain* may be allowed to have the greatest Share of Spirit: — A moot Point I must confess: — To consider either singly one would imagine her Equal was not to be found; but when we come to compare them, not only the Conduct of both, but the Motives also of that Conduct, ought strictly to be examined into.

THE Queen of *Spain* being but second Wife to the present King, disdains the Sons born of her should be Subjects of a Prince who is the Issue of a former Marriage; and to establish them in some degree of Equality with their elder Brother, attempts to erect into Kingdoms certain Dominions, some of which she looks upon herself as Heiress, and set the Crowns of them upon their Heads. — The first of these Enterprizes has succeeded to her Wish: — Don *Carlos* is King of the *Two Sicilies*, and the Infant Don *Philip*, but for us, would be in a fair way of obtaining a no less powerful Monarchy. — It is not our Business to shew the Legality or Illegality of the Claims pretended to by this Princess; it is enough to say she pursues her Aim with the utmost Vigour and Resolution; — that no Disappointments shake her Fortitude; — no Obstacles alarm her Courage; and that by the
Strength

Strength of her own Genius, more than by her Royal Confort's Armies, she has got the better of Difficulties which were look'd upon by the rest of the World as unfurmountable.

THE Queen of *Hungary*, on the other Side, is the Heiress of a Family, which 'tis well known had always an Eye towards rendering the Imperial Crown hereditary, and entailing it on a Prince of its own: — How far such a View is consistent with the Liberties of *Germany*, or the Privileges and Dignity of the Electoral Princes, I will not take upon me to say, nor is it any thing to the present Purpose; the late Emperor however had it no less at Heart than his Predecessors, as 'tis plain by his not suffering even the Duke of *Lorraine*, whom he intended should marry his eldest Daughter, to be elected King of the *Romans*, flattering himself perhaps that he should have a Son of his own.

THIS was a mortal Stab to the Ambition of the Arch-Duchess *Maria Theresa*, who at his Decease inheriting the vast Dominions of both the *Austrias*, *Hungary*, *Bohemia*, *Parma*, *Placentia*, all the *Milanese*, and to these a long *Et cetera* of Appendixes, could not support the Thought of seeing a Power above her, therefore resolved to put all she was in Possession of at Stake rather than relinquish the noble Hope of being the first Potentate in *Europe*: — To this end she protested against the Election of a new Emperor, — rais'd Armies to oppose him,

him, — ran in Person through *Bohemia, Hungary, &c. &c.* — encouraging her Subjects, and at the same time soliciting, bribing, and exciting all the neighbouring Princes to espouse her Cause ; — those even who by reason of their Distance, and many other Motives, she could the least depend on for Assistance, she made Tryal of, nor try'd in vain.

THO' oft repuls'd, and sometimes on the Brink of losing all, still her unconquerable Will remained the same ; — firm to her first Resolves, she has beheld *Germany*, that Country, which in all her numerous Manifestos, Rescripts and Letters she calls so dear, become the Scene of Confusion and Devastation ; — fearless, unmoved, while in the Road to Empire, tho' wading thro' whole Seas of Blood to reach the Goal.

A GREATER length of Time has indeed given her Majesty of *Spain* more Opportunities to prove her Prowess ; but it is scarce to be doubted, but that if Fate prevents it not, either by cutting the Thread of Life, or throwing in her Lap whatever she has to wish, her Royal Competitor in the Fame of *Female Daring* will not be behind-hand with her.

It must be confess'd, that at present they seem so much on an Equality, that I do not wonder the Number of those Gentlemen who disputed on this Head should be equal too.

BUT

BUT since my Opinion is absolutely insisted on, I must say, that if the Queen of *Hungary* has in so short a Time overtaken her Majesty of *Spain* in her long Race of Glory and Ambition, we may expect she will outstrip her in the End; and therefore for that very Reason, if no other, to her the Palm, as it appears to me, must necessarily be due.

THUS far in answer to the *Querist*; but having enter'd into this Subject I cannot take leave of it without adding some Thoughts of my own, which in spite of me force themselves into my Head whenever I hear any mention made of this enterprising Queen.

SUPPOSING that after having reduced all *Germany*, expell'd the Emperor, and seated the Grand Duke in the Imperial Throne, humbled the Power of *France*, and driven them from all their Holds in *Flanders*, she should take a Fancy to extend her Conquests to the *United Provinces*, is there not a Possibility *Great Britain* might have an unquiet Neighbour of her? — The Danger indeed is far remote, yet I think not more so than that which of late has rung so great a Peal in our Ears concerning the Designs of *France* against us, at least from that Quarter.

O! BUT were this practicable, some will say, her Majesty of *Hungary* is too much oblig'd to us ever to entertain any Designs to our Prejudice: To which it may be replied, that all Princes act
not

not upon the same Principles with private Persons; what in a Subject might be Ingratitude, Trick-
ing, and Chicanery, is refined Policy in them, and
for all the Outcry that we make against Violation
of Treaties, that Prince who is entirely innocent
of it may throw the first Stone.

IN the mean time the Justice and Magnanimity
of this Princess, methinks, would appear in a more
advantageous Light, if some Equivalent were
made to *Great Britain* for that Expence of Blood
and Treasure lavish'd in her Cause, at a Time
when it could so ill be spared, and when no other
Power, without being largely paid for it, would
espouse her Cause. *Ostend*, for Instance, is a De-
mesn she might very well afford to part with,
and, as it would be of great Service to our Trade,
give us a more plausible Pretence for serving
her than any we yet have been able to find.

End of the NINTH BOOK.



T H E

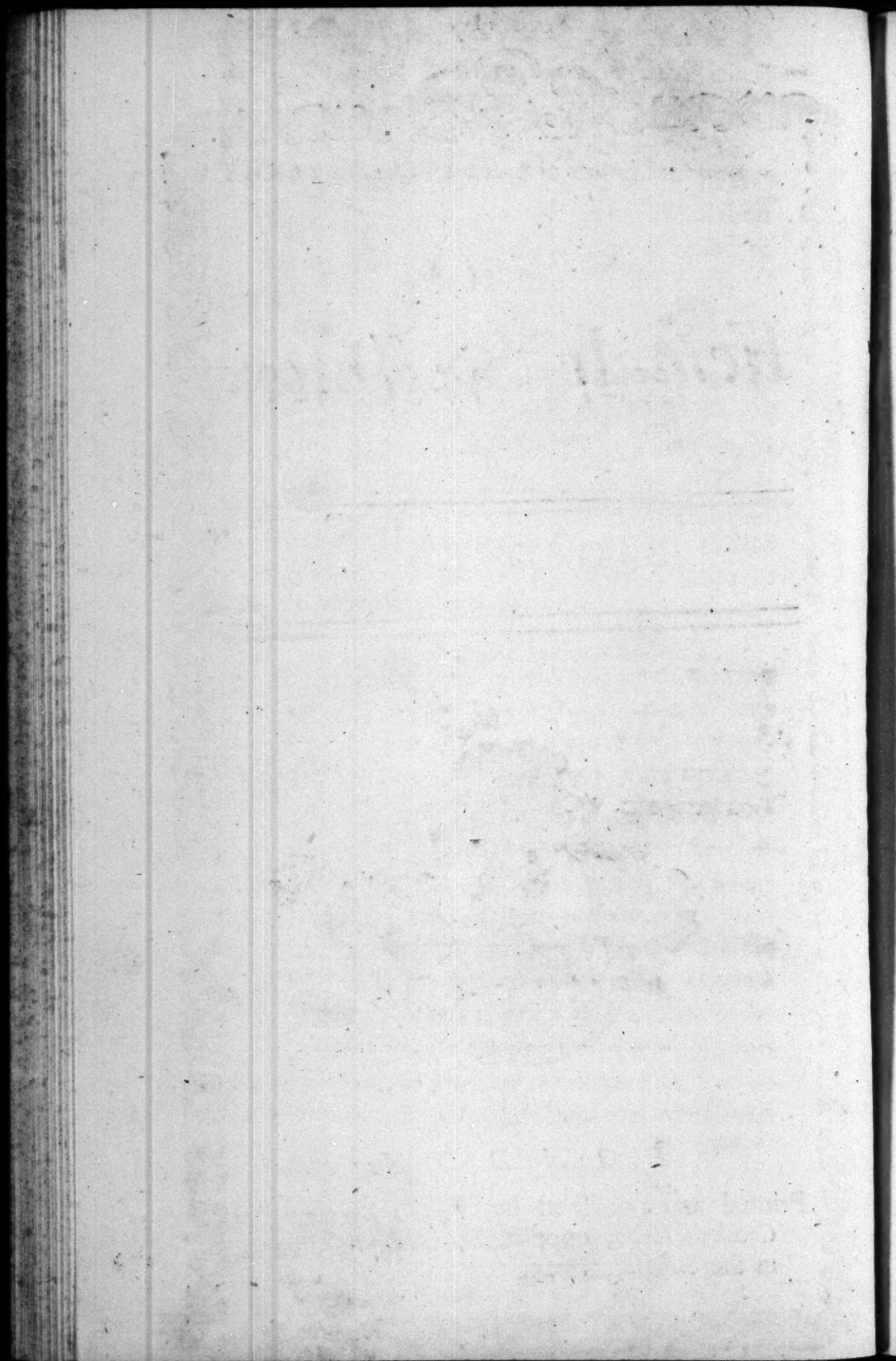
Female Spectator.

B O O K X.



L O N D O N:

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T H R

Female Spectator.

B O O K X.



HO' my late celebrated Brother, and many other Authors, have given the World their various Opinions concerning *Jealousy*, I fancy it will not be impertinent to add something to what has been already said on a Subject which has, and will forever continue to create the most terrible Disorder that can befall Mankind ; not only because whatever may serve as a Preservative against it cannot be too often repeated, but also because, I think, with all due Deference to those who have hitherto treated on it, that they have not been so copious as might have been expected, and that the greatest Part of

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them

them have done it more Honour than it deserves.

WHAT I mean by doing it more Honour than it deserves, is, that they speak of it only as the Effect of a too ardent Love and Admiration of the Object; whereas, tho' this may sometimes be the Case, is far from being always so; and, I believe, we shall find no Difficulty to prove, that the Origin of it may more often be deduc'd from the very *worst* instead of the *noblest* Passion of the Soul:—It may, indeed, with great Propriety, be call'd the *Bane* of Love; but whenever it is found the *Offspring*, it can only be of a base and degenerate Inclination, not of that pure and refined Passion which is alone worthy of the Name of Love.

THIS certainly can be denied by none who allow that true Love is founded on that Esteem which the Opinion we have of the good Qualities of the Object excites in us; and, I believe, few Examples can be produc'd of the real and unfeign'd Permanence of the one, when the other wholly ceases to exist.

I BELIEVE I shall be easily understood to mean that Affection which is between Persons who are either already married, or engag'd to be so to each other by mutual Assurances of a lasting Tenderness.

FOR

FOR as to that Timidity which is the natural Companion of Love in its Infancy, and before it receives Encouragement necessary to strengthen Hope, it proceeds only from a Diffidence of our own Merits, not from a Distrust of the beloved Object, and can, with no degree of Propriety, be term'd *Jealousy*.

As it is therefore only after being possess'd of all we had to wish, or having been flatter'd with a Belief we should infallibly be so, that those distracting Ideas, which constitute Jealousy, can find any Entrance in the Brain ; I think it sufficiently justifies my Assertion, that this mischievous Passion discovers rather the meanest Opinion of the Object than a too vehement Admiration, unless suspecting a Person guilty of Perjury, Inconstancy, and the most shocking and worst kind of Deceit, can be call'd so.

THERE are People in the World who know not how to support Prosperity, and when arrived at the End they long have labour'd under, find in themselves something which will not suffer them to be at quiet ; — they have attained all, — they have no more to wish, and, like the *Macedonian* Conqueror, are vex'd they have nothing farther to oppose them :—This Restlessness of Mind puts them on reflecting how, and by what means they may possibly be deprived of what they have acquired, and whatever is *possible*, they soon present to themselves as highly *probable* too ; and by degrees

grees bring up into a downright *Certainty* of happening.

FANCY is a creative Faculty, and when agitated by Fear, can work Wonders :— It forms Apparitions, and then shews them as real Substances ; — it turns what is, into what is not, and converts nothing into something ; — it levels the Mountain, and exalts the Vale ; — it unites the greatest Contraries, and divides the firmest and most cemented Bodies ; — in a word, it either makes or overthrows whenever it pleases, destroys the Order of all Things, and performs what Nature has not the Power to do.

*When Reason sleeps, our mimic Fancy wakes,
Supplies her Part, and wild Ideas takes,
From Words and Things ill-suited and misjoin'd,
The Anarchy of Thought, and Chaos of the
Mind.*

THUS by an Impatience of Temper, and the Force of Imagination, are many misled to ruin their own Peace, and that of the Person they pretend to love ; yet is this the least unpardonable Source from which Jealousy proceeds, because it may, as the Poet says, be taken

For the high Pulse of Passion in a Fever !

AND if the Faults of Love by Love are to be justified, those who are rendered uneasy on this
Score

Score may the more readily excuse the Effects, in consideration of the Cause.

BUT what have they to alledge in Vindication of the Discontent they occasion, in whom

*No Sign of Love remains,
But that which sick Men have of Life, their
Pains!*

MANY there are, Heaven knows, too many of such, whom a moderate Share of Observation may point out:—There are those who, without being capable of feeling one tender Emotion, or having any true Regard even for the Person of him or her to whom they happen to be join'd, have discovered a Jealousy, which has rendered all within the reach of its Effects, extremely miserable.

THIS is, indeed, so common a Case, unnatural as it may seem, that I dare answer there is not one into whose Hands the *Female Spectator* may fall, that have not some time or other in their Lives had an Acquaintance with Families where it has happen'd; but following the received Maxim, that Jealousy is the Effect of Love, have rather pity'd than condemn'd the Extravagancies they may have seen occasioned by it.

BUT well may a disinterested Person judge in this Manner, when those most concern'd, and best
able

able to discover the Truth, have frequently been deceived ; and when treated in the most cruel and injurious Manner have submitted to it with a secret Satisfaction, and even plumed themselves upon the Force of a Passion, which they imagin'd excited only by an Excess of Inclination.

THIS kind of Infatuation puts me in Mind of a Story I have heard of the *Russian* Women, who, they say, look on Blows as the greatest Proof of Affection their Husbands can bestow upon them ; and if they are not well beaten, once a Day at least, will run to their Friends and complain of the Injustice they are treated with. — Whether there is any Truth in this I will not pretend to say, having never yet employed any *Silph* in the Examination ; but according to the Delicacy of my Country-Women in other Respects, it appears full as odd to me, that any of them can be pleased with such Words and Actions as may justly be look'd upon in *England* equally injurious with Blows in the Territories of *Russia*.

BUT as Vanity, and a high Opinion of Self-Merit, sometimes renders one Party easy and contented, nay, as I before observed, even delighted with Reproaches and ill Usage ; so is it Pride, and an over-bearing Arrogance in the other, which will not suffer them to endure the least innocent Civility to be paid to any but themselves : — The Person to whom they have vouchsafed to give their Hand must not dare to think of any thing but pleasing them ; — no Merit but
their

their own must be taken Notice of; — they must forgo all Complaisance, all Decency, and be rude and savage to every one beside; — a Smile, a Courtesy, is a Crime deserving the most opprobrious Reflections, and they must behave in such a manner, as to deserve the Hatred and Contempt of all the rest of the World, to engage a tolerable Regard from this over tenacious Partner for Life.

ANOTHER Humour there is also which very much prevails in some People, and that is, to avoid being thought weak and incapable of diving to the Bottom of Things, they affect to find out Mysteries in every thing; — they construe into Meanings the most insignificant Trifles; — their Eyes, their Ears are perpetually upon the Watch, and interpret the very humming over a Tune, and even the Gait of the suspected Person, as Indications of some latent Plot to delude their Penetration.

THUS by endeavouring to be wiser than their Neighbours, they become the veryest Fools in Nature; and while they imagine every Body stands in awe of their Discernment, are the Jest and Ridicule of as many as have any Acquaintance with them.

I MUST confess these over-cunning People are, of all others, most my Aversion, and certainly must be the most troublesome to have any Concern with. — I once knew a Gentleman of this

Cast, who had a very agreeable, and I dare answer, a very virtuous Woman for his Wife; but the poor Soul could not keep a Thread-Paper without his examining into it:—If a Servant happen'd to come into the Room, and whisper'd her on any domestic Affair, she must immediately repeat the Words that had been spoke; yet this was not thought sufficient to be certain of not being impos'd upon; he would go immediately out of the Room, call for the Servant, and oblige her or him, whichever it were, to tell him on what Occasion that Whisper had been; and if every Word did not exactly agree with the Report his Wife had made, he presently concludes there was some Design on Foot between them, to the Prejudice of his Honour, for the Prevention of which the Servant was that Instant discharg'd, and his Wife confin'd to her Chamber:—Nobody could ever knock at the Door without his running to the Window, then half way down Stairs, list'ning to what was said: If too low a Voice deprived him of the desir'd Intelligence, he would go into the Hall, and oblige the Person, whoever it was, to relate the whole Purport of their Errand in his Presence:—In fine, it is impossible for any Family to suffer greater Persecutions than what his did, through this Peculiarity of Temper, for in other Things he behav'd well enough.

THERE are still a third Sort, industrious to torment themselves and all about them:—Conscious of former Crimes, they judge the Virtue of
of

of others by the Standard of their own; and imagine nobody has the Power of resisting a Temptation to which themselves have yielded:—These are not to be satisfied by any Means that can be put in Practice;—tho' Locks and Bars secure the Body, still will they believe the Mind is roving, and be jealous of Intention:—The more is said, and the greater Care is taken to eradicate these Apprehensions, the deeper Root they take;—all is look'd upon as Hypocrisy and Dissimulation, and resented as an Aggravation of the Crime, and an Affront to their Understanding.

AFTER all, what but *Pride* in the *Women*, and a *too nice Sense* of *Honour* in the *Men*, occasions most of the Jealousies we hear of!—Love inspires a noble Confidence, both gives and takes all decent Liberties, sets every Action in the fairest Light, nor will believe itself imposed upon but by Conviction.

How great an Injustice is it therefore to this Passion to annex to it another of so pernicious a kind:—A late noble Poet has, in my Judgment, excellently describ'd the Nature and Happiness of a virtuous Love in these Words:

*Love, the most gen'rous Passion of the Mind,
The softest Refuge Innocence can find:*

*The safe Director of unguided Youth,
Fraught with kind Wishes, and secur'd by Truth.*

*The Cordial Drop Heav'n in our Cup has
thrown,*

*To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down :
On which one only Blessing God might raise,
In Lands of Atheists, Subsidies of Praise :
For none did e'er so dull and stupid prove,
But felt a God, and blest'd his Power in Love.*

NOBODY will deny that this illustrious Author was perfectly acquainted with Human Nature, and all the Passions incident to it, nor that Mr. Congreve was less so, who having occasion to mention Jealousy, has these Words :

*Vile Doubts and Fears to Jealousy will turn ;
The hottest Hell in which a Heart can burn.*

HAD this judicious Gentleman thought that Jealousy was any Consequence of Love, he would doubtless have said,

A Love too fierce to Jealousy will turn :

WHEREAS he says, *Vile Doubts and Fears, &c.* — Which, I think, plainly indicates he means a mean Distrust, a Restlessness of Nature, and an unsatisfied Disposition, are the chief Materials on which Jealousy is built.

BUT we need not quote Authorities, nor ransack Texts, to prove a Truth, which, whoever takes Reason for their Guide, may easily explore on any Examination into their own Hearts.

FOR

FOR my Part, tho' I should be extremely sorry for the Sake of those happy few whom *Love* has join'd in Marriage, that *Jealousy* were a kind of Appendix to that Passion, yet I should be equally rejoic'd to find wherever there is *Jealousy* there were some *Love*, in consideration of Millions who have all the Bitters of the *One* without any Mixture of the Sweets of the *Other*.

AURELIA had lived to the Age of Twenty-six, had known all the Gaities of Life, some say was not unacquainted with the Gallantries of it, taken in the worst Sense of the Word: — She then married with *Lucilius*, because it was for her Interest and Reputation to do so, but without feeling for him the least Spark of tender Inclination; yet had he not been two Months her Husband before she became excessively jealous of him; — any little Civility he paid to our Sex, tho' before her Face, gave her the Vapours; but to be told he visited any Woman of what Condition soever, threw her into Fits: — A Pinch of Snuff offered by him to a Cousin-German one Day occasion'd a Quarrel between them, which she would by no means make up till he had sworn never to speak to that Lady more: — She sent Spies after him to watch wherever he went, and if inform'd he was at any Place she did not happen to approve of his frequenting, work'd herself up into such Agonies as terminated into real or feign'd Convulsions, which he was sure to bear his Part of at his Return.

FATIGUING as such a Life must necessarily be for a Time, he bore it with a Temper which surpriz'd all who knew him; --- humoured her tender Foibles, as he term'd them, to make her easy; debarr'd himself of every thing which he thought would give her the least Subject for Discontent; and imputing all she did to the Excess of her Love for him, not to seem ungrateful to it, counterfeited a Tendernefs for her which his Heart had never avowed; for, in effect, there was as small a Share of Inclination on the *one* as on the *other* Side.

THE Matter was this: — An Uncle of *Aurelia's* had in it his Power to be extremely serviceable to *Lucilius* in a Post he enjoyed under him, and the old Gentleman thinking it necessary his Neice should have the Sanction of Marriage to cover some Liberties which, to him, seem'd not becoming in a Virgin State, took upon him to make the Match between them. — The Thing was no sooner propos'd than agreed to by both, as conformable to their several Interests; so that all the Protestations they made each other, during the small Space of Courtship, were of a Piece with those they continued after Marriage, unfelt by themselves, and equally untouching to those they were address'd.

It was therefore wholly owing to the Good-Nature of *Lucilius* that he submitted to obey whatever was dictated by the preposterous Jealousy of his Wife, as that Jealousy had indeed

no other Source than what he least imputed it to, an Extravagance of Pride and Vanity, to shew the World she had Charms which could render a Husband even more obsequious than a Lover.

As she found her Account in treating him in this Manner, she would doubtless have persisted in it, but how long his Patience and Philosophy would have enabled him to sustain it is altogether uncertain; — an Accident happened which put an End to their mutual Diffimulation, and shewed those sublime Scenes of dying Love between them to be no more than Farce and Buffoonry.

It was a Custom with *Lucilius* to rise early, and walk an Hour or two before Breakfast, in the Park, into which their House had a Back-Door: — In one of those Mornings he took it into his Head to call on a Friend who lived in the Neighbourhood, for which Reason he made a Circuit, and return'd Home by the Street-Way; — He was within three or four Yards of his own Door, when he saw the Footman, that waited on his Wife, come out of the House reading the Superscription of a Letter he had in his Hand, and which, on the first Glimpse he had of his Master, he put hastily into his Pocket.

LUCILIUS either saw, or imagin'd he saw, a strange Confusion in the Fellow's Face; and tho' Jealousy was a Passion he was wholly unacquainted with, yet there was a secret something,

thing, which he knew not how to account for, at that Instant push'd him on to inform himself to whom that Letter was directed : — In order to do this, without being taken notice of by any Persons who might possibly be at their Windows, he stepp'd into a narrow Passage, which led into another Street, and having beckoned the Man to come to him, commanded him to deliver the Letter he had seen in his Hand : — The Fellow durst not refuse, and *Lucilius* was no less amaz'd than shock'd to find it his Wife's Hand, and directed to one of the most dissolute and notorious Libertines, tho' a Man of Quality, in Town : — As that was not a proper Place to examine the Contents, he made the Fellow follow him into an adjacent Tavern, where he hastily broke the Seal, and found it contain'd these Lines.

To the Agreeable Miramont.

S I R,

I Have considered on your Request, and my Pity has at last prevail'd upon me to grant it ; — all Things indeed seem favourable to your Wishes, *Lucilius* is engag'd for this Evening with Company, who, I know, will keep him late ; but as I am under some Apprehensions of being known at the Place mention'd in your's, desire our Rendezvous may be at the Bagnio in *Long-Acre*, where you may depend I shall come to you about Six : — Yet, dear *Miramont*, be assured, that nothing less than the Preservation of a Life so valuable to
the

' the World as yours is, should make me injure a
 ' Husband who adores me to Distraction.---I rely
 ' on your Honour as to an inviolable Secrecy, and
 ' every thing else that can render me perfectly
 ' happy in being

Your's,

AURELIA.

HAD *Lucilius* really loved, how wretched must such a Discovery of her Levity, Perfidy and Deceit have made him! — All indifferent as he was to her Charms, the Consideration of his own Honour was too dear to him not to take all possible Methods to put it out of her Power to sacrifice it.

AFTER giving some Moments to Reflection, he examined the Fellow as to what he knew of his Lady's Acquaintance with *Miramount*, when and where it had began, and how long there had been a Correspondence between them.

THESE Enquiries were enforc'd by such terrible Menaces, mingled with Assurances of Protection and Rewards if he reveal'd the whole Truth, that a Person of more Resolution and Courage than could be expected in one of his Station, would have been won to answer every thing demanded of him.

HE inform'd *Lucilius*, that he believed his Lady first saw the Gentleman in Question at the House

of *Clelia*, where she frequently went to play at Cards; — and this, to the best of his Remembrance, was about three Weeks past; that they afterwards had met, either by Chance or Appointment, in the Mall, and that he had carry'd no more than one Letter to him, in answer, as he supposed, to one she had received from him; that when she delivered to him the foregoing, and that which his Honour had now intercepted, she had given him Money, and the strictest Charge never to mention that there was any Intercourse between her and *Miramount*; and promised him, if he were found faithful in this Affair, he should be taken out of Livery and handsomely provided for.

LUCILIUS listen'd to all with Agitations which it is easy for any one to conceive, but recovering himself as soon as he could, he call'd for Pen and Paper, and imitating his Wife's Hand tolerably well, he copy'd her Letter Word for Word, only chang'd the Place of Affignation, from the *Bagnio* in *Long-Acre*, to the *Swan* at *Chelsea*, and having seal'd it, order'd the Fellow to carry that to *Miramount*, and bring what Answer he should send to him, who would wait his Return at the Tavern where they now were.

THE Footman had now no Inducement to be insincere to his Master, for as the Affair was discover'd he had nothing to expect from *Miramount* in case he should let him know what had happen'd, but was sure to suffer all that the Rage of

of *Lucilius* could inflict on him if he were found to have acted contrary to the Orders he had given him.

THE Answer which *Miramount* return'd was such as might be expected, full of Acknowledgments and Protestations of an everlasting Constancy and Love. — This *Lucilius* put into his Pocket, and bid the Man tell his Lady that her Lover had a great deal of Company with him, and could have no Opportunity to write without being taken Notice of, but that she might be sure of his obeying her with the utmost Punctuality.

LUCILIUS then went Home, breakfasted as usual with his Lady, and so well conceal'd his Discontent, that she had no Cause to suspect any thing of what had happen'd : He staid with her however as short a Time as possible ; — he dress'd, and having soon determin'd within himself what Course to take, went directly to her Uncle, and acquainted him with the Discovery he had made, and produc'd the Letter *Aurelia* had wrote to *Miramount*, with his Answer to it.

'Tis hard to say, whether the old Gentleman's Surprize or Rage was most predominant ; he was truly a worthy honest Person, and tho' he had thought his Neice's Conduct not altogether so prudent as he could have wish'd before Marriage, yet he never suspected she would have gone such Lengths after being a Wife ; — He was

for going with *Lucilius*, and joining with him in those Reproaches her Guilt thus plainly proved might justify; but this injur'd Husband would by no Means consent to that: — He thought all they could say would have less Force, and the Shock of being detected lose half its Force, if not given her at the very Place where she intended to perpetrate her Crime: — He therefore proposed that they should go together to the *Bagnio* somewhat before the Hour in which she had promised *Miramount* to come, and when expecting to be received with open Arms by a fond Lover, she should be saluted with the Frowns and Upbraidings of a wronged Husband and incensed Parent.

THIS the Uncle agreed to, and after Dinner was over at Home *Lucilius* perform'd his last Act of Dissimulation towards his Wife by embracing her in the most seeming tender Manner, when he took Leave of her, in order to go, as she imagined, to those Friends, with whom, as she had wrote to *Miramount*, he had promised to pass that Evening; she behaved to him with no less Softness, and conjured him not to leave her too long alone, but to return as soon as he could possibly disengage himself with Decency.

How wretched, how contemptible a Figure did she now make in his Eyes! But he conceal'd the Disdain of his Heart under a fervent Kiss, feeling however a kind of gloomy Satisfaction in his Mind at the Thoughts that now there would be an End
of

of all Constraint, and he should no more be under the Necessity of feigning Ardors to which his Nature had ever been repugnant.

BOTH, tho' from very different Motives, were impatient enough for the appointed Hour; which being arrived, and the Uncle and Husband waiting her Approach, the Clock had but just struck when a Hackney-Chair brought the too punctual Fair into the Entry, whence she was shewed up Stairs by a Waiter who had Orders what to do: — How she was confounded, when tripping gaily into the Room she found who were there to receive her, any one may judge.

ALL her natural Assurance, of which few Women had a greater Share, was too little to enable her to bear up against a Sight more dreadful, more alarming to her guilty Mind than had a Messenger from the other World appear'd to admonish her of her Crime.

IN the first Emotions of her Fright she was about to run out of the Room, and with one Jump had got as far as the Door, when Lucilius took hold of her Arm and oblig'd her to come back, — *Tho' Madam*, said he with the most stabbignig Sneer, *the agreeable Miramount is not here, and you are disappointed of the Entertainment you expected, such as a Husband and an Uncle, who have both of them a due Sense of your Merit, can afford, you may be sure to find.*

SHE

SHE made no Answer to these Words, but threw herself into a Chair with a Look that shewed an inward Rancour, and would have made her pass with any one who had been present and unacquainted with her Crime rather for the Person injur'd than the guilty one; so true is this Sentiment of the Poet:

*Forgiveness to the Injur'd does belong,
But they ne'er pardon who have done the
wrong.*

BUT however the Greatness of her Spirit might have supported her against the Reproaches of a Husband, those her Uncle loaded her with, and the Sight of her own Letter wholly subdued her, and finding there was no Evasion nor Possibility either of denying or excusing what she had done, she fell on her Knees, and with a Shower of undissembled Tears, confess'd her Fault, and begg'd to be forgiven.

AFTER having endeavoured to make her sensible of her Fault, they acquainted her with the Resolution they had mutually agreed to pursue, which was, that in consideration of her Family no public Noise should be made of it; but that to prevent her taking any future Steps to the Prejudice of her Reputation, and consequently to the Honour of her Husband, she must pass some time with an old Relation who lived at a great Distance from London, nor hope to return till she had given evident Proofs of her Conversion:

sion : — This her Uncle told her it would become her not only to consent to, but also to go with a Chearfulness which should make every Body think it an Act of Choice.

IT was to no Purpose she entreated, in the most submissive Terms, a Remission of a Sentence she acknowledg'd she had but too justly incur'd : — In vain she made the most solemn Vows and passionate Imprecations never to be guilty of any future Miscarriage in Conduct ; *Lucilius* was inexorable to all, nor did her Uncle attempt to render him more pliable : — She was that Night carefully watch'd, and early the next Morning sent down into the Country with a Person, whose Integrity her Husband could confide in, to attend her, and at the same time to keep a strict Eye over her Behaviour.

IT must be confess'd, that the Precautions taken to keep this Affair a Secret were perfectly prudent ; for as the Crime of *Aurelia* had been only in Intention, the Law would not have allowed of a Divorce, yet that Intention was sufficient to have rendered both of them the Subject of Ridicule ; nor indeed was there any Possibility of their living together in any Harmony after such a Discovery, even tho' there had been a Certainty of her becoming a real Penitent.

WHETHER she were so or not Heaven only can determine ; but I am inform'd, that she had not been many Weeks in that Retirement to
which

which she was banish'd, before the Grief and Shame either of being guilty, or of having been detected in it, threw her into a violent Fever, of which she died, and left *Lucilius* no inconsolable Widower.

THE Truth of this Affair had however remain'd a Secret, had her Lover been endu'd with the same Discretion as her Husband; but that vain Man finding she came not to the *Swan* as he expected, and on sending the next Day to her House being told she was gone into the Contry, made him not doubt but that some Accident had discover'd their Correspondence to *Lucilius*, and that he had taken this Method to prevent their Meeting; on which, partly instigated by Revenge against the *Husband*, and partly by the Vanity of being thought to be too well with the *Wife*, he made a Jest, among his Companions, of the *Jealousy* of the *One* and the *Levity* of the *Other*, and even scrupled not to expose the Letters of that unfortunate Lady as a Proof of what he said.

HE had so little Circumspection as to whom he talk'd in this Manner, that it soon reach'd the Ears of *Lucilius*, who, unable to endure with Patience this Aggravation of the Insult offer'd to his Honour, sent him a Challenge, which the other was too gallant a Man not to accept:—They met and fought, both were very much hurt, especially *Miramount*, whose Wounds at first were reckon'd dangerous, but he recover'd of them

as well as *Lucilius*, and had Honour enough, after he did so, to confess himself every way the Aggressor, and ask Pardon for the Injury he had intended him, as well as for his foolish boasting of it afterwards: — As all this happened before the Death of *Aurelia*, 'tis possible she might, some way or other, be inform'd of it, and that might be one great Means of hastening on her Fate. — She was a Woman of Understanding, and being such, and in a Place where she had no Enchantments to lull asleep Reflection, could not be without a lively Sense of that Shame she had brought on herself and Family; for, as Mr. *Waller* elegantly expresses it,

*Our Passions gone, and Reason in the Throne,
Amaz'd we see the Mischiefs we have done.
After a Tempest, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the Wrecks it made.*

BUT it is not to my present Purpose to make any farther Comments on this Story, than as it proves the Assertion for which I related it, that there may be a great deal of Jealousy without one Spark of Love: — Happy had it been for *Aurelia* had she known the one as well as the other; for tho' the former of these Passions might have been troublesome to her Husband, yet the latter would have secured him from receiving any Injustice from her, or Outrage from the World, and sav'd herself from falling into the Infamy she did.

IT is, doubtless, a very melancholly Thing when a Woman of real Virtue, and who has a tender Affection for the Man to whom she is married, either has, or imagines she has, any justifiable Cause to suspect he returns not the Love she bears him with an equal Degree of Warmth ; but much more so when she fears he transfers those Ardors, to which she has an undoubted Right, to any other Object : Yet, excuseable as Jealousy may seem in such a Circumstance, it is to be wish'd, that every Wife would endeavour to discourage rather than listen to any Reports made her from Abroad, that might tend to increase those Suspicions her too tender Passion may suggest :—To arm herself against any Insinuations of that Kind, either from her own Heart, or the Malice, Folly, or mistaken Zeal of those she converses with ; I would wish her to do Justice to herself, and consider, that if even it were certain that her Husband gave a loose to an inordinate and temporary Pleasure, her Mortification would be but momentary, and terminate to her Advantage :—He would, when once the hurry of a fleeting Passion was over, consider the Merits of a Woman of Virtue, and who had Love enough for him not only to forgive, but overlook those Failings which every Man has not always the Power to avoid falling into.

HE that most loves Company finds a Pleasure in a comfortable Recess from it, at sometimes, with his Wife and Family ; but if he meets with Reproaches there, how justly soever he may deserve them,

them, thinks the Dignity of his Nature affronted, and flies out again, and perhaps in Revenge runs into worse Evils than those for which he was before upbraided : — I know not if there can be a more lively Picture how little Force Female Arguments can have on a transgressing Husband, than is given us by Mr. Dryden, in his Play of *Aurenzebe*, where he puts into the Emperor's Mouth these Words :

*What can be sweeter than our native Home!
Thither for Ease and soft Repose we come :
Home is the sacred Refuge of our Life,
Secured from all Approaches but a Wife :
If thence we fly, the Cause admits no Doubt,
None but an inmate Foe could drive us out :
Clamours our Privacies uneasy make,
Birds leave their Nests disturb'd, and Beasts
their Haunts forsake.*

FEW Men of any Condition are gross in their Amours, and wherever there is room to hope the *best*, a Wife ought never to harbour Fears of the *worst* : — A thousand Accidents may happen to which Rumour and Imagination may give the Face of Guilt, that in themselves are perfectly innocent, but even when the Appearances are most strong, it is Wisdom to overlook them.

BESIDES, there is one Thing which in my Opinion should deter a Woman of Virtue from discovering any Marks of Jealousy, even where the most fragrant Proofs of the roving Inclination

of her Husband might, according to some People's way of thinking, be a Justification of it ; and that is, because the most abandon'd Prostitutes of the Town, tho' known to make Sale of their Endearments to any Purchaser without Distinction, no sooner find a Man weak enough to treat them in a manner to which their way of Living has no Claim, than they give themselves an Air, on every little Absence, to be extremely jealous ; — they have Tears at Command ; — can fall into Fits, and sometimes play the *Roxana*, and menace the offending Keeper with a drawn Dagger : — Some Instances we have had where they have carry'd the Matter yet farther, and pierced in reality the Breast that durst refuse Obedience to the most unreasonable or extravagant of their Demands: — A modest Wife should therefore never affect the Virago, and for her own Sake be wary, even when most provok'd, that nothing in her Behaviour should bear the least Resemblance with such Wretches. — I have in a former *Spectator* taken Notice, that it is not by Force our Sex can hope to maintain their Influence over the Men, and I again repeat it as the most infallible Maxim, that whenever we would truly conquer we must seem to yield.

To be jealous without a Cause, is such an Injury to the suspected Person as requires the utmost Affection and Good-Nature to forgive ; because it wounds them in the two most tender Parts, their Reputation and Peace of Mind ; lays them under Restraints the most irksome to Human Nature,
or

or in a manner obliges them to Measures which are the Destruction of all Harmony.

THOSE few therefore who truly love, are in Possession of the Object of their Wishes, and yet suffer this poisonous Passion to disturb the Tranquility of their Lives, may be compar'd to Misers that pine amidst their Stores, and are incapable of enjoying a present Plenty through the Fears of future Want.

THAT Desire of prying into every thing a Husband does, and even into his very Thoughts, appears to me rather a childish Fondness than a noble generous Passion; and tho' it may be pleasing enough to a Man in the first Months of his Marriage, will afterwards grow tiresome and insipid to him, as well as render both of them ridiculous to others.

WE may depend on this, that the most innocent Persons in the World, in some Humours, or unguarded Moments, may happen to say or do something which might not be altogether pleasing to us to be inform'd of: — How mad a Thing then is it to seek out Occasions of Disquiet! Yet this too many Women are ingenious in doing, and afterwards no less industrious in throwing fresh Matter on the Mole-hill they have discovered, till they raise it to a Mountain: — Trifles perhaps too light to retain any Place in the Husband's Memory, and no sooner over than forgotten, or if of Consequence enough to be remember'd by him, are thought on with
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Remorse, are reviv'd by Reproaches, and made seem less faulty than they are, by the Wife's attempting to represent them as more so.

NOR is this all : Upbraidings when most just, if too often repeated, lose their Force, and he to whom they are given becomes harden'd ; but if wantonly thrown out, and to gratify a spleenatick or naturally suspicious Temper, without any solid Foundation, they are intolerable to him, make him grow peevish, perverse, and not seldom drive him to be in effect guilty of that which, without being guilty, he daily receives the Punishment of.

ON the whole then, since Jealousy is the worst Rack the Heart that harbours it can possibly sustain, is it not better to cease those Enquiries which can never give us a perfect Satisfaction, and as there is no proving what has no Existence may be as lasting as our Lives ; or if which should chance to end in a Certainty of what is so dreadful to us in the Apprehension, must confirm us for ever miserable !

MANY a Man has been guilty of an Error, and on Reflection sincerely repented of it, and become a more endearing Husband than before ; for it is by the Tribunal in our own Bosoms we alone are justify'd or condemn'd ; — all Efforts from without are ineffectual to convince us we have done amiss, if Conscience does not take a Part in the Accusation ; and as Human Nature

is averſe to all Compulſion, eſpecially from thoſe we think have no Authority over us, as in the Caſe of Huſband and Wife, the Pride of Contradiſtion has perhaps, more often than Inclination, occaſion'd that to happen which otherwiſe might have never been.

I HAVE been ſorry to obſerve, that even among my own Sex, where an Error of this Kind is leſs excuſable than in the other, Revenge for having been unjuſtly ſuſpected, join'd with the Pride of being able to diſappoint all the Precautions of a jealous Huſband, has ſometimes been too ſtrong for that Virtue, which, without theſe additional Excitements, might never have been ſubdued.

SABINA was educated in the ſtricteſt Principles of Virtue, and in a Family where ſhe ſaw nothing but Examples of it before her Eyes; and *Mamilius*, to whom ſhe was married very young, received the ſincereſt Congratulations of his Friends for having obtained a Lady who, they thought, could not but render him extremely happy; and there is no doubt but her Behaviour had every way answered the moſt ſanguine of their Expectations, had not his own imprudent Carriage to her, in that reſpect I have been ſpeaking of, perverted in her thoſe generous Sentiments ſhe receiv'd from Nature and from Precept.

WHEN one would bring a Perſon of a Spirit off from any Propenſity, which either is, or we think

think a Fault, the greatest Care ought to be taken that they may not imagine we take a Pleasure in opposing them; — we ought rather to make them believe it is with the utmost Grief of Heart we cannot find in ourselves the Power of approving what they do, and endeavour to win them by *Endearments*, not attempt to controul them by *Authority*.

MANILIUS had been a Man of Pleasure, always professed an Aversion to Marriage, and nothing but the extremest Passion could have made him change his Resolution; — he was fifteen Years older than *Sabina* when she became his Wife, and the Conciousness of this Disparity, join'd with the too great Success he had formerly met with in his Amours, rendered him less confident than was consistent with his Peace of Mind of the Virtue of this young Lady: — It had always been a Maxim with him that all Women were to be won, and that a Husband should never be too secure; and this made him, even from the first, keep a watchful Eye over all her Actions, Words, and Looks:

As she was perfectly innocent, she was ignorant of Circumspection; nor ever had once a Thought of restraining herself from any of those Liberties she saw others take: — It was enough for her she did no ill, and was alas too thoughtless what Pretences Ill-Nature might form to judge by Appearances: — She fell soon after her Marriage into

into Acquaintance, which took a greater Latitude than she had been accustomed to see while in her Virgin State; but they were People of Condition, and Reputation too, and therefore she made no Scruple of doing as they did: — She went frequently to the Public Diversions of the Town, — and made one at most of the Assemblies; — Cards sometimes engross'd a good Part of the Night; yet did she not think all this an Error, because she perceiv'd it was the Fashion: — Her Youth might easily have excused the inadvertent Steps she took, since they were far from being guilty ones in reality, or in the Opinion of any other than *Manilius*; and had he in gentle Terms reminded her, that the less she were seen at any of those Places, the more it would redound to her Praise; and in the lieu of those dangerous Amusements prepared others to entertain the Sprightliness of her Humour, it would doubtless have been no difficult Task to have rendered her Conduct by degrees such as he most desired it should be.

BUT instead of taking proper Measures to sooth her from those Pleasures, so enchanting to our early Years of Life, — he received her with Frowns whenever she happened to stay more late Abroad than he approv'd of; and at length finding that was not effectual, plainly told her, that if she desired to live well with him, she must not only keep better Honrs, but also entirely refrain all Conversation with some particular Persons of both Sexes, whom he nam'd to her.

THE abrupt Manner in which he laid this Injunction was more disobliging to her than the Injunction itself, unjust and cruel as it seem'd; — she knew not how to support such an assuming and majestic Behaviour from a Man who, but a few Months past, had seem'd to have no Will but her's, nor could conceive any Reason why the Name of Husband should convert the Slave into the Tyrant: — Her good Sense, as well as the Precepts that had been given her on her Marriage, made her know the Man had a Superiority over his Wife, but then she never imagined he was to exert it where nothing of an essential Wrong was done, and in such Trifles as these *Manilius* took upon him to condemn: — She saw that all the Ladies of her Acquaintance allowed themselves greater Liberties after they became Wives than they were permitted to do before, and stung to the quick at this arbitrary Proceeding, reply'd to him, that he was extremely in the wrong to marry a Person whom he did not think capable of governing herself without his Direction; — that while she could answer to herself what she did, nor gave the World any Reason to call her Conduct in question, she did not look on herself under any Obligation to incur the Ridicule of as many as knew her, and live like a Recluse, meerly to humour the Caprice of any one Person, even tho' it were a Husband.

THIS resolute Answer, which was also accompanied with a Look and Tone of Voice denoting the Displeasure she was in, made him repent he had not

not testify'd his Dislike of her Behaviour with somewhat less Austerity;—he excus'd it however as well as he could, but as he stuck to his Point, and insist'd on her keeping only such Company as should be approved by him, all he could say was far from abating her Discontent, and the Affection she had for him too weak to hinder her from conceiving a Spite that made her take a Pleasure in contradicting him.

IN fine, his Remonstrances had so ill an Effect, that instead of complying with the least of his Desires she acted in every thing the very reverse:—He interpreted all she did in the worst Sense, and never Man was more uneasy.

THOSE who knew the very Soul of *Sabina* aver, that it was impossible for any one to be more free from all guilty Inclinations; and tho', it must be own'd, she gave, more than became a Woman of strict Honour, into all the Gaities of Life, yet they will have it, that she did so more in Revenge to her Husband, and to shew both him and the World that she disdain'd any Proofs of Submission to a Will which she thought too arbitrary, than to any vicious Propensity in herself.

'Tis certain, indeed, that his Proceeding contributed a great deal towards bringing on the Misfortune he so much dreaded; because it not only by degrees destroy'd all the Respect and Tenderneſs she had for him, and render'd him

weak and contemptible in her Eyes, but also gave Encouragement to Addressees, which no Man of Sense will make to a Woman who lives in Harmony with her Husband.

SHE was yet too young not to be pleased with Adoration, and being entertain'd Abroad with those tender Declarations which *Manilius*, tho' he still lov'd her to Distraction, was too fullen and discontented to flatter her with at Home: — His Presence and his House grew every Day more disagreeable, and she was never easy but when in other Company.

WHEN a Woman once comes to be pleased with hearing fine Things said to her, she is in great Danger of being too much pleased with him that says them; and as I would have all Husbands take Warning by *Manilius*, not to urge or exasperate a Wife too much, so I would have all Wives beware how on any little Discontent at Home they seek a Consolation Abroad: — There are always sly Seducers, who, like the Serpent in *Eden*, are on the Watch to betray Innocence; these no sooner find any Dissatisfaction between the wedded Pair, than they improve it by a thousand subtle Insinuations, till they have entirely stole into the Heart, and usurp'd the Place of him who is the lawful, and ought to be the sole Lord thereof.

BUT to return: — Among the many who took Advantage of the Disagreement between
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tween *Sabina* and her Husband, there was one whose Person and Address gave a double Weight to the Arguments he made use of in order to widen the Breach ; — she found a secret yielding in her Heart to all he said, and wishing to be totally convinced, easily became so : — *Manilius* long indifferent became disagreeable, and at length hateful ; — the Thoughts of living with him grew insupportable, and on Persuasion of him who was the present Object of her softer Inclinations, she one Night pack'd up all her Jewels, and the richest of her Cloaths, and quitted forever his House and Presence : — To avoid all Prosecutions, her Lover prevail'd on her to go with him to *Boulogne* in *France*, where, changing their Names, they eluded all Enquiry.

MANILIUS raved like a Madman, spared no Expence, of Pains or Money, to find the Place of her Retreat, or who it was that had seduced her ; but all his Efforts were fruitless, 'till the Person, at whom his Revenge was levell'd, was no more.

SABINA enjoy'd but a very short Time the Pleasures of her guilty Flame ; — her Lover fell into a Fever and dyed at *Boulogne* in less than two Months after her Elopement : — Those Friends who were trusted with the Affair, in order to remit Money for the Expences of these self-exil'd Pair, and inform them how Matters went, now thought themselves no longer under any Obligations of Secrecy, and made no Scruple of
of

of divulging all that had been reposed in them, so that too late for the Gratification of the only Passion now remaining in him, that of Revenge, he heard by whom he had been injur'd.

As for *Sabina*, the Sight of Death, and that of one so fatally dear to her, brought her to a more just way of Reason than she had for some time past accustom'd herself; and resolving to abandon the World, its destructive Pleasures, its Follies, and the Shame which sooner or later overtakes all those who yield to its Allurements, she entered into a Monastery, where she still lives a Pensioner, but with the same Strictness as those who are profess'd Nuns and have taken the Veil.

THESE were the sad Consequences of a Jealousy, which most People will cry arose from an Excess of Love, but I still take upon me to maintain the contrary: — *Manilius* loved *Sabina* 'tis certain, yet was it not his Love, but the ill Opinion he had of Womenkind in general, which put him on those mistaken Measures to secure her to himself.

FOR my Part, I cannot help thinking but that this unfortunate Lady has a great Plea for Compassion; for tho' no ill Usage of what kind soever from a Husband can excuse us from revenging it in the Manner she did, yet when one considers the Frailty of Human Nature, and how prevalent, especially in our Sex, is that false Pride which prompts us to return Injury for Injury;
we

we may justly say, that it is Pity a Mind of itself not disposed to ill, should receive any Provocations to be so.

SABINA, indeed, was bred up in the utmost Abhorrence of Vice; those who had the Care of her Education told her what she must do in order to acquire the Love and Esteem of this World, and the Happiness promised to the Virtuous in the other; but then they indulg'd her in all the modish Amusements of the present Age, and suffered her to lavish on them too much of that Time which ought to have been employ'd in improving her Understanding; — in fine, she was train'd up in the Ways young Ladies in *England* ordinarily are; her Relations following the common Opinion, that to sing, dance, play on the Spinet, and work at her Needle, are Accomplishments sufficient for a Woman: — *Wit* she had enough, but was never taught that to accustom herself to Reflection was necessary to ripen that *Wit* into *Wisdom*; and every one knows, that the *One* without the *Other*, like a Ship with too much Ballast, is liable to sink with its own Weight.

WE were beginning to lament the Misfortunes our Sex frequently fall into through the Want of those Improvements we are, doubtless, capable of, when a Letter, left for us at our Publisher's, was brought in, which happening to be on that Subject, cannot any where be more properly insert'd than in this Place.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

LADIES,

‘ **P**ERMIT me to thank you for the kind
 ‘ and generous Task you have undertaken
 ‘ in endeavouring to improve the Minds and
 ‘ Manners of our unthinking Sex : — It is the
 ‘ noblest Act of Charity you could exercise in an
 ‘ Age like ours, where the Sense of Good and
 ‘ Evil is almost extinguish’d, and People desire
 ‘ to appear more vicious than they really are, that
 ‘ so they may be less unfashionable : This Hu-
 ‘ mour, which is too prevalent in the Female
 ‘ Sex, is the true Occasion of the many Evils
 ‘ and Dangers to which they are daily exposed :
 ‘ — No wonder the Men of Sense disregard us !
 ‘ and the Diffolute triumph over that Virtue
 ‘ they ought to protect !

‘ **Y**ET, I think, it would be cruel to charge the
 ‘ Ladies with all the Errors they commit ; it is
 ‘ most commonly the Fault of a wrong Educa-
 ‘ tion, which makes them frequently do amiss,
 ‘ while they think they not only act innocently
 ‘ but uprightly ; — it is therefore only the Men,
 ‘ and the Men of Understanding too, who, in ef-
 ‘ fect, merit the Blame of this, and are answerable
 ‘ for all the Misconduct we are guilty of ; — Why
 ‘ do they call us *silly Women*, and not endeavour to
 ‘ make us otherwise ? — God and Nature has en-
 ‘ dued them with Means, and *Custom* has esta-
 ‘ blished

‘ blished them in the Power of rendering our
 ‘ Minds such as they ought to be; — how
 ‘ highly ungenerous is it then to give us a wrong
 ‘ turn, and then despise us for it!

‘ THE *Mahometans*, indeed, enslave their Wo-
 ‘ men, but then they teach them to believe their
 ‘ Inferiority will extend to Eternity; but our
 ‘ Case is even worse than this, for while we live
 ‘ in a free Country, and are assured from our ex-
 ‘ cellent *Christian* Principles that we are capable
 ‘ of those refined Pleasures which last to Immor-
 ‘ tality, our Minds, our better Parts, are wholly
 ‘ left uncultivated, and, like a rich Soil neglected,
 ‘ bring forth nothing but noxious Weeds.

‘ THERE is, undoubtedly, no Sexes in Souls,
 ‘ and we are as able to receive and practise the
 ‘ Impressions, not only of Virtue and Religion,
 ‘ but also of those Sciences which the Men en-
 ‘ gross to themselves, as they can be: — Surely
 ‘ our Bodies were not form’d by the great Crea-
 ‘ tor out of the finest Mould, that our Souls
 ‘ might be neglected like the coarsest of the
 ‘ Clay!

‘ O! would too imperious, and too tenacious
 ‘ Man, be so just to the World as to be more
 ‘ careful of the Education of those Females to
 ‘ whom they are Parents or Guardians! —
 ‘ Would they convince them in their Infancy
 ‘ that Dress and Shew are not the Essentials of a
 ‘ fine Lady, and that true Beauty is seated in the

‘ Mind; how soon should we see our Sex re-
 ‘ trieve the many Virtues which false Taste has
 ‘ bury’d in Oblivion! — Strange Infatuation!
 ‘ to refuse us what would so much contribute to
 ‘ their own Felicity! — Would not themselves
 ‘ reap the Benefit of our Amendment? Should
 ‘ we not be more obedient Daughters, more
 ‘ faithful Wives, more tender Mothers, more
 ‘ sincere Friends, and more valuable in every
 ‘ other Station of Life?

‘ But, I find, I have let my Pen run a much
 ‘ greater Length than I at first intended: — If
 ‘ I have said any thing worthy your Notice, or
 ‘ what you think the Truth of the Case, I hope
 ‘ you will mention this Subject in some of your
 ‘ future Essays; or if you find I have any way
 ‘ err’d in my Judgment, to set me right will be
 ‘ the greatest Favour you can confer on,

LADIES,

Your constant Reader,

Hampton Court,

Jan. 12, 1744-5.

And humble Servant,

CLEORA.

AFTER thanking this Lady for the Favour of
 her obliging Lettter, we think it our Duty to
 congratulate her on being one of those happy
 Few who have been blest with that Sort of Edu-
 cation which she so pathetically laments the Want
 of in the greatest Part of our Sex.

THOSE

THOSE Men are certainly guilty of a great deal of Injustice who think, that all the Learning becoming in a Woman is confined to the Management of her Family; that is, to give Orders concerning the Table, take care of her Children in their Infancy, and observe that her Servants do not neglect their Business: — All this no doubt is very necessary, but would it not be better if she performs those Duties more through Principle than Custom? and will she be less punctual in her Observance of them, after she becomes a Wife, for being perfectly convinced, before she is so, of the Reasonableness of them, and why they are expected from her?

MANY Women have not been inspired with the least Notion of even those Requisites in a Wife, and when they become so, continue the same loitering, lolling, idle Creatures they were before; and then the Men are ready enough to condemn those who had the Care of their Education.

TERRIBLE is it, indeed, for the Husband, especially if he be a Tradesman, or Gentleman of small Estate, who marries with a Woman of this Stamp, whatever Fortune she brings will immediately run out, and 'tis well if all his own does not follow: — Even Persons of the highest Rank in Life will suffer greatly both in their Circumstances and Peace of Mind, when she, who ought to be the Mistress of the Family, lives in it like a Stran-

ger, and perhaps knows no more of what those about her do than an Alien.

BUT supposing her an excellent Oeconomist, in every Respect what the World calls a notable Woman, methinks the Husband would be yet infinitely happier were she endued with other good Qualities as well as a perfect Understanding in Household Affairs :—The Governess of a Family, or what is commonly call'd Houskeeper, provided she be honest and careful, might discharge this Trust as well as a Wife ; but there is, doubtless, somewhat more to be expected by a Man from that Woman whom the Ceremony of Marriage has made Part of himself:—She is, or ought to be, if qualified for it, the Repository of his dearest Secrets, the Moderator of his fiercer Passions, the Softner of his most anxious Cares, and the constantly chearful and entertaining Companion of his more unbended Moments.

To be all this she must be endued with a consummate Prudence, a perfect Evenness of Temper, an unshaken Fortitude, a gentle affable Behaviour, and a sprightly Wit :— The Foundation of these Virtues must be indeed in Nature, but Nature may be perverted by ill Customs, or, if not so, still want many Embellishments from Education ; without which, however valuable in itself, it would appear rude and barbarous to others, and lose more than half the Effect it ought to have.

THE younger *Dryden's* Translation of that admirable Satire of *Juvenal* has these Words:

*Children, like tender Oziers, take the Bow,
And as they first are fashion'd always grow:
For what we learn in Youth, to that alone,
In Age we are by second Nature prone.*

How much therefore does it behove those who have the Care of Youth, to mould their tender Minds to that Shape which will best become those Stations in Life they may be expected to fill.

OUR Sex, from their very Infancy, are encouraged to drefs and fondle their Babies; a Custom not improper, because it gives an early Idea of that Care and Tendernefs we ought to shew those real Babes to whom we may happen to be Mothers: But I am apt to think, that without this Prepossession, Nature would inform us what was owing from us to those whom we have given Being: — The very Look and innocent Cry of those little Images of ourselves would be more prevailing than any Rules could be: — This the meerest Savages who live without Precept, and are utterly ignorant of all moral Virtues, may inform us; — nay, for Conviction in this Point, we may descend yet lower, and only observe the tender Care which the Beasts of the Field and the Fowls of the Air take of their young ones.

To

To be good *Mothers*, therefore, tho' a Duty incumbent on all who are so, requires fewer Lessons than to be good *Wives*: — We all groan under the Curse entail'd upon us for the Transgression of *Eve*.

• THY Desire shall be to thy Husband, and he shall rule over thee.'

BUT we are not taught enough how to lighten this Burthen, and render ourselves such as would make him ashamed to exert that Authority, he thinks he has a Right to, over us.

WERE that Time which is taken up in instructing us in Accomplishments, which, however taking at first Sight, conduce little to our essential Happiness, employ'd in studying the Rules of Wisdom, in well informing us what we are, and what we ought to be, it would doubtless inspire those, to whom we should happen to be united, with a Reverence which would not permit them to treat us with that Lightness and Contempt, which, tho' some of us may justly enough incur, often drives not only such, but the most innocent of us, to Extravagancies that render ourselves, and those concern'd with us equally miserable.

WHY then, as *Cleora* says, do the Men, who are and will be the sole Arbitrators in this Case, refuse us all Opportunities of enlarging our Minds, and improving those Talents we have received from

from God and Nature ; and which, if put in our Power to exert in a proper Manner, would make no less their own Happiness than our Glory ?

THEY cry, of what use can Learning be to us, when Custom, and the Modesty of our Sex, forbids us to speak in public Places ? — 'Tis true that it would not besit us to go into the Pulpit, nor harangue at the Bar ; but this is a weak and trifling Argument against our being qualify'd for either, since all *Men* who are so were never intended for the Service of the Church, nor put on the long Robe ; and by the same Rule therefore the Sons as well as Daughters of good Families should be bred up in Ignorance.

KNOWLEDGE is a light Burthen, and, I believe, no one was ever the worse for being skilled in a great many Things, tho' he might never have occasion for any of them.

BUT of all Kinds of Learning the Study of Philosophy is certainly the most pleasant and profitable : — It corrects all the vicious Humours of the Mind, and inspires the noblest Virtues ; — it enlarges our Understanding ; — it brings us acquainted with ourselves, and with every thing that is in Nature ; and the more we arrive at a Proficiency in it, the more happy and the more worthy we are. — Mr. *Prior* tells us,

On

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*On its best Steps each Age and Sex may rise;
'Tis like the Ladder in the Patriarch's Dream;
Its Foot on Earth, its Height beyond the Skies.*

MANY Examples have there been of Ladies who have attained to very great Perfection in this sublime and useful Science; and doubtless the Number had been greatly increased but for the Discouragement our Sex meets with, when we aim at any thing beyond the Needle.

THE World would infallibly be more happy than it is, were Women more knowing than they generally are; and very well worth the while of those who have the Interest of the Female Part of their Family at Heart, to instruct them early in some of the most necessary Rudiments of Philosophy:—All those little Follies now ascrib'd to us, and which, indeed, we but too much incur the Censure of, would then vanish, and the Dignity of Human Nature shine forth in us, I will venture to say, with, at least, as much Splendor as in the other Sex.

ALL that Restlessness of Temper we are accused of, that perpetual Inclination for gadding from Place to Place; --- those Vapours, those Disquiets we often feel meerly for want of some material Cause of Disquiet, would be no more, when once the Mind was employ'd in the pleasing Enquiries of Philosophy; --- a Search that well rewards the Pains we take in it, were we even to make no considerable Progress; because even the
most

most minute Discovery affords Matter for Reflection and Admiration.

WHETHER our Speculations extend to the greatest and most tremendous Objects, or pry into the smallest Works of the Creation, new Scenes of Wonder every Moment open to our Eyes; and as Love and Reverence to the Deity is by every one allowed to be the Ground-Work of all Virtues and Religion, it is, methinks, no less impolitick than unjust to deny us the Means of becoming more good as well as more wise.

FROM the Brute Creation we may learn Industry, Patience, Tenderneſs, and a thousand Qualities, which tho' the Human Soul poſſeſſes in an infinitely larger Degree, yet the Obſervation how exercis'd by Creatures of inferior Specie, will oblige us to look into ourſelves, and bluſh at the Remembrance, that for want of Reflection we have ſometimes forgot what we are, and perhaps acted beneath thoſe very Animals we deſpiſe, and think on as no more than the Duſt from which they ſprung.

It is certainly a very great Miſfortune as well as a Fault in us, that we are apt to have Pride enough to value ourſelves highly on the Dignity of our Nature, but yet have not enough to act up in any Meaſure to it: — This is, methinks, paying too great a Regard to Names, and neglecting Eſſentials.

THE Men in this respect are, indeed, as much to blame as we, nay, much more so, those at least of a liberal Education, who having those Advantages of Learning, which are deny'd to us, behave as tho' they had never been instructed in any thing but how to indulge the Senses in the most elegant Manner.

THE Women, at worst, could but act as many of the Men do who are refused no Improvements; — they ought, therefore, to make Tryal of us, and not grudge the Expence of Books and Masters to the one Sex any more than to the other.

IF, by the Texture of the Brain, as some pretend to alledge, we are less capable of deep Meditations, and have a Multiplicity of volatile Ideas, which, continually wandering, naturally prevent our fixing on any one Thing; the more Care should be taken to improve such as may be of Service, and suppress those that have a contrary Tendency.

THAT this is possible to be done, I believe, those who reason most strongly this way, and pretend to understand the Mechanism of our Formation best, will not deny.

BUT I agree no farther than in Supposition to this Common-Place Argument, made use of by the Enemies of our Sex: — The Delicacy of those numerous Filaments which contain, and separate from each other what are call'd the Seats of Invention,

vention, Memory, and Judgment, may not, for any thing they can prove to the contrary, render them less strong; but as I am not Anatomist enough to know whether there is really any such Difference or not between the Male and Female Brain, I will not pretend to reason on this Point.

I HAVE an Opinion of my own, which, being approv'd of by *Mira* and *Euphrosine*, I will venture to declare, tho' our noble Widow laughs at us all for it. — It is this :

THE Vivacity of our Ideas, — the Quickness of our Apprehensions, and those ready Turns which most Women, much more than Men, have on any sudden Exigence, seem to me to proceed from a greater Redundance of the animal Spirits; and if they sometimes appear too confus'd and huddled, as it were, together, it is but like a Crowd of Mob round the Stage of a Mountebank, where all endeavouring to be foremost, obstruct the Passage of each other.

If this should happen to be the Case, as I shall always believe 'till convinced, by very good Reasons, of the contrary, it is easy to check the too great Velocity of these Particles, by laying down one great Point, into which, as to a Center, they might all direct their Course.

THE most subtil Spirits may be fixed by that Sovereign Chymist, solid Reflection: — *Thought* will give them a due Weight, and prevent their

Evaporation ; but then the Subject must be delightful as well as serious, or the Mind may be in Danger of an opposite Extreme, and from being too giddy, become irrecoverably mop'd.

PHILOSOPHY is, therefore, the Toil which can never tire the Person engag'd in it ; — all its Ways are strewed with Roses, and the farther you go, the more enchanting Objects appear before you, and invite you on.

THAT this Science is not too abstruse for our Sex to arrive at a great Perfection in, none can presume to deny ; because many known Examples, both in ancient and modern Times, prove the Certainty of it.

WHO has not heard of the fam'd *Hypatia*, who read Lectures of Philosophy in the Public Schools in *Alexandria*, and of whose Eloquence and Wisdom, St. *Cyril*, then Bishop of that Place, stood so much in Awe, that finding it impossible to bring her over to his Opinion in Matters of Religion, he never rested till he had found Means to take away her Life : — An Action for which he has been severely reproach'd by after and less bigotted Ages.

MANY others acquired an equal Share of Reputation with this fair *Greek*, but there is no need of searching Antiquity for that which the present Age gives an unquestionable Proof of in the celebrated *Donna Laura*, who has not only disputed

puted with, but also confuted the most learned Doctors in *Italy*, in those Points on which they happen'd to differ from her.

SOME Branches of the Mathematicks are also very agreeable and improving Amusements for young Ladies, particular *Geography*, in which they may travel the World over, be acquainted with all its Parts, and find new Matter to adore the Infinite Wisdom, which presiding over and throughout such a Diversity of contrary Climes, suits every one so as to be most pleasing and convenient to the Inhabitants.

HISTORY must not be omitted, as it cannot fail engaging the Mind to Attention, and affording the strongest Precept by Example: — The Rise and Fall of Monarchies; — the Fate of Princes, the Sources from which their good or ill Fortune may be deduc'd; — the various Events which the Struggles for Liberty against arbitrary Power have produc'd, and the wonderful Effects which the Heroism of particular Persons has obtained, both to curb Oppression in the Tyrant, and Sedition in the Subject, affords an ample Field for Contemplation, and at the same time too much Pleasure to leave room for any Amusements of a low and trifling Nature.

THESE are what I would have the serious Employments of a young Lady's Mind: — Music, Dancing, and the reading of Poetry and Novels
may

may sometimes come in by way of Relaxation, but ought not to be too much indulg'd.

BUT any Study, any Amusement, should be suited to the Genius and Capacity of the Person to whom it's prescrib'd : — I only mention these as worthy Employments of the Mind ; there are others which perhaps may be equally so, and are to be adhered to, or rejected, according to the Judgment of those who have the Government of Youth.

ALL I insist on, and all I believe that *Cleora*, or any other Well-wisher to our Sex, and through us to the Happiness of Mankind in general, can desire, is, that the Talents with which we are born may not be stifled by a wrong Education.

I CANNOT, however, take leave of this Subject without answering one Objection which I have heard made against Learning in our Sex, which is, that the politer Studies take us off from those that are more necessary, tho' less ornamental.

I BELIEVE many well-meaning People may be deceived into this Opinion, which, notwithstanding, is very unjust : — Those Improvements which I have mention'd, sublime as they are, will never be of Prejudice to our attending to those lower Occupations of Life, which are not to be dispensed with except in those of the great World. — They will rather, by making a Woman more sensible than she could otherwise be, of what is
either

either her Duty, or becoming in her to do, that she will be doubly industrious and careful, not to give any Excuse for Reproaches, either from her own Conscience, or the Tongues of those who would suffer by her Transgression.

IN a word, it is entirely owing to a narrow Education that we either give our Husbands room to find fault with our Conduct, or that we have Leisure to pry too scrutinously into theirs: — Happy would it be for both, were this almost sole Cause of all our Errors once reform'd; and I am not without some Glimmerings of Hope that it will one Day be so.

THE Ladies themselves, methinks, begin to seem sensible of the Injustice which has long been done them, and find a Vacuum in their Minds, which, to fill up, they, of their own accord, invented the way of sticking little Pictures on Cabinets, Screens, Dressing-Tables, and other little Pieces of Chamber-Furniture, and then varnishing them over so as to look like one Piece of Painting; and they now have got into the Art of turning Ivory into whatever Utensils they fancy: — There is no doubt but a Pair of Globes will make a better Figure in their Anti-Chambers than the Vice and Wheel; but great Revolutions are not to be expected at once, and if they once take it in their Heads to prefer Works of Ingenuity, tho' in the most trifling Matters, to Dress, Gaming and rambling Abroad, they will, it is to be hop'd, proceed to more noble and elevated Studies.

If the married Ladies of Distinction begin the Change, and bring Learning into Fashion, the younger will never cease soliciting their Parents and Guardians for the Means of following it, and every Toilet in the Kingdom be loaded with Materials for beautifying the Mind more than the Face of its Owner.

THE Objection, therefore, that I have heard made by some Men, that Learning would make us too assuming, is weak and unjust in itself, because there is nothing would so much cure us of those Vanities we are accused of, as Knowledge.

A BEAUTIFUL well dress'd Lady, who is acquainted with no other Merit than Appearance, never looks in her Glass without thinking all the Adoration can be paid to her, is too small a Tribute to her Charms; and even those of our Sex, who seem most plain in the Eyes of other People, never fail to see something in themselves worthy of attracting the most tender Homage.

It is merely want of Consideration, and the living, as most of us do, in a blind Ignorance of what we truly are, or what we ought reasonably to expect from the World, that gives us that Pride, for which those, who to our Faces treat us with the greatest Respect, laugh at, and despise us for behind our Backs.

It has ever been agreed, by Men of the best Understanding, that the farther they go in the won-

wonderful Researches of Nature, the more abash'd and humble they are : — They see the unfathomable Depth before them, and with it the Insufficiency of human Penetration : — The little they are able to discover convinces them that there are Things still out of their reach, and even beyond their Comprehension ; and while it raises their Ideas of the Almighty Wisdom, puts an entire Check to all vain Imaginations of their own.

BUT, say they, Learning puts the Sexes too much on an Equality, it would destroy that implicit Obedience which it is necessary the Women should pay to our Commands : — If once they have the Capacity of arguing with us, where would be our Authority !

NOW will I appeal to any impartial Reader, even among the Men, if this very Reason for keeping us in Subjection does not betray an Arrogance and Pride in themselves, yet less excusable than that which they seem so fearful of our assuming.

I WILL also undertake to prove, not only by my own Observation but by that of every Person who has taken any Pains to examine the World, that those Women have always been the most domineering, whose Talents have received the least Improvement from Education.

IT may happen, indeed, that some might grow overbearing on such Advantages, for there are Tempers too turbulent for any Bounds to restrain ;

but I will at the same time maintain, that they would have been still worse if kept in Ignorance that to be so was a Fault: — Nature will always be the same, and she who is prone to Pride and Vanity will give Testimonies of it, even tho' she has no one Perfection either of Mind or Body to serve as a Pretence.

BUT, as of two Evils the least is to be chosen, is it not better, therefore, for any Man who has the Misfortune to have a termagant or imperious Wife, that when People speak of her Behaviour they should say, *She is a Woman of an admirable Understanding and great Learning, she only knows her own Merit too well*; than to hear them cry, *What a vain, idle, ignorant, prating Creature she is?* — I dare answer, there is not a Husband in all *Great Britain* that would not be glad to hear the *first* rather than the *last* Character given of the Woman to whom he is united.

THIS, however, is certain, that Knowledge can make the Bad no worse, and would make the Good much better than they could be without it.

IF, therefore, the Parents of a young Lady thrust her out into the World unfinish'd, as I may venture to call it, when no Care is taken of her better Part, it would not, methinks, be unbecoming in her Husband to supply that Deficiency: — She would receive Instruction from his Mouth with double Pleasure, and it must certainly be an infinite Satisfaction to him to perceive the Improvement

ment his fair Pupil daily made under his Tuition :
 — Nothing in my Opinion could more endear
 them to each other, nor be a greater Proof of
 their mutual Affection. *Milton* most elegantly
 expreffes fuch a Circumftance in the Eighth Book
 of his *Paradife Loft*, where *Raphael* being in
 Converfation with *Adam* on Matters then above
 the Comprehenfion of *Eve*, ſhe withdrew that
 ſhe might afterwards hear it from her Husband.

————— *By his Countenance ſeem'd*
Ent'ring on ſtudious Thoughts abſtrufe ; which
Eve

Perceiving where ſhe ſat retired in ſight,
With Lowlineſs Majestic from her Seat,
And Grace, that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and
Flowers,

To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her Nurſery ; they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair Tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch Diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her Ear
Of what was high : — Such Pleaſure ſhe re-
ſerv'd

Adam relating, ſhe ſole Auditreſs ;
Her Husband the Relator ſhe prefer'd
Before the Angel, and of him to aſk
Chooſe rather : He, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful Digreſſions, and ſolve high Diſputes
With conjugal Careſſes ; from his Lip,
Not Words alone pleas'd her. — O when meet now
Such Pairs, in Love and mutual Honour join'd !

AND again, speaking of the Delights they found in each other's Conversation ;

*For while I sit wib thee I seem in Heaven,
And sweeter thy Discourse is to my Ear
Than Fruits of Palm-Trees (pleasantest to Thirst
And Hunger both from Labour) at the Hour
Of sweet Repast : They satiate, and soon fill
Tho' pleasant ; but thy Words with Grace Di-
vine
Imbued, bring to their Sweetness no Satiety.*

WHERE there is that Union of Hearts as well as Hands, which can alone answer the Ends for which Marriage was first instituted, the Husband in finding his Precepts effectual and delightful must feel no less Rapture in himself, and Increase of Love for the dear Authorefs of it, than the same incomparable Poet, just now quoted, ascribes to the great Father of Mankind, when speaking of *Eve* he defines the Passion he has for her, and the Motives of it in these Terms :

*It is not
Neither her outside Form so fair, nor ought
In Procreation common to all Kinds,
(Tho' higher of the Genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious Reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful Acts,
Those thousand Decencies that daily flow
From all her Words and Actions, mix'd with
Love*

And

*And sweet Compliance, which declares un-
feign'd*

*Union of Mind, or in us both one Soul ;
Harmony to behold in wedded Pair.*

METHINKS it would be no Difficulty for two People who love each other as they ought, and some such there doubtless are, to practise over a little of the Behaviour of our first Parents in their State of Innocence : — 'Tis true, they would incur a good deal of Ridicule from the more gay and noisy World on first attempting such a thing, but that would wear off in time by their Perseverance ; and the Benefits accruing from it to all belonging to them, as well as to themselves, would become so demonstrative, as might, perhaps, induce the most Thoughtless to make tryal of such a way of Life.

BUT all this, I doubt, will be look'd upon as visionary, and my Readers will cry, that my Business, as a *Spectator*, is to report such Things as I see, and am convinced of the Truth of, not present them with Ideas of my own Formation, and which, as the World now is, can never be reduc'd to Practice : — To which I beg leave to reply, that the Impossibility lies only in the *Will* ; — much may be done by a steady Resolution, — without it, nothing.

I do not, indeed, flatter myself with living to see my Counsel in this Point make any great Impression ;

pression ; the Mode is against me, and those who may approve the most of what I say will yet be ashamed to confess it.

*Custom a Second Nature grows,
And Law and Reason both o'erthrows.*

NOTHING certainly can be more strange than that People, of even common Understanding, can suffer themselves to be sway'd to Actions and Behaviour repugnant to their own Hearts, and often unsuitable to their Circumstances, merely because some Persons of Distinction have establish'd it into a Fashion ; yet that it is so, every one knows, and any one who should undertake to put a Stop to this almost universal Propensity, at least in this Nation, might, with equal Success, endeavour to turn the Wind from one Point of the Compass to another with a single Breath.

MONSTROUS Stupidity ! — All Diseases, all Imperfections of the *Body*, which those in high Life would part with all their Grandeur to get rid of, are aped by the inferior World, and thought agreeable and genteel : — All the Vices and ill Qualities of the *Mind* are also sanctify'd by Title and Opulence : — Whatever is a Defect either in Nature or Principle, presently converts itself into the reverse, is copy'd after, and perhaps excell'd by those who care not what they are, so they are but like the Great.

BUT

BUT of all the Follies which this Passion for Imitation occasions, there is none more to be complained of by the Well-wishers of Mankind, than that which we daily see practised by married People; who, tho' they really have a sufficient Share of Tenderness for each other to answer all the Ends of that sacred Institution, and can neither of them find any Company Abroad whose Conversation to them comes in any Competition with that they leave at Home, yet are hardly ever seen together in public Places: When one goes out of Town the other stays behind; so that they seem rather like Buckets of a Well, that are always in a retrograde Motion, than Persons who are by Love and Law inseparably united: — And all this Violence they offer to themselves meerly to avoid being call'd unpolite.

WE are often told, that all the Calamities under which this Nation at present groans, are owing to the general Corruption and Depravity among us; and I believe no Person of Understanding will pretend to deny so notorious and so melancholly a Truth; yet will all Exhortations, all Remonstrances, all Precepts be in vain to accomplish a Reformation, without some very great Examples lead the way, and once more bring Virtue and Good-Manners into vogue.

IT is not from below we are to expect any illuminous Emanations, nor would they have the necessary Influence; but when darted upon us
from

from above, all see their Light and partake of the Blessings they bestow. Virtue, tho' adorn'd with all the Graces, in mean Persons is no more than a dark Lanthorn giving Light only to him that carries it; but those who sit aloft wear a Sun upon their Breasts, which all behold, admire, and are ambitious to follow.

End of the Tenth Book.



T H E

Female Spectator.

B O O K X I.



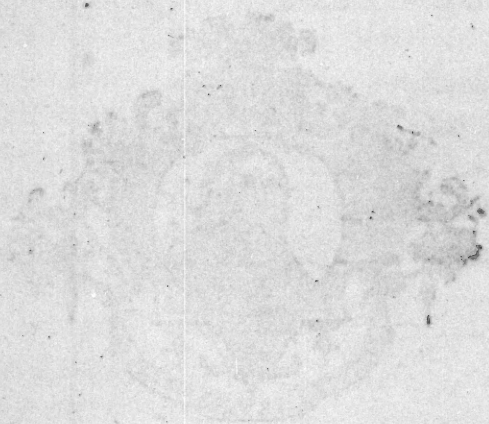
L O N D O N :

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THE

Female Spectator.

BOOK XI



LONDON

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in the Strand.



T H E
Female Spectator.

B O O K XI.



SINCE the Publication of our last, two Letters are come to Hand; both which appear to us, and I believe will do so to every Reader, to have a visible Tendency to the proving one great Point, and seem as if the Authors had Intelligence with each other, and only took different Routs to meet at the same Stage at last.

BE that as it may, tho' the Subject has been of late very much exploded, especially by those who would be thought extremely wise, we shall not be afraid of being rank'd among the Set of weak

and old-fashion'd Mortals, who still give Credit to what was never questioned by our Fore-Fathers, and readily insert, not only what these Correspondents have favour'd us with, but also whatever may hereafter be communicated to us with the same View.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

I Perused, with an uncommon Satisfaction, your agreeable Essay of the First of this Month, wherein you so justly and obligingly exhort your Sex to those Avocations which can alone render them what *they* wish to be, *our Equals*, and what *we* heartily wish them to be, *our Helpmates*. — I do assure you, that tho' a Man, I am none of those lordly or tenacious Tyrants who would deny them any Privileges they are capable of making a good Use of, and will very readily allow, that it is a Duty incumbent on every Parent, Guardian or Husband to improve, as much as in them lies, the Genius he may find in the Female he has under his Protection.

Your recommending the Study of *Philosophy* to the Ladies, as well as the many Reflections which I find sprinkled thro' your Works, convince me you are not wholly ignorant yourself in a Science you can speak so feelingly upon: When I say Philosophy, I mean that most useful Branch of it which teaches the Knowledge
of

‘ of one’s Self ; — the true Nature of the no-
 ‘ bler Part of our Being, the Soul ; — its Man-
 ‘ ner of acting through the Organs of the Body ;
 ‘ —wherefore so much circumscrib’d ;—and how
 ‘ it would operate if disincumber’d from Matter.
 ‘ — I dare believe you have thought intensely
 ‘ on all these Things ; and tho’ no definite An-
 ‘ swer can be expected, as it is impossible to ar-
 ‘ rive at Certainty where the Almighty himself
 ‘ has placed a Bar to human Penetration ; yet to
 ‘ hear a Variety of Opinions in what so nearly
 ‘ concerns us, enlarges whatever Ideas we may
 ‘ have of our own, and affords a good deal of
 ‘ Pleasure to a contemplative Mind.

‘ THAT we have Souls very different from
 ‘ what are to be found in any other Specie of
 ‘ created Beings we have any Acquaintance
 ‘ with, neither *Lucretius* nor any of his Fol-
 ‘ lowers ever pretended to deny ; but then they
 ‘ bring *Instinct* in the *Brute* World so near to
 ‘ *Reason* in the *Human*, that the Preference
 ‘ given to the latter is very small, if any:—They
 ‘ tell us, every Animal has a sufficient Share of
 ‘ Sagacity to enable it to provide for its own
 ‘ Preservation, which is more than we can always
 ‘ say of that Sovereign Reason we so much boast
 ‘ of, and pride ourselves upon ; since, liable to be
 ‘ subjected every Moment to Passions of vari-
 ‘ ous Kinds, it has not the Power of preventing
 ‘ us from falling into Mischiefs the wiser Beasts
 ‘ avoid.

How

‘ How these unfortunate Propensities got En-
 ‘ trance into our Nature,—by what Means they
 ‘ are to be restrain’d, and whether any farther
 ‘ Reward attends our Practice of Self-denial,
 ‘ than what a regular, or what is commonly call’d
 ‘ a virtuous Life affords us in this World, I leave
 ‘ to the Divines ; all I am contending for is the
 ‘ the Superiority of Human Nature, — that the
 ‘ Sagacity of Animals is in no degree of Com-
 ‘ petition with our Power of Reflection, and that
 ‘ there is somewhat in the Soul which proves it
 ‘ of Divine Original, and in verity an Emana-
 ‘ tion from the Great Soul of all ; and if so, that
 ‘ it must in itself be uncorruptible and im-
 ‘ mortal.

‘ LET those then, who seem to take Delight in
 ‘ degrading their own Nature, by levelling it with
 ‘ that of the Brutes, pretend the *Instinct* of the
 ‘ one equals the *Reason* of the other ;—that the
 ‘ intellectual Checks we feel on every Misdoing
 ‘ is no more than the Prejudice of Education ;
 ‘ —that Conscience is an airy empty Name, and
 ‘ say with Mr. Dryden,

‘ *By Education we are all misled,*
 ‘ *So we believe, because we so are bred :*
 ‘ *The Priest continues what the Nurse began,*
 ‘ *And thus the Child imposes on the Man.*

‘ LET them, I say, pursue this Argument,
 ‘ weak and ill founded as it is ; I will not go
 ‘ about to confute it, because there is a nearer
 Way

‘ Way to prove the Point in Question, and is, I
 ‘ think, more demonstrative than even *Thought*,
 ‘ *Invention*, *Reflection*, or any of those Powers
 ‘ which are generally mention’d to distinguish
 ‘ the immortal from the animal Soul.

‘ THERE is a *something* in us which neither
 ‘ *Nurse* nor *Priest* could be able to inspire us
 ‘ with; — a *something* which we have not at
 ‘ Command, either to serve us when most we
 ‘ stand in need of it, or to chide from us, tho’
 ‘ we should never so much as attempt to do it;
 ‘ — it flashes upon us when we are not aware of
 ‘ it; — it is with us and is gone in the same
 ‘ Instant; — like Light’ning sudden, strong, and
 ‘ no sooner found than lost.

‘ WHAT I mean are those Starts of Prescience
 ‘ which I never met any one yet that had deny’d
 ‘ he had experienc’d in a more or less Degree:
 ‘ — At the Time when we are most relaxed from
 ‘ Thought and busy Cares, perhaps laughing with
 ‘ our Friends over a chearful Bowl, a Ray of this
 ‘ Divine Attribute shall shoot upon us, and tell
 ‘ us that such or such a thing will happen; but
 ‘ then ’tis fleeting, transient, and vanishes in the
 ‘ same Instant that it came, and we know not
 ‘ that we ever had it till the Event it had fore-
 ‘ shewn arrives; then it returns to Memory, and
 ‘ seems to reproach the little Regard paid to it.

‘ IT would be in vain to assert that all this is
 ‘ no more than the Result of former Thoughts,
 which

• which when uncall'd recoil upon us, because
 • these Flashes of Fore-knowledge are frequently
 • on Affairs we never thought upon, or had the
 • least Concern in, yet some time after when we
 • hear of them we shall remember that we had
 • a Warning of them.

• As such sudden Emanations therefore are pre-
 • vented from being of any Manner of Service
 • to us in the Conduct of our Worldly Affairs,
 • by their not obtaining any Place in the reten-
 • tive Faculty, and it would be the most daring
 • Impiety to imagine, that the Great Author of
 • Nature does any thing in vain, ought we not to
 • believe them sent to convince us we have with-
 • in us a Part of his own Divine Essence, to raise
 • in us a high Idea of the true Dignity of our
 • Souls, to bless incessantly, and praise with hum-
 • blest Gratitude the Bestower of Privileges so
 • immense, and to be careful not to commit any
 • Action to render us unworthy of them !

• As among the many Arguments made use
 • of in Favour of the Immortality of the Soul,
 • I never found this had a Place ; I should not
 • expect it would have much Weight if I were
 • not convinced every Reader will find the Truth
 • of it in his own Breast : — For my Part I
 • look on it as a Proof beyond all Evasion, and
 • that it seems intended for an universal one, be-
 • cause it stands in need of no Learning to sup-
 • port it, and may be received by the meanest
 • Capacity as well as by the most extensive.

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‘ IN an Age such as this, when the Belief of
 ‘ Annihilation is the Creed in vogue, all Attempts
 ‘ to prevent a Doctrine so absurd, and of so ma-
 ‘ nifestly wicked a Tendency, from taking too
 ‘ deep a Root ought to be encourag’d ; for which
 ‘ Reason I flatter myself you will insert this in the
 ‘ next Lucubrations you oblige us with ; and if
 ‘ you are so good to subjoin your own Opinion
 ‘ of the Matter, I dare answer it will be perfectly
 ‘ agreeable to the greatest Part of your Readers,
 ‘ and particularly to him who is,

With the utmost Respect,

MADAM,

Your most humble,

*Richmond,
 Jan. 21, 1744-5.*

And most obedient Servant,

PLATONIDES.

P. S. ‘ As those intellectual Warnings above
 ‘ mention’d are more frequent with some People
 ‘ than others, I imagine a Hint how they might
 ‘ be improved would be of Service ; but that as
 ‘ you and your fair Associates shall judge con-
 ‘ venient.

THIS new, and, I believe, indeed, before un-
 thought of Notion very much charm’d us all ;
 —we fell immediately into a little Resverie, and
 after a short Retrospect into ourselves, concurr’d
 in owning we had each of us felt that Flash of
 Preſcience which *Platonides* ſo emphatically de-

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ſcribes,

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scribes ; we cannot therefore avoid giving it as our joint Opinion, that it must proceed from something more than Chance, that such a Ray of Knowledge, or of Inspiration rather, should all at once, and without any Endeavour or even Desire of it, strike upon the Mind; and that it is one of those many Marks we carry about us, of being form'd according to the Image of our all-wise Creator.

YET such is the Stupidity and Blindness of the greatest Part of Mankind, that we value ourselves on Trifles, and take a Pleasure in degrading the only Thing worthy of Regard, — the immortal Soul! — that which alone gives us the Title of Lords of the Creation, and a Right to dispose of other Beings as we find necessary for our Support or Pastime.

I BELIEVE it is agreed to by all, I mean of those who agree to any thing beyond what the sensual Eye can penetrate into, that there are innumerable Orders of Beings between us and the great Author of all ; and if so, how must these superior Spirits commiserate, for by the Excellence of their Nature they have it not in their Power to condemn our Foibles, how must it grieve them when they look down and see us priding ourselves on a Set of well-turn'd Features, a delicate Skin, fine Hair or Teeth, which a thousand Accidents may deprive us of in a Moment, and old Age infallibly decays, yet not only neglect, but deny we are in Possession of that which no cross Events,

Events, no Sickness, no Length of Days, nor Death itself can hurt ;—that which will last when Time shall be no more, and tread in Glory the sacred Rounds of vast Eternity !

AN adequate Satisfaction must it also afford to the great Enemy of Mankind, while he flatters himself, that by so readily renouncing all Pretensions to Immortality, we shall be, indeed, cut off from the Inheritance promised to the Children of God.

BUT I hope, and am perswaded, that this Doctrine of Annihilation is but from the *Lip* ;—that the *Heart*, at least in most People, disavows so low and groveling a Principle ; and that they are only tempted to profess it in Complaisance to some, who, to prevail on them to act as they would have them in this World, endeavour to make them think there is nothing either to be wish'd or dreaded in the next.

If there be any weak enough to adopt in reality so absurd a Principle, it can be only those who, indulging themselves in a continual Series of Voluptuousness, assign no other Employment for the Mind than the Study of new Pleasures : — These are too impatient, or if you will, too indolent, to aim at any thing that is not in their immediate Grasp ; and they would not deny themselves the least Enjoyment of the *present now*, even for the Assurance of a *Mahometan Paradise in futuro*.

THERE is certainly a Possibility for the Soul to be so absorb'd in the Gratification of the Senses, as to lose for a Time all its Power of operating, and become as it were dead within us.

NAY, I have heard of People so far gone in this wretched Lethargy, as to repine at Nature for making them of Human Kind, and giving the Preference to the Brute Creation, meerly because many of them are endued with higher and more poignant Sensations.

THESE may, indeed, well put themselves on a Level with the Beasts they imitate; and being by their Debaucheries rendered incapable of any Ideas of spiritual Felicities, take a Pleasure in believing they shall be no more, when they can no more act as at present.

I THINK some Virtuofos of the Royal Society some time ago had the Curiosity to try the Experiment, whether, by transferring the Blood of one Animal into another, the Nature of the Creature would be transmigrated also : How far they were satisfied in this Point I either never heard or have forgot ; but what occasioned my making mention of the Whim was, that reaching the Ears of a young Surgeon, who had a great Ambition for being talk'd on, it put it into his Head to make the same Essay between a Man and a Cat : — The Project so much pleas'd him, that he talk'd of nothing else in all Companies where he was admitted ; and either being of that Opinion, or pre-

pretending to be so, that the Human and Animal Soul were of the same Nature, and lodg'd only in the Blood, became very entertaining among the looser Part of his Acquaintance, by describing to to them how his *Cat-Man* would sit purring in the Chimney Corner, how he would fly at a Mouse, play with it, and then growl over it while devouring it : — Nay, to such a Height did his arrogant Prophaness carry him, that happening to be one Day in Company, among whom was a Clergyman, and talking in this Manner, he directed his Discourse particularly to him, and clos'd his Boastings with a *What will become of your Trade now, Doctor? — When once I have made my Experiment, where will be the immortal Soul? — I gad you must leave off Preaching! —* and such like impious and impudent Sneers : To all which, as I was informed, the good Gentleman return'd only a Smile of Pity and Contempt.

THIS vain-glorious young Fellow was however so much in earnest, that he was indefatigable in making Interest for a condemn'd Criminal, in order to carry his Scheme into Execution ; but whether his Request was thought improper to be granted, or that the Fellows themselves chose rather to suffer Death at *Tyburn* than to forgo their Human Nature, I am not positive ; but this I know, that several Sessions pass'd over without his being able to procure a Person on whom he might make his Experiment.

THE Delays he met with not agreeing with the Impetuosity of his Temper, and his Thirst of Fame being far from abated, he bethought himself of another way to obtain it; instead of converting a *Man* into a *Cat* he undertook to change a *Woman* into a *Rabbit*: — The whole Town knows how this Artifice was carry'd on, and the Pains her late Majesty took to detect the Imposition, for which she truly merited the Thanks and Praises, not only of her own Sex, but of all Mankind in general, who are, or ought to be equally interested in supporting the Dignity of Human Nature: — Would all the Great exert themselves in the like Manner for the Detection of Frauds and Impositions in every Shape, and pluck the Vizard from the Face of Vice, Corruption and Exaction would soon be banish'd from the Nation, and even those who neither fear'd nor hop'd a *future* World, become honest, when they found it was for their Interest in *this* to be so.

BUT to return to those who may unhappily have suffered the *Animal* Soul to get the better of the *Rational*; — those, I say, who allow no Heaven but what the Gratification of their inordinate Appetites affords; — those who not only believe themselves, but take the Liberty of asserting before others, that their Passions were given them to indulge, and that Man has a Right to act whatever he has a Will to do; yet it is my firm Opinion, and I flatter myself not ill grounded, that even among those, at least the greatest
Part

Part of them, the immortal Mind will sometimes rise and give a secret Check to the Ill they otherwise would be guilty of : — 'Tis true, they endeavour to disguise the sacred Impulse by the Name of Morality ; but pray what is *Morality* but *Virtue* ? and what can inspire us with Virtue, but that Ray of Divinity within us, call it by what Name you will, which alone can teach us the Difference between Good and Ill ? — The Passions will never do it, and the Senses, their Instigators and Excitors, cannot be expected to plead against themselves ; — they have their Cravings, and fail not to torment the Breast when not indulg'd, so that even those who would be blind to the Dignity of Human Nature cannot avoid being sensible of it at some times, tho' at others an obstinate Perverseness may prevail and give the Lye to Reason.

THE Soul, however, at least in the generality of People, acts most vigorously as the Passions grow weaker, and the Body is enfeebled by Infirmities or Age, and at the Pangs of Death discloses itself in the most conspicuous Light : — It then presents us at one View with all the Good and Evil of our past Lives, disguises nothing of what we have been, and perhaps imparts what we shall be : — This indeed is a Point which none of the Living can discuss, but I have the Authority of several learned Men, who, from the Observations they made of some they happened to have been present with in the Moment of Dissolution, thought they had Reason to believe that
strange

strange and amazing Scenes were opened to the dying Person's View, as Mr. *Waller*, who doubtless was of this Opinion, elegantly expresses it.

*Leaving the Old, both Worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the Threshhold of the New.*

ALL this I know will be laugh'd at by our modish Sceptics ;—they will ask, who has returned from the other World to give us an Account ? And what Proof beyond the Supposition of some few Visionaries can be brought, that Spirit subsists when separated from Matter?

To which for Answer I shall refer them to the Works of those great and learned Authors, whose Judgment they presume not to question in other Things ; and if they are not convinced by it in this, it would be the utmost Vanity to imagine any thing the *Female Spectator* can advance should have greater Weight.

Not only the Divines and Poets of all Ages, but the best and wisest of the ancient Philosophers, have vindicated the Doctrine of the Soul's Immortality, and existing in some future State, tho' they agree not as to what Kind :—They differ'd according to the various Principles they believ'd and taught ; — some providing for the Spirits of of the Deceas'd no more than two Places, the one of Happiness the other of Misery ; while other Sects enlarged their Bounds to a Multiplicity of Worlds, each as they travelled through rendering

ing them more pure, and bringing them nearer to Perfection; but all unite in the main Point, that from the Nature of God, and the Nature of our own Ideas, this Spot we now inhabit is but the first Stage the Soul has to make in her eternal Progress.

BUT I shall now present my Readers with the other Letter I made mention of, which, as it carries with it an Air of Veracity, may perhaps serve as a Proof that Death has no Power over the Soul, to those who are not determined to shut their Eyes against Conviction.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

THE present Age wantonly affecting to depreciate every thing relating to the intellectual World, without reflecting how ill an Effect it may have on the Morals and Manners of Posterity, it is certainly the Duty of every justly thinking Person to contribute all in his Power towards eradicating those absurd Notions, which, I am sorry to say, are industriously cultivated, and have taken but too deep a Root among us.

To deny the Possibility of Spirits appearing after their Bodies are laid in the Earth, is flying in the Face of all History both sacred and profane, yet how is such an Opinion now laugh'd out of Doors! — Any one who attempts to

‘ vindicate it is look’d upon by all his Acquain-
 ‘ tance as a weak and superstitious Bigot : —
 ‘ It is in vain to quote either the Old or New Te-
 ‘ stament, Ways are found out to evade the Autho-
 ‘ rity of the sacred Text, and some there are pre-
 ‘ sumptuous enough to avow their Disbelief of
 ‘ every thing contained in these inspir’d Writings.

‘ I AM very ready to acknowledge there are
 ‘ many ridiculous Reports of Apparitions ; but
 ‘ what of that ? Must we discredit all His-
 ‘ tory because some Romances have born that
 ‘ Title ? Must we throw aside all Accounts of
 ‘ Voyages and Travels, because of those present-
 ‘ ed to us by Sir *John Mandevil* ? — That were
 ‘ to banish the most useful Parts of Learning out
 ‘ of the World, and I may with the same Justice
 ‘ infer, that to deny there ever were, or are any
 ‘ Appearance of deceas’d Persons, meerly because
 ‘ some idle Stories without Foundation have been
 ‘ rais’d concerning them, is going a great way
 ‘ toward renouncing a Belief of the Immorta-
 ‘ lity of the Soul ; the greatest and severest Blow
 ‘ that can be given to all Virtue and Religion in
 ‘ general.

‘ I AM apt to believe, Madam, from your
 ‘ Manner of Writing, that you are not of the
 ‘ Number of those modern Infidels ; nor are so
 ‘ tenacious on the strength of your own Pene-
 ‘ tration, as to reject as fabulous whatever is not
 ‘ to be accounted for by Human Understanding.

‘ IN this Confidence I will venture to give
 ‘ you a little Narrative of a supernatural Ap-
 ‘ perance, the Truth of which I am perfectly con-
 ‘ vinced of, as well as are several other Persons
 ‘ of undoubted Credit now living.

‘ You have, without all Question, heard of
 ‘ the celebrated Dutchess of *Mazarine*, Mistrefs
 ‘ to King *Charles II* ; the Lady of whom Mr.
 ‘ *Waller*, in his Description of the fair Favourites
 ‘ of that Monarch, thus speaks :

‘ *When thro’ the World fair Mazarine had*
 ‘ *run,*
 ‘ *Bright as her Fellow Traveller the Sun,*
 ‘ *Hitber at last the Roman Eagle flies,*
 ‘ *As the last Triumph of her conqu’ring Eyes.*

‘ NOR is it likely you should have been wholly
 ‘ unacquainted with the Character, if not the
 ‘ Person of *Madam de Beauclair*, who was no
 ‘ less admired and loved by his Royal Brother
 ‘ and Successor, *James II* ; but ’tis possible you
 ‘ may never have been told that there was a
 ‘ Friendship between these two Ladies, such as
 ‘ is rarely to be found between Persons of the
 ‘ same Sex, especially of those bred up in Courts :
 ‘ — The Parity of their Circumstances cer-
 ‘ tainly contributed a good deal toward it ; they
 ‘ had both lost their Royal Lovers, the one by
 ‘ Death, the other by Abdication : — Both were
 ‘ Women of excellent Understanding ; — both had
 ‘ enjoy’d all that the World could give, and when

‘ I had the Honour of being acquainted with
 ‘ them, were arrived at an Age to despise all the
 ‘ pompous Vanities of it.

‘ AFTER the Burning of *Whitehall*, they were
 ‘ allotted very handsome Apartments in the Sta-
 ‘ ble Yard, St *James’s*, but the Face of Public
 ‘ Affairs being then wholly changed, and a new
 ‘ Set of Courtiers as well as Rules of Behaviour
 ‘ came into vogue, they conversed almost only
 ‘ with each other.

‘ ABOUT this Time it was that *Reason* first
 ‘ began to oppose itself to *Faith*, or at least to be
 ‘ set up against it by some who had an Ambition
 ‘ to be thought more penetrating than their
 ‘ Neighbours: — The Doctrine soon spread,
 ‘ and was too much talk’d on not to be frequent-
 ‘ ly a Subject of Conversation for these two La-
 ‘ dies; and tho’ I cannot say that either of them
 ‘ were thoroughly convinced by it, yet the spe-
 ‘ cious Arguments made use of by Persons of
 ‘ high Reputation for their Learning had such an
 ‘ Effect on both, as to raise great Doubts in them
 ‘ concerning the Immateriality of the Soul, and the
 ‘ Certainty of its Existence after Death. In one
 ‘ of the serious Consultations they had together
 ‘ on this Head, it was agreed between them, that
 ‘ on whichever of them the Lot should fall to
 ‘ be first call’d from this World, she should re-
 ‘ turn, if there was a Possibility of doing so, and
 ‘ give the other an Account in what Manner she
 ‘ was disposed of. — This Promise it seems was
 often

* often repeated, and the Dutcheſs happening to
 * fall ſick, and her Life deſpair'd of by all about
 * her, Madam *de Beauclair* reminded her of what
 * ſhe expected from her; to which her Grace re-
 * ply'd, ſhe might depend upon her Performance.
 * Theſe Words paſs'd between them not above
 * an Hour before the Diſſolution of that great
 * Lady, and were ſpoke before ſeveral Perſons
 * who were in the Room, but at that Time they
 * were far from comprehending the Meaning of
 * what they heard.

* SOME Years after the Dutcheſs's Deceafe,
 * happening, in a Viſit I made to Madam *de*
 * *Beauclair*, to fall on the Topic of Futurity,
 * ſhe expreſſed her Diſbelief of it with a great
 * deal of Warmth; which a little ſurprizing me,
 * as being of a quite contrary way of thinking
 * myſelf, and had always, by the Religion ſhe
 * profeſs'd, ſuppos'd her highly ſo, I took the
 * Liberty of offering ſome Arguments, which, I
 * imagin'd would have been convincing to prove
 * the Reaſonableneſs of depending on a Life to
 * come: To which ſhe answer'd, that not all that
 * the whole World could ſay ſhould ever per-
 * ſwade her to that Opinion; and then related
 * to me the Compact made between her and her
 * dear departed Friend the Dutcheſs of *Ma-*
 * *zarine*.

* It was in vain I urg'd the ſtrong Probability
 * there was that Souls in another World might
 * not be permitted to perform the Engagements
 they

‘ they had enter’d into in this, especially, when
 ‘ they were of a Nature repugnant to the Divine
 ‘ Will, — *Which*, said I, *has manifestly placed a*
 ‘ *flaming Sword between Human Knowledge and*
 ‘ *the Prospect of that glorious Eden, we hope, by*
 ‘ *Faith, to be the Inheritors of hereafter : —*
 ‘ *Therefore*, added I, *her Grace of Mazarine*
 ‘ *may be in Possession of all those immense Felicities*
 ‘ *which are promised to the Virtuous, and even*
 ‘ *now interceding that the dear Partner of her*
 ‘ *Heart may share the same, yet be deny’d the Pri-*
 ‘ *vilege of imparting to you what she is, or that*
 ‘ *she exists at all.*

‘ NOTHING I could say made the least Impref-
 ‘ sion ; and I found, to my very great Concern,
 ‘ that she was become as much an Advocate for
 ‘ the new Doctrine of Non-Existence after Death,
 ‘ as any of those who had first propos’d it ; on
 ‘ which, from that Time forward, I avoided all
 ‘ Discourse with her on that Head.

‘ IT was not however many Months after we
 ‘ had this Conversation, that I happen’d to be at
 ‘ the House of a Person of Condition, whom,
 ‘ since the Death of the Dutches of *Mazarine*,
 ‘ *Madam de Beauclair* had the greatest Intimacy
 ‘ with of any of her Acquaintance : — We were
 ‘ just set down to Cards about nine o’Clock in the
 ‘ Evening, as near as I can remember, when a
 ‘ Servant came hastily into the Room, and ac-
 ‘ quainted the Lady I was with, that *Madam de*
 ‘ *Beauclair* had sent to intreat she would come
 that

‘ that Moment to her, adding, that if she desir’d
 ‘ ever to see her more in this World, she must
 ‘ not delay her Visit.

‘ So odd a Message might very well surprize
 ‘ the Person to whom it was delivered ; and not
 ‘ knowing what to think of it, she ask’d who
 ‘ brought it, and being told it was Madam *de*
 ‘ *Beauclair*’s Groom of the Chambers, order’d he
 ‘ should come in, and demanded of him if his
 ‘ Lady were well, or if he knew of any thing ex-
 ‘ traordinary that had happen’d to her, which
 ‘ should occasion this hasty Summons. To which
 ‘ he answered, that he was entirely incapable of
 ‘ telling her the Meaning, only as to his Lady’s
 ‘ Health, he neither saw nor heard her complain
 ‘ of any Indisposition.

‘ *WELL* then, said the Lady, a little out
 ‘ of Humour, *I desire you’ll make my Excuse,*
 ‘ *as I have really a great Cold, and am fearful the*
 ‘ *Night-Air may increase it, but Tomorrow I will*
 ‘ *not fail to wait on her very early in the Morn-*
 ‘ *ing.*

‘ *THE* Man being gone, we were beginning
 ‘ to form several Conjectures on this Message of
 ‘ Madam *de Beauclair*, but before we had Time
 ‘ to agree on what might be the most feasi-
 ‘ ble Occasion, he return’d again, and with him
 ‘ Mrs. *Ward*, her Woman, both seeming very
 ‘ much confus’d and out of Breath.

276 *The FEMALE*

O, Madam, cry'd she, my Lady expresses an infinite Concern that you refuse this Request, which she says will be her last; — she says that she is convinced of not being in a Condition to receive your Visit Tomorrow; but as a Token of her Friendship bequeaths you this little Casket containing her Watch, Necklace, and some other Jewels, which she desires you will wear in Remembrance of her.

THESE Words were accompany'd with the Delivery of the Legacy she mention'd, and that, as well as Mrs. Ward's Words, threw us both into a Consternation we were not able to express; — the Lady would fain have enter'd into some Discourse with Mrs. Ward concerning the Affair, but she evaded it by saying, she had left only an under Maid with Madam de Beauclair, and must return immediately; on which the Lady cry'd all at once, *I will go with you, there must be something very uncommon certainly in this.* I offered to attend her, being, as I well might, desirous of getting some Light into what at present appear'd so mysterious.

IN fine, we went that Instant, but as no mention was made of me, nor Madam de Beauclair might not, probably, be inform'd I was with the Lady when her Servant came, Good-manners and Decency oblig'd me to wait in a lower Apartment, unless she gave leave for my Admittance.

SHE

‘ SHE was, however, no sooner inform’d I was
 ‘ there than she desir’d I should come up :—I did
 ‘ so, and found her sitting in an easy Chair near
 ‘ her Bed-side, and in my Eyes, as well as all
 ‘ those present, seem’d in as perfect Health as
 ‘ ever she had been.

‘ ON our enquiring if she felt any inward Dis-
 ‘ order within herself, which should give room
 ‘ for the melancholly Apprehensions her Message
 ‘ testify’d, she reply’d in the Negative ; *Yet,*
 ‘ said she, with a little Sigh, *you will soon, very*
 ‘ *soon, behold me pass from this World into that*
 ‘ *Eternity which I once doubted, but am now as-*
 ‘ *sur’d of.*

‘ As she spoke these last Words she look’d full
 ‘ in my Face, as it were to remind me of the
 ‘ Conversation we frequently had held together
 ‘ on that Subject.

‘ I TOLD her, I was heartily glad to find so
 ‘ great a Change in her Ladyship’s Sentiments,
 ‘ but that I hop’d she had no Reason to imagine
 ‘ the Conviction would be fatal : Which she
 ‘ only answer’d with a gloomy Smile ; and a
 ‘ Clergyman of her own Perswasion, whom she
 ‘ had sent for, that Moment coming in, we all
 ‘ quitted the Room, to leave him at Liberty to
 ‘ exercise his Function.

‘ IT exceeded not half an Hour before we
 ‘ were call’d in again, and she appear’d, after
 Vol. II, O o having

‘ having disburthen’d her Conscience, to be
 ‘ more chearful than before ; her Eyes, which
 ‘ were as piercing as possible, sparkled with
 ‘ an uncommon Vivacity, and she told us she
 ‘ should die with the more Satisfaction as she
 ‘ enjoy’d in her last Moments the Prefence of
 ‘ two Persons the most agreeable to her in this
 ‘ World, and in the next would be sure of enjoy-
 ‘ ing the Society of one, who in Life had been the
 ‘ dearest to her.

‘ We were both beginning to diswade her
 ‘ from giving way to Thoughts which there
 ‘ seem’d not the least Probability of being veri-
 ‘ fy’d ; when she put a Stop to what we were
 ‘ about to urge, by saying, *Talk no more of that,*
 ‘ — *My Time is short, and I would not have*
 ‘ *the small Space allowed me to be with you wasted*
 ‘ *in vain Delusion : — Know,* continued she,
 ‘ *I have seen my dear Dutcheß of Mazarine : —*
 ‘ *I perceiv’d not how she enter’d, but turning my*
 ‘ *Eyes towards yonder Corner of the Room, I saw*
 ‘ *her stand in the same Form and Habit she was*
 ‘ *accustomed to appear when living ;—fain would*
 ‘ *I have spoke but had not the Power of Utterance ;*
 ‘ — *she took a little Circuit round the Chamber,*
 ‘ *seeming rather to swim than walk ;—then stopp’d*
 ‘ *by the Side of that Indian Chest, and looking on*
 ‘ *me with her usual Sweetness, Beauclair, said she,*
 ‘ *between the Hours of Twelve and One this*
 ‘ *Night you will be with me : — The Surprise I*
 ‘ *was in at first being a little abated, I began to ask*
 ‘ *some Questions concerning that future World I*
 was

* *so soon to visit, but on the opening of my Lip*
 * *for that Purpose, she vanish'd from my Sight I*
 * *know not how.*

* THE Clock was now very near striking
 * Twelve, and, as she discover'd not the least
 * Symptoms of any Ailment, we again aim'd
 * to remove all Apprehensions of a Dissolution ;
 * but we had scarce begun to speak, when on a
 * sudden her Countenance changed, and she cry'd
 * out, *O! I am sick at Heart!* — Mrs. Ward,
 * who all this while had stood leaning on her
 * Chair, apply'd some Drops, but to no Effect ;
 * she grew still worse, and in about half an Hour
 * expired, it being exactly the Time the Apparition
 * had foretold.

* I HAVE been so particular in relating all the
 * Circumstances of this Affair, as well to prove
 * I could not be deceiv'd in it, as to shew that
 * *Madam de Beauclair* was neither vapourish nor
 * superstitious, as many believe all are who pretend
 * to see any thing supernatural :— I am, indeed,
 * very ready to allow that the Force of
 * Imagination may impose upon the Senses, and
 * that it frequently has done so, and that the Stories
 * told us in our Infancy leave Ideas behind
 * them, which, in our riper Years, are apt to
 * make us fancyful ; but in the Case I have mentioned
 * there could be nothing of all this ; the
 * Lady you may perceive was so far from any
 * Apprehensions or Prepossessions of that Nature,
 * that, on the contrary, she look'd upon

‘ them as ridiculous and absurd, and could have
 ‘ been convinced by nothing but the Testimony
 ‘ of her own Eyes and Ears.

‘ It must be confess’d, such extraordinary
 ‘ Means of warning us of our Fate but rarely
 ‘ happen, nor can it be supposed departed Spirits
 ‘ have the Power of visiting us at Pleasure; for
 ‘ which Reason I look upon all such Agree-
 ‘ ments, as were made between these Ladies, as
 ‘ highly presumptuous, and when permitted to
 ‘ be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it done to
 ‘ gratify the vain Curiosity of those who doubt
 ‘ a future State, but to strengthen the Faith of
 ‘ those who believe in it.

‘ I THINK, therefore, whoever is well assur’d
 ‘ of the Truth of such an Incident, ought to
 ‘ communicate it to the Public, especially in these
 ‘ Times, when all the Belief of another World,
 ‘ on which of Consequence our good Behaviour
 ‘ in this depends, stands in need of every Help
 ‘ for maintaining any Ground among us: —
 ‘ In this View alone I have troubled you with so
 ‘ long an Epistle; leaving you at full Liberty,
 ‘ either to insert the whole of what I have wrote,
 ‘ or to relate the Story after your own more
 ‘ more agreeable Manner.

I am,

MADAM,

Your constant Reader,

And very great Admirer.

Lincoln's-Inn-Square,

Jan. 31,

A. B.

OUR

OUR whole little Society were very much touch'd on the reading of this Account, especially *Mira*, whose Mother having been intimately acquainted with *Madam de Beauclair*, she had heard speak of that Lady as of a Woman of very great Capacity, and wholly free from those Prejudices of Education, by which narrow Minds are liable to be imposed upon.

FOR my Part, while I have the Authority of Holy Writ, the Judgment of the Fathers, and the Opinion of the best and wisest of all Nations and Religions on my Side, I shall not be ashamed to avow my Belief that Apparitions of departed Souls are not meerly traditional, nor ashamed of any Imputation our modern Philosophers may throw upon me for it.

IT is certain, there have been so many trifling, and indeed ridiculous Reports, concerning Spirits and haunted Houses, that several well-meaning Persons, not able to credit all they hear, give Ear to nothing of that Nature, so that did the whole Proof of the Immortality of the Soul rest in this Article, the Number of those who place their *Summum Bonum* in this World, would be greatly increas'd ; but for the Comfort of us who have more exalted Ideas of the infinite Wisdom, Justice, and Mercy of our Creator, there are a thousand other no less convincing Testimonies, which, whoever wants in his own Breast, may find fully expatiated upon in a Multiplicity of learned Treatises.

THEY

THEY say, what we wish we most readily believe ; and if so, nothing, methinks, can be more strange than that Man, ambitious and inquisitive by Nature, should, with so much Ease, give up his Hopes of Eternity ; and make all he has to value himself upon, as well as all the Researches of the ever-enquiring Mind, depend on a little Breath, which the Fall of a Tile from a House, or the most minute Accident, may deprive him of in a Moment, and which, without any Assault from without, he is sure will one Day be taken from him.

SURE if that Spark of the Divine Essence, with which all of Human Race are more or less illumin'd, could suffer Annihilation, those who deny themselves possess'd of it, and expect to perish as the Brutes, deserve to do so.

THE Folly or Madness of such Notions would, however, like other Kinds of Idiotisms, find Pity from their Fellow-Creatures, were not those possess'd of them wicked enough to endeavour to render the Infection universal : — Every one who thinks this way is indefatigable in his Labours to bring others into the same Opinion with himself : — A Mark of Envy and Malice little inferior to that Disposition which *Milton* ascribes to the fallen Angels ; for what can be more calculated for the Destruction of Mankind, than to abolish that only Principle which can preserve any Order among them : — For let us boast as much as we will of Morality, Honour, and Good-nature,

nature, Passion will sometimes o'erleap those Bounds, even in the best of us, if not restrained by the Consideration of Futurity. How justly does *Shakespear* express this Sentiment in his Play of *Hamlet*, for if once we bring ourself to answer in the Negative this important Question,

To be, or not to be!

it would be easy for the ungoverned Will to bear down every thing before it, and tread all Human Institutions under Foot : — All Distinction between *Right* and *Wrong* would cease : — *Strength* to *overpower*, and *Cunning* to *circumvent*, would be the only Virtues, and he that most excell'd in these be the most happy Man ; as Mr. *Dryden* says :

*The World is made for the bold impious Man,
Who stops at nothing, seizes all he can.*

WHAT, indeed, would be scrupled that afforded the Prospect either of Profit or Pleasure ; nay would it be thought Wisdom to hesitate in the Pursuit : — Life, we all know, is but of a short Duration, and naturally attended with Cares and Diseases ; who would not then endeavour to sweeten it as much as possible, and partake all the Enjoyments of the Senses, while we have Power to do it, since in the Grave none are to be found, and we expect nothing beyond it!

THUS

THUS would every one seek only his own Contentment and the Gratification of his Passions, without any Regard to what others suffered by them.

O, but you'll say, there are Laws to preserve Regularity among us, and severe Penalties to keep Vice in Bounds :—To which it may be answer'd, that if this Doctrine of a Non-Entity after Death should become universal, the Corruption of it would, doubtless, be so too, and he who pronounced the Sentence, and he whose Business it was to execute it, would both equally be sway'd; so that the Criminal would have little to fear ;—where all are alike guilty, who will be hardy enough to throw the first Stone !

In a word, it is the Thoughts of this tremendous, yet desirable Futurity, that keeps us all in Awe :— Mr. *Lock* has proved to a Demonstration, that nothing is more inconsistent with itself than Human Nature :— No one is certain that he shall be of the same Opinion Tomorrow that he is Today ; and those who depend for any grateful Returns of Love, Friendship, good Office, or the Performance of any Promise or Vows, tho' made in the most solemn Manner, on a Person who apprehends no Punishment hereafter, I am afraid will find themselves miserably deceived.

I AM convinced, that were there a Window in the Breast, through which might be discover'd the
secret

secret Recesses of every Heart, we should find some black and corrupted Seeds in all, which would verify the Poet's Words, that

All Men would be wicked if they durst.

BUT this is a Principle the *Latitudinarians* absolutely deny ; and, if you will believe them, *Honour* is of itself sufficient to hinder them from committing any Action to the Prejudice of Society and the common Good, tho' never so pleasing or interesting to themselves.

PEOPLE, say they, who are govern'd by the Stories told them by the Priests, and square their Actions according to the written Rules of Religion, have mean and mercenary Minds : — For their own Parts they are above the Hopes of Reward, or the Fears of Punishment, but will do all the Good they can notwithstanding, because it is consistent with the Laws of Nature.

I COULD wish they would perform what they so loudly boast of, and really do all the Good they could even from this Motive ; but I fancy, if we examine ever so slightly into the Behaviour of the greatest Part of them, we shall find what they call doing of Good, is only what promises something, which, at that time, they imagine a Good to themselves.

BUT, methinks, there is somewhat strangely farcical in their talking after this Manner : —

Is it not in the Expectation of Recompence, of some Kind or other, that all our Undertakings are set on Foot! — What are all our Emulations, our Struggles, our Endeavours, but the aiming at some Point, in the Attainment of which we place our Happiness! — Are not the Hopes of Fame, Pleasure, or Profit, the Bribes which instigate us in every thing we do! — The best, as well as worst, are wholly govern'd by this View: — The noblest Virtues and the foulest Vices are alike excited by it, and tho' they take different Paths to arrive at their Desires, Self-satisfaction is still the Center to which our Footsteps tend.

How preposterous, therefore, how absurd is it, that People shall think no Toils, no Dangers, no Submissions, too much, in order to purchase such a temporary and uncertain Happiness, as the Toys of this short Life can give; yet cry it is beneath the Greatness of their Souls to do any thing in the Hope of an everlasting Reward in the Realms of never-fading Glory!

As to that thing call'd Honour, by which so many pretend to be restrained from being guilty of any mean or base Action, a Person, the least conversant with the World, may be furnish'd with innumerable Instances to prove it is no more than Sound; — pompous, indeed, but fleeting; empty, and variable as the Air, when not accompanied with Religion: The Consideration how little it is to be rely'd upon, brings to my Mind an Event, which happened, some few Years since, in

a Family I was perfectly acquainted with, and which at the same Time made some Noise in Town, as the Persons concern'd were of Condition and Figure.

MARTIUS was a General in the Army, and, like the Patron of his Arms, was no less amorous than valiant, and served both the Powers of Love and War with equal Success: After a long Course of Triumphs in the Field and *Ruelle*, he was very near being foil'd by a young Lady, whose Innocence was equal to her Beauty, and who, on the first Discovery, made of his Inclinations, gave him a Rebuff, such as he had not been accustomed to be treated with,

In vain he tempted her with all the Arts which artful Men practise on our too often unwary and believing Sex: — In vain he follow'd her with Presents, Promises, Sighs, Tears, made use of every Argument that Love could dictate, or that Wit could form: — Her Virtue, like a Rock, was impregnable to all Assaults from without, and as little capable of being betray'd by any guilty Tendernefs within.

PERSECUTED, however, with his continual Sollicitations, in spite of all the Methods she could take to put a Stop to them in a Town where, being oblig'd to be often at public Places, she was sure of always meeting him, she took a Resolution to go into the Country to a Maiden Aunt, who, having but a small Fortune, lived extrem

retired; and rather chuse to banish herself from all the Pleasures of one of the most agreeable Cities in the World, than, by her Presence, give the least Encouragement to a Passion, which, as *Martius* was a married Man, she could not even think on without Horror.

BUT let Virtue be ever so industrious for its Preservation, Vice will still be more so for its Destruction:—*Martius* found Means, by bribing one of her Father's Servants, to discover the Place to which she was retired, and borne on the Wings of furious Desire, immediately pursued her thither; but not yet determined in his Mind how he should proceed, conceal'd his Name and Quality, and lay privately at an Inn near the House which *Ismenia* (for so I shall call her) had made Choice of for her Asylum,

WHILE he remained thus *perdu* he was not idle in the Prosecution of that Design which had carried him so great a Distance from all his other Affairs in Life:—He made a strict Enquiry concerning the Behaviour of *Ismenia*, and hearing she went but little Abroad, except to Church, and sometimes to take a little Walk in the Fields, always accompanied by her Aunt, who, they told him, was in narrow Circumstances, and also extremely covetous; he perceived there would be Difficulties in getting into her Company, which could no way be surmounted without the Assistance of that very Person to whom she had flown for Protection.

He

HE therefore prevail'd upon the Woman of the Inn to engage the Aunt of *Ismenia* to come to her House, under the Pretence of having got a Hurt in her Leg, the old Lady being, as many of those who live in the Country are, a very great Doctress.

WHILE she was there the *General* came into the Room, as if by Accident, and easily found Means to ingratiate himself: — The Landlady leaving them alone, as had been agreed between them, he let her know his Name and Quality, and then, having properly prepared her for the Declaration, acquainted her with the Passion he had for her lovely Neice, expatiated on the Length of Time he had suffered by her Cruelty, and clos'd his Speech with the Offer of a Bank Note of five hundred Pounds for her charitable Assistance in the Affair, and the Promise of as much more if he succeeded.

IT is not to be doubted but she made some Scruples at first; but his Rhetoric, together with that of the few Words which the Bit of Paper contained, soon silenced all Objections, and she became entirely the Creature of his Will, and concerted with him on the most proper Measures to accomplish it.

LITTLE did poor *Ismenia* apprehend the cruel Stratagem that was laid to ensnare her Innocence, when the next Day this wicked Aunt told her, that she had hired a Chaise and Pair, and
would

would take her out in the Afternoon, and shew her the Country, *which as yet, said she, my dear Neice, you have seen nothing of.*

THE young Lady thought herself highly oblig'd for this Proof of her Love and Complaisance, and accordingly dress'd herself as soon as Dinner was over in order to go.

THE Chaise being come, they went together into it, and the Coachman had Orders to take a pretty large Circuit ; during this Time *Ismenia* was very agreeably entertain'd with the Prospect of several fine Seats, which were scatter'd up and down, as well as with the History of those who lived in them, related to her by her Aunt, who was now in a most excellent Humour.

Two or three Hours were taken up in this Amusement, after which the Aunt said some Refreshment would be necessary, and bad the Coachman stop at some Place of Entertainment where they might go in.

THE Fellow, who was before instructed what he was to do, drove to the Gate of a House which stood a little out of the Road, where they alighted, and went into a Room : — Wine and Cakes were call'd for, but how surpriz'd and terrify'd was *Ismenia*, when she saw the Man that brought them in was followed by *Martius*, who accosting them with a gay Air, told them, that happening to be in that Part of the Country, and
calling

calling at this House to bait, he had seen them come out of the Chaise, and was rejoiced to meet such good Company in a Place he so little expected them!

THE Spirits of *Ismenia* were in too great a Hurry to permit her to make any Answer to what he said — but her Aunt, who pretended to have been formerly well acquainted with the *General*, talk'd to him with a great deal of Familiarity, and seem'd extremely pleas'd with seeing him: — *Ismenia*, however, grew more and more uneasy, and would have given the World for a Moment's Opportunity to let her Aunt know the Designs he had upon her, not, in the least, doubting but the old Lady would then hasten away as soon as Decency would permit.

AFTER some Time Fortune favour'd her Wishes in this Point, *Martius* went out of the Room to give some Orders in the House, and was no sooner out of hearing, than she disburthen'd all the Fears her innocent Breast was full of; on which the treacherous Wretch affected some Surprise, but told her, that she would have her be perfectly easy, since there could be nothing offer'd offensive to her Modesty while she was present, and it would not look well to leave a Man of his Quality, and whom she had known so long, in an abrupt Manner.

IS MENIA was a little satisfied with the Reasons she gave her, and the more so as she perceived the *General* behaved to her with no other than a distant Civility, which she imagined was entirely owing to the Restraint he was under on her Aunt's Account ; a handsome Collation being served up, she partook of it with little less Chearfulness than she would have done had this so much dreaded Lover not been there.

It was now pretty late, yet she durst not presume to set Limits to her Aunt's Discretion ; and finding she mention'd nothing of going, thought it would ill become her to remind her of it : — 'Tis certain they were all extremely gay, and *Martius* taking an Opportunity of drawing them to a Window to admire the Beauty of the Moon, which was then at her full Height, and seem'd to dance on a little River which ran opposite to the House, the perfidious Aunt slipp'd out of the Room, unperceiv'd by *Ismenia*, who at that Moment was taken up with the Softness of the Prospect before her.

It was not, however, long before she miss'd her, and turn'd hastily about ; — she look'd round the Room, and not seeing her, cry'd, in some Sort of Confusion, *Where is my Aunt ?* The General made only some slight Answer, and was endeavouring to engage her in Discourse ; but her Consternation increasing, she listen'd to nothing he said, but was going to ring the Bell for the People of the House to come up, in order to enquire
where

where her Aunt was gone: — This he prevented her from doing, and plainly told her, the Lady on whom she depended was gone home, and had left her under his Protection that Night.

SCARCE could she give Credit to so shocking a Truth, 'till fatally convinced of it, by finding she did not return, and the Change of the *General's* Behaviour:— He treated her, indeed, with no indecent Freedoms, but let her know she was in his Power, and that he had taken too much Pains for the Procurement of this Opportunity to let it slip.

IT is not in the Power of Words to express the Terror, the Consternation, the Agonies of Heart which the poor beguil'd *Ismenia* now endur'd:—She wept, she implored, and sometimes had Courage enough to menace this Persecutor of her Innocence; but he was as inflexible to all she urg'd in the Defence of her Virtue, as she had been to the Attacks he made upon it.

At length, whether it were that she had drank more freely than she was accusom'd, or whether her Reason was so far lost by the Hurry her Spirits had sustain'd in this Surprise, but all her Resolution seem'd to flag, and she consented to go to Bed, on his swearing to her, upon his Honour, he would offer nothing to the Prejudice of her Virtue.

How little he kept his Word the Reader's Thoughts, I dare say, will anticipate my Relation ; but the Motive that induced me to present them with this Story was to shew how little *Honour* is to be depended upon when *Passion* intervenes, and how much the *General* spoke the Sense of all his Sex, when *Ismenia* reproaching him with his Breach of Honour, he reply'd laughing, *Ob, Madam, we throw Honour aside when we come between a Pair of Sheets.*

IN fine, Love, Interest, Ambition, or any other predominant *Passion*, will render us forgetful of what is owing to Honour or Morality, were it not for something more than barely knowing what we ought to do, and we should be apt to say with *Abdalla* in the Play :

*If when a Crown and Mistress are in Place,
Virtue intrudes with her lean holy Face ;
Virtue's then mine, and I not Virtue's Foe :
Why does she come where she has nought to do ?
Let her with Anchorets, not with Lovers lie,
Statesmen and they keep better Company.*

SINCE then the Belief of a *future State* is so necessary a Guard on our Behaviour in the *present*, we ought, methinks, to look on all those who attempt to depreciate it, as the Pests of Society, and common Enemies of Mankind.

On the other hand, all Encouragement ought to given to whatever may contribute to the
strength-

strengthening our Faith in this so material a Point; that bad as *Superstition* is represented, and really is, it can neither lead us into so many Errors in this World, nor so much endanger our eternal Happiness in the next, as *Infidelity*.

THIS is an Assertion which, I am very sensible, there are many People will deny; but then they must be of that Sort who are either influenc'd by Self-conceit, or do not well consider the Nature of the Question; since those who acknowledge a Deity must own, that to *fear* him in *Excess* with the *Superstitious*, is more pardonable than not to fear him *at all*, with those who think the Soul is mortal as the Body.

IT is certain that the Belief of such supernatural Apparitions, as Mr. *A. B.* gives an Account of, is no way essential to our Dependance on a Life to come: We may be perfectly assured within ourselves of the latter, yet give no Credit to the former; but this I will venture to affirm, that whoever is convinced of the former has it not in his Power to make any Doubt of the latter. — We may exist to all Eternity, yet not be permitted to revisit the Earth after our Departure from it; but we cannot possibly return after Death if our Spirits ceased entirely to exist.

FOR this very Reason, therefore, if no other, we ought not to reject, as fabulous, every thing that is told us concerning Apparitions; and I am amazed that they should now fall into such Discre-

dit with the World, after having prevail'd thro' so many Ages without ever being call'd in question.

TRUTH is not less Truth because Falshood sometimes usurps its sacred Name : — If, as my Correspondent observes, we are to believe only such Things as never have been mingled with Lyes, we must believe nothing ; — there have been, and still are, false Histories,—false Religions,—false Miracles,—and false Gods ; but that is not a sufficient Reason for us to think all are so.

THE Author of *Reflections on Learning* has, indeed, taken a great deal of Pains to prove that nothing is to be depended upon ; and it must be confess'd, that no Wit or Eloquence are wanting in that little Treatise to win upon the Reader ; but I am afraid they are the only Merit of it, since we are all too apt to doubt, and stand in need of no Arguments to flatter us into an Opinion it is Wisdom in us to do so ; as *Cowley* emphatically complains :

Ab mighty God! I speak with Shame and Grief,

Ab! that our greatest Failings were Belief!

I AM far, however, from maintaining that we are to give Ear, indiscriminately, to every Story we hear : — In such Things as relate to Human Affairs, our own Reason, and the Character of the Reporter is to be consulted, but in such as
are

are meerly intellectual, and beyond Reason to comprehend, we are to believe there may a Possibility of what has even never been reduced to Fact.

HAD there never, in Effect, been any such thing as a Spirit assuming either the Shape it wore in Flesh, or that of any other, to render itself visible to Mortal Eyes, we should not, methinks, infer from thence that there are no Spirits, or that the Supreme Being cannot, if he pleases, commission, or permit them to appear.

I KNOW very well that in former Times Mankind has been very much imposed upon by evil-minded People, who, for various Purposes, have forged long Narratives of strange and wonderful Apparitions : — Some even in our Days have been deceived this way, and the too great Credulity of the *Few* to Improbabilities, made the *Many* ashamed of giving their Assent even to what was otherwise : — Houses have been reported to be haunted out of Malice to those who own'd them : — Supernatural Warnings from the other World have been pretended, out of Hypocrisy, by those who would be thought more holy, and consequently more favoured by Heaven than their Neighbours : — The most absurd and wild Stories have been told out of the meer Vanity of exciting Attention in the Hearers ; and frightful Ghosts and Spectres have been said to appear, in order to raise Compassion to those supposed to be persecuted by them.

BUT

BUT the Number of those who, to serve some private End, have rack'd their Invention to impose on others is small, when compared with those who are themselves imposed upon by the Force of their own Imaginations : — There are People of so timid a Nature, that they take every Shadow, which the Moon makes by her Shine on distant Objects, for a Ghost : — I know one, who in other Things wants not Courage, yet happening to pass, after Sunset, through a Church-Yard in the Country, was so terrified with the Sight of an old Yew-Tree that grew there, that he fell into a Fit, which he might never have recovered from, had not some People who knew him chanced to come the same way, and seeing him lie there, apply'd proper Means to bring him to himself : — The first Use he made of Speech was to tell them, he had seen the Apparition of his elder Brother, who had died about a Year before ; that he nodded his Head at him, and spread his Arms as though he wanted to embrace him : — On his pointing to the Place where he fancy'd he saw the Ghost, they presently guess'd the Truth ; but tho' they endeavour'd to make him sensible of it, and alledg'd how great a Probability there was that his Eyes might be deceived by the Form in which the Tree was cut, yet either the Difference of the Attitude he now was in, or the Beams of the Moon playing less direct upon it than before, it appear'd not the same to him it had done, and he could not be prevailed upon for a great while to believe that he had not in reality seen a Spirit.

IT is certain, that the Reflection which the Moon makes, or even a Twy-light, without the Assistance of that Planet on Objects; at some times gives them an Appearance very different to what they have in reality, and a Person of the best Sense and Resolution may at first Sight be a little startled; but in such a Case, I think, one should call Reason to one's Aid, and consider how many Accidents may possibly occasion such a Deception of the visual Ray before one conclude the Shade is a Visitor from the other World.

BUT what is very surprizing, yet at the same time convincing, that the Soul holds more Acquaintance with intellectual Beings than she informs the Body, is, that there are Persons who do not believe, and consequently do not fear Spirits, who have, on some Occasions, been alarm'd, and before they were aware of it, caught, as it were, with a Kind of Terror at Images of their own Formation, which yet it would be impossible they could fall into, did not a supernatural Intelligence within, even in spite of themselves, remonstrate that such Things might be.

A good pleasant Instance of this Nature happened between seven and eight Years ago, when the Royal Vault in King *Henry's* Chappel was opened for the Interment of her late Majesty.

EVERY one knows that on those Occasions *Westminster-Abbey* is a Place of great Resort; some flocking thither out of Curiosity, others to
in-

indulge their more solemn Meditations : By the former of these Motives it was, that five or six Gentlemen, who had dined together at a Tavern, were drawn to visit that famous Repository of the titled Dead : As they look'd down the steep Descent, by which so many Monarchs had been carry'd, to their last resting Place on Earth, one cry'd, *'Tis bellish dark*, — Another stopp'd his Nostrils, and exclaimed against the *noisome Vapour* that ascended from it. — All had their different Sayings, but as it is natural for such Spectacles to excite some moral Reflections, even in the most gay and giddy, they all returned with Countenances more serious than those with which they had enter'd.

HAVING agreed, however, to pass the Evening together, they all went back to the same Place where they had dined, and the Conversation turning on a Future State, Apparitions, and such like Topics ; one among them, who was a perfect Infidel in these Matters, especially as to Spirits becoming visible, took upon him to rally the others, who seem'd rather inclinable to the contrary way of thinking.

As it is much easier to deny than it is to prove, especially where those that maintain the Negative will not admit, as valid, any Testimonies which can be brought in Contradiction to their own Opinion, he singly held out against all they had to alledge ; at length, to end the Contest, they proposed him a Wager of twenty Guineas, that
as

as great a Hero as he pretended, or really imagined himself, he had not Courage enough to go alone, at Midnight, into the Vault they had been seeing that Day: This he readily accepted, and was very merry on getting such a Sum with so much Ease.

THE Money on both Sides was deposited in the Hands of the Man of the House; and one of the Vergers of the Abbey was sent for, whom they engag'd, for a Piece of Gold, to attend the adventurous Gentleman to the Gate of the Cathedral, then shut him in and wait his Return.

EVERY thing being thus settled, the Clock no sooner struck Twelve than they all set out together; those who had laid the Wager being resolved not to be imposed upon by his tampering with the Verger:—As they pass'd along, another Scruple arose; which was, that tho' they saw him enter the Church, how they should be convinced he went as far as the Vault; but he instantly removed it by pulling out a Penknife he had in his Pocket: — *This, said he, will I stick into the Earth, and leave it there, and if you do not find it in the Inside of the Vault, I will own the Wager lost.*

THESE Words left them nothing to suspect, and they agreed to wait at the Door his coming out, beginning now to believe he had no less Resolution than he had pretended.

'Tis possible the Opinion they had was no more than Justice, but whatever Stock of Courage he had on his first Entrance into that Antique and Reverend Pile, he no sooner found himself shut into it alone, than, as he afterwards confess'd, he found a kind of shuddering all over him, which, he was sensible, proceeded from something more than the Coldness of the Night.

EVERY Step he took was eccho'd by the hollow Ground, and tho' it was not altogether dark, the Verger having left a Lamp burning just before the Door that led to the Chappel, otherwise it would have been impossible for him to have found the Place, yet did the faint Glimmering it gave, rather add to, than diminish the solemn Horrors of every thing around.

HE pass'd on, however, but protested, that had not the Shame of being laugh'd at prevented him, he would have forfeited more than twice the Sum he had stak'd, to have been out again.

AT length, sometimes groping his Way, and sometimes directed by the distant Lamp, he reach'd the Entrance of the Vault; — his inward Tremor increased, yet determined not to be overpower'd by it, he descended, and being come to the last Stair, stoop'd forward, and stuck his Penknife, with his whole Force, into the Earth; but as he was rising, in order to turn back and quit that dreadful Place, he felt something, as he thought, suddenly catch hold of him, and pluck him

him forward ; the Apprehensions he before was in made an easy Way for Surprize and Terror to seize all his Faculties, he lost, in one Instant, every thing that could support him, and fell into a Swoon, with his Head in the Vault, and Part of his Body on the Stairs.

'TILL after One, his Friends waited with some Degree of Patience, tho' they thought he stay'd much longer in that Habitation of the Dead, than they could imagine a living Man would chuse to do ; but finding he came not then, began to fear some Accident might have befallen him, as indeed there had, tho' they were far from suspecting of what Kind ; — but there being many Windings and intricate Turnings among the Tombs, it seem'd probable he might have mistook his Way, and be unable to find it again thro' those Recesses.

THEY debated among themselves what they should do in the Affair ; the Verger they found, tho' accustomed to the Place, did not care to go alone ; therefore they resolved to accompany him, and accordingly, preceeded by a Torch which a Footman belonging to one of the Company had with him, went into the Abbey, calling as they went, as loud as they could, thinking, that wherever he might be wandered he could not but hear their Voices.

No Answer, however, being returned, they moved on till they came to the Stairs of the Vault, where looking down they soon perceiv'd in what Posture he lay, and the Condition he was in; — they immediately ran down to him, they rubb'd his Temples, unbutton'd his Cloaths, and did every thing they could think on to bring him to himself, but all in vain, and they were oblig'd to take him up, and carry him between two 'till they got out of the Abbey, when the Air coming fresh upon his Face he recovered of himself.

AFTER two or three deep Groans, *Heaven help me, — Lord have mercy upon me,* cry'd he, these Words, and others of the like Nature, often repeated, very much surpriz'd them, but, imagining he was not yet perfectly come to his Senses, they forbore saying any thing to him till they had got him into the Tavern, where, having placed him in a Chair by the Fire-side, they began to ask him how he did, and how he came to have been so much disordered; on which he acquainted them with the Apprehensions he was seiz'd immediately after he had left them, and how having struck his Penknife into the Floor of the Vault, according to his Agreement, he was about to return with all the haste he could, when something pluck'd him forward into the Vault, but added, that he had neither seen nor heard any thing but what his Reason might easily account for, and should have come back with the same Sentiments he went, had not this unseen Hand convinced him of the Injustice of his Unbelief.

WHILE

WHILE he was making his Narrative, one of the Company saw the Penknife sticking through the Fore-Lappet of his Coat, on which presently conjecturing the Truth, and finding how deeply affected his Friend was by his Mistake, as indeed were all the rest, not doubting but his Return had been impeded by a supernatural Hand, he pluck'd out the Penknife before them all, and cry'd out, *Here is the Mystery discovered; — in the Attitude of stooping to stick this into the Ground, it happen'd, as you see, to pass through the Coat, and on your attempting to rise, the Terror you were in magnify'd this little Obstruction into an imaginary Impossibility of withdrawing yourself, and had an Effect on your Senses before Reason had any Time to operate.*

THIS, which it is plain was the Case, set every one, but the Gentleman who had suffer'd so much by it, a laughing immoderately for a good while; but it was not easy to draw a single Smile from him: — He ruminated on the Affair, while the others were talking gaily on it, and well remembering the Agitations he had been in, even while he pass'd through the Cathedral, cry'd out, *Well, there is certainly a Something after Death, or these strange Impulses on the Mind could never be: — What is there in a Church more than in any other Building? — What in Darkneſs more than Light, which in themselves should have the Power to raise Ideas such as I have now experienced? — Yes,* continued he, *I am convinced that I have been too*
pre-

presumptuous; and whether Spirits be, or be not permitted to appear, that they exist I ever shall believe.

IN this Opinion he has ever since continued, nor is it in the Power of any of those who pretend to ridicule this Change in him, to bring him back to his former Sentiments.

How now shall this be accounted for? — Can Human Reason inform us from what Source such Transitions shall proceed? — from treating with the utmost Contempt every thing relating to the intellectual World, to become all at once one of the most sanguine Believers in it, and to owe such a Conversion to no Conviction of the Senses, no Demonstration from without, must certainly arise only from some sudden Exertion of the Soul, which, for a Moment triumphing over all Impediments, compels us to see and to avow the Truth! — If this Position should seem too abstruse to any of my Readers, I think I cannot take any Way to render it more intelligible, than by illustrating it with a familiar Comparison, which every one may experience: — If a Torch or any large lighted Taper is brought suddenly into a Room, the Beams that issue from it will be distinguish'd, let him shut his Eyes never so closely: — Even so do the Emanations of the Soul strike sometimes upon us, and dart through the thick Obscurity of Flesh.

THIS

THIS is that Prescience, that Divine Inspiration which *Platonides* mentions; but tho' he confines himself to those sudden Flashes which but shew themselves and are no more, yet they sometimes visit us to greater Purpose, and leave lasting Impressions on the Mind.

WHETHER it is in the Power of our Human Reason, seconded by an ardent Desire to assist the Soul in these Operations, I will not pretend to determine; but am sensible this is what our Correspondent means by improving such intellectual Warnings as we may sometimes receive.

IN my own Judgment it seems utterly impracticable, because the Soul is of a Nature so infinitely superior to the Body, that it can never be subjected to its Laws, or influenced by it, tho' in a thing which would redound wholly to the Honour of itself. Mr. *Dryden*, in his excellent Poem call'd *Religio Laici*, most justly expresses this Sentiment:

*Dim as the borrow'd Beams of Moon and
Stars,
To lonely, weary, wand'ring Travellers,
Is Reason to the Soul: and as on high,
Those rolling Fires distinguish but the Sky,
Not light us here: so Reason's glimm'ring
Ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful Way,
But guide us upward to a better Day.*

And

*And as those Nightly Tapers disappear,
When Day's bright Lord ascends the Hemisphere,
So pale grows Reason at religious Sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural Light.*

BESIDES, were the Soul to communicate all it knows to the Body, what else should we be but Matter spiritualiz'd! — a thing inconsistent in itself with all sublunary Beings, and would neither be convenient, nor perhaps pleasing to us; — even concerning those Accidents which are to befall us here, of what Service would it be to foreknow what we are predestin'd to endure?

OUR immortal, and justly celebrated *English Pindar*, has a Thought so applicable to this Subject, that I cannot forbear transcribing it, as nothing I am able to say can come so much up to it.

In whatsoever Character

The Book of Fate is writ,

'Tis well we understand not it!

We should go mad with too much Learning there.

Upon the Brink of every Ill we did foresee,

Undecently and foolishly,

We should stand shiv'ring, and but slowly venture

The fatal Flood to enter:

Since willing or unwilling, we must do it,

*They feel least Cold and Pain who plunge at
once into it.*

I CANNOT here avoid taking Notice, tho' somewhat foreign to my Purpose, if any thing can
be

be called so, that tends to reforming the Follies of the Age, of that ridiculous Curiosity so many, especially among my own Sex, are possess'd of, for the Fore-knowledge of Events ; and the yet more ridiculous Faith they put in those who impudently pretend to be acquainted with the Decrees of Fate.

NOT only the Dealers in Astrology, who may be supposed to have taken some little Pains to attain the Art of deceiving, but Numbers of poor ignorant Creatures in this Town, who cannot read a Letter in a Book, pretend to read, in the Dregs left in the Bottom of a Coffee-Cup, whatever shall befall the Person that consults them.

OTHERS again, who affect to be more delicate and cleanly, have found a Way to make Fortune dance, in a Circle of Powder-Blue and Water ; and some there are, who on cutting a Pack of Cards, and afterwards spreading them on a Table, present you with Love, Marriage, Law-Suits, Deaths, and what not ?

IT would be endless to recapitulate all the various Inventions which, of late Years, have pass'd for Divination, and the Encouragement that has been given to them by Persons of very high Rank and Figure in the World, as well as by the lower and more ignorant Class of People.

ASTONISHING is it to think, that such mean

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illiterate

illiterate Wretches, who, indeed, are no better than common Cheats and Vagabonds, shall have Admittance to the Closets of the Great, may be carels'd and entertained by them, and go away with replenish'd Pockets ; when one perhaps of their own Blood, who happens to be unfortunate, shall either not be allowed Access, or presently dismiss'd with a *'Tis not in Power to do any thing for you ; — you should have taken more Care in Time, and not have brought yourself to this : —* And such like cruel Rebuffs.

WOULD a Woman of Condition but reflect how ridiculous a Figure she makes, while condescending to sit by the Side of one of these Creatures, and listening to every thing she says as to an Oracle, sure she would blush to Death.

BUT this throwing aside all just Distinction is, by much, the least Part of the Evil that attends having any thing to do with Fortune-Tellers : — They for the most Part, by telling you such Things as are common to every Body, and therefore cannot but be true, work you into such an Opinion of their Skill, that you depend on what is most incredible ; and sometimes by their Hints, seemingly significant Nods, Winks, and half Sentences, draw from you your dearest Secrets, which they never fail to make their own Advantage of, tho' to your utter Ruin.

I ONCE knew a Lady, who in other Things wanted not a great Share of Understanding, and had

had also a sufficient Number of Years over her Head to have defended her, as one would have imagined, from the Folly of giving into such Fopperies, yet was so infatuated by one of these Coffee-throwers, as to engage her Husband, whom she had a great Ascendant over, in an Affair which ended in the Destruction of himself and Family.

THE Matter was this: The Gentleman happen'd to have a rising Ground in one Part of his Estate, in the Country, which, some People imagined, had a Mine within it, and advised him to employ Men in digging it up; but the Experiment, on the most moderate Calculation, seem'd too expensive to him to venture on so uncertain a Foundation, and the Thing was laid aside for some time, and doubtless had continued so, but for a Woman of the Vocation I have mention'd.

THE Lady was one Day very close with this Creature over a Cup, when, among abundance of other Things, she told her, *there was a Hill of Prosperity for her Ladyship*: — This Phrase, it seems, is common among them, when they would make you believe you are about arriving at some good Fortune, nor did the Woman mean any more by it; but the Lady having this Mine in her Head, presently imagined the Hill, which was thought to contain it, was denoted by the Coffee-Grounds, and ask'd so many Questions concerning it, that the other easily found out the Secret, and accordingly pretended to see more

plainly this Mountain of good Fortune every Cup that was thrown :—— In fine, having sifted out every thing relating to the Business, she protested that she saw Numbers of Men busy about this Hill, and at length went so far as to point out, with a Pin, the very Metal they brought out.

How ready are we to believe what we eagerly desire ! The Lady imagined she saw Men loaded with Treasure, and herself and Husband sitting in Splendor to receive it ; and became as much assur'd within herself that all this would infallibly happen, as tho' it had already done so.

THE Consequence of this was, that she suffer'd not her Husband to enjoy one Moment's Peace 'till he had employ'd Men, to the Number of three or four hundred, to dig up the Hill, and lay it entirely level with the Plain :— Nothing being found they search'd yet deeper, 'till the late rising Ground was now a low and dreary Vale. Any one may judge the Time and Money this must take up ;— he mortgag'd his Estate Part by Part 'till he had no more Security to offer for the Sums borrow'd ; and was at last oblig'd to sell, and by Degrees became reduced, even to the lowest Ebb of Fortune, instead of being rais'd, as he had been flatter'd with a Belief of, to the highest.

How many Animosities have the idle Stories, told this Way, fomented among Families !—What

Jea-

Jealousies between married People! — The most innocent Actions are misconstrued, — the best Friends suspected, if once Imagination presents the Figure of a Snake or a Cat among the Grounds of the Coffee.—How monstrous is this to Reason, and even common Sense! Too low, indeed, for any long Animadversion, and it must pass among the Number of those other foreign Follies, which, of late Years, have been transplanted into *England*.

BUT to return to that Subject, which, as I have already said, both the above-cited Letters, in my Judgment, aim to prove; the Immateriality of the Soul, and its Power of operating in a more potent and extensive Manner, when freed from corporal Incumbrances, than it can possibly do when clogged and perplexed with the Motions of Blood and Animal Spirits.

THOSE Flashes of Prescience mention'd by *Platonides* are, indeed, a convincing Testimony, that the Divine Part in us may, for a Moment, break thro' its Obstructions; but those stronger Presages which our Dreams sometimes afford, leave no room to doubt that it can act with infinitely more Vigour, when not restrained by the Agitations of the Body, or the busy trifling Nothings of what the learned Doctor *Burton*, in his excellent and elaborate Treatise of Melancholly, calls the *Animal Soul*,

THAT

THAT great Philosopher, Physician, and Divine, makes it, I think, plainly appear that the Human System is actuated by two different Souls; the one of the same Nature with the Brute Creation, tends to the same Purposes, is governed by the Senses, exists in the Blood, and when that ceases to circulate, dies with the Body: — The other a Spark of the Divine Essence, immaterial, uncorruptable and immortal: To this belongs Invention, Judgment, Memory, Thought, Reflection and Contemplation: To this are owing those Ideas which have the Power to render us in Theory, wherever, or whatever we wish: — In fine, there is in this all that can fit us for everlasting Happiness, the Society of glorify'd Spirits, and the Presence of the Supreme Author of our Existence.

ALL these great Truths, Reason informs us in our waking Hours; but in our Sleep, when this Divine Part in us is unfettered by the Body, with what Alacrity does it exert itself! and how attest its Sovereignty over, and Independence on Matter!

WE are, says the ingenious Author of Religio Medici, somewhat more than ourselves in our Sleeps, and the Slumber of the Body seems to be but the waking of the Soul. It is the Ligation of Sense, but the Liberty of Reason; and our waking Conceptions do not match the Fancies of our Sleeps.

'Tis

'T IS certain we are then above Mortality, and the Soul has a free Intercourse with supernatural Beings;—enjoys an unlimited Prospect, and takes in all those Wonders which frailer Sense would shudder at, even if able to comprehend.

I AM pretty well aware how much Raillery I may incur from some of my Readers for advancing this Position: — The *ignorant* Part of Mankind who *cannot*, or the *indolent* who *will not*, examine into the Nature of Dreams, regard them only as Fumes rising to the Brain, from the Constitution of the Body, or the disjointed Ideas of some past Transactions, and laugh at all those who make a serious Matter of them, as Enthusiasts, or superstitious Bigots.

BUT all this shall not deter the *Female Spectator* from asserting what she is convinced of by her own Reason and Experience, as well as by the Testimonies of the most learned, wise, and unprejudiced Persons of all Ages, all Religions, and all Nations.

BUT nothing I have ever read touch'd me so much, on the Subject of Dreams, as an *Arabian Manuscript*, wrote, as the Title Page informs us, by a *Jewish Rabbin*, and was translated into *French*, by one Monsieur *de Clairville*: — I believe it is still in the Hands of some of the *Oxford Family*, for it was the Father of the late Earl whodid me the Honour to give me the Perusal of it.

THE

THE Author does not pretend, that in Sleep the Soul is wholly free from the Co-operation of the Body, *For if it were, says he, we should no longer be in doubt of any thing : All the Mysteries of the Universe would be as familiar to us as the Flowers in our own Garden : — We should not be Men but Angels, and enjoy the beatific Vision before our Time of Probation was expired, and without having performed any one good Work to entitle us to it.*

IN fine, he lays down so many strong Arguments to prove that the Soul is actually with God while the Body slumbers, that, I believe, the most learned of those who would offer to consult them, would find it a difficult Matter to succeed.

It may be objected, says he again, that some People in their Sleep are terrify'd with imagined Fires; others that they are falling into Waters; some that they fly through the Air with the same Lightness and Agility as a Bird; and some that they are labouring through dirty Roads, or near being bury'd in the Ruins of a fallen Edifice. All which, it must be acknowledg'd, are occasioned by the Constitution and different Humours of the Body; but even then, it must also be granted, that meer Matter could not produce these Images, and that it is the Soul, which in this Manner gives Warning of the Distempers which will predominate over us, and which perhaps we are at that Time unsuspecting of, because

cause these Dreams often happen before the corporeal Substance feels any Symptoms of them.

I HAVE often thought that Mr. Dryden had seen, and took his Hint from this Treatise, by the Description he gives of some kind of Dreams in his Poem of the *Cock* and the *Fox*.

*When Choler overflows, then Dreams are bred
Of Flames, and of the Family of Red:
Red Dragons, and red Beasts in Sleep we view,
For Humours are distinguish'd by their Hue;
From hence we dream of Wars and warlike
Things,
And Wasps and Hornets with their double
Wings.*

*Choler adust congeals our Blood with Fear,
Then black Bulls toss us, and then Devils tear:
In sanguine airy Dreams aloft we bound,
With Rheums oppress'd, we sink in Rivers
drown'd.*

BUT, if it were to our *Rabbin* he was indebted for this Definition, he should also have done him the Justice, or the World at least, not to have stopp'd here, but to have shewn how he demonstrates, that tho' these Humours have an Influence over the Soul, (which, as he says, is not wholly disengag'd from the Body) yet still without that Soul, operating in Sleep, we could have no Foreknowledge of the Dangers to which our System is most liable.

To this it may, indeed, be answer'd, that Dreams are, for the most part, so incoherent, that they seem rather the Effect of a disturb'd Imagination, than any Warnings from Above: I am sensible how much Weight this Objection carries with it, and should yield to it in my own Opinion; did not my philosophical *Rabbin* here also set me right.

HE acknowledges that the Perplexity and Confusion of those nocturnal Images, frequently serve rather to distract the Brain, if too intensely reflected upon, than any way inform us, either what we are, shall, or should be; but this, he says, is owing to the Deficiency or Weakness of those Organs, in which the Remembrance of what we have seen ought to remain upon, in order to return to us with any Perspicuity, when we are awake: So that what the Soul beholds entire and distinct, appears to the Senses disjointed, wild, and huddled; or if any particular Form dwells on the Idea, it seems as in a Mist, and on endeavouring to behold more clearly, vanishes entirely from the Mind.

HE enforces this Argument by several others, but as in doing so he made use of many technical Terms, I had not at that Time the Patience to go through with them as I ought, for attaining a perfect Understanding, yet comprehended, sufficient as I then thought, to have talk'd very learnedly on the Matter.

TIME

TIME and Experience alone can convince us all in what we are wanting: I have now enough of both, to make me sensible I am entering into a Point, not only too abstruse for me to pretend to discuss, but also, perhaps, unintelligible to those whom these Lucubrations are intended to reform: — What I would chiefly persuade the Belief of is, the Excellency and Dignity of the Soul, that every one might have that just Value for it, as not to suffer the Senses to prevail on the Body, for the Commission of any Act unworthy of its Divine Partner and Companion; for whether the Presages Dreams afford are owing to any latent Power the Soul has in itself, or to its immediate Communication with the Supreme Being, or with any subordinate Intelligence, is not the Point in View, or of any Moment to restrain our Irregularities; since the being convinced we have Souls, which must exist beyond the Grave, and are under a Necessity of being for ever *happy* or *miserable*, is sufficient to render us ambitious of doing those Things that enable us to hope the *One*, and avoid, as far as in us lies, whatever may incur any Danger of the *Other*.

THE Belief therefore of supernatural Appearances, the Regard we pay to Dreams, or those Flashes of Prescience in our waking Moments, are only so many Steps which lead to Faith in Immortality, and as such should rather be cherish'd than discourag'd.

As nothing is more plain, than that without

this Faith Religion cannot in reality subsist, it is strange, methinks, that a People, who have paid so dear for Religion as we have done, should be so easily brought to doubt of, if not condemn the very Foundation on which it is built.

CHURCHMEN may flatter themselves as much as they please, but without the Hope of Immortality all Religions, of what Mode soever, would be no more than an exterior Form, and even that too by Degrees would become neglected; Public Worship would cease, and themselves and Function be rendered wholly useless in the World.

How great a Pity is it, then, that this Pillar of our Faith is not more attended to, and that so much Time, Learning, and Eloquence, is lavish'd in meer Trifles, which might be employ'd in the Support of this important Article! — True Devotion languishes while the Mind is divided, and taken up with Controversies and Debates concerning Ceremonies, which in themselves cannot be said to be essential to Religion, and sometimes prove prejudicial to it, by occasioning weak Minds to set too high a Value on them, and mistake the *Shadow* for the *Substance*.

TRUE Religion is internal: — The noblest Temple of the Deity is the Heart of Man; and if Care be taken to adorn that with Zeal, Love, Integrity, Humility, and those other Christian Virtues, so often recommended in Scripture,
the

the exterior Forms, which indeed tend more to the rendering our Devotion lovely in the Eyes of our Fellow-Creatures than in those of Heaven, would be of little Prejudice, provided still they were not neglected out of meer Opposition to the Establish'd Church, and the necessary Order of its Government.

*Our Saviour came not with a gaudy Shew,
Nor was his Kingdom of the World below.*

I WOULD not here be understood by any one as an Advocate for that slovenly Kind of Worship, practis'd by some of our modern Sectaries : On the contrary, I think, the Deity cannot be ador'd with too much Magnificence, nor approach'd with too much Reverence ; nor can it be said the Church has any one superfluous Ceremony ; but then I would not have the *Pontificatus* come in any Competition with the Thing itself, for that would be the same as to value a fine Woman for the Sake of her Cloaths or Jewels.

To preserve in our Hears the Essence of the *one*, however, and the due Respect for the *other*, a firm and unshaken Faith in Immortality is absolutely necessary : — There is the great Hinge on which not only all *Religion*, but all *Morality* depends ; and if that is once broken, both must fall to the Ground of course.

MIGHT the *Female Spectator* presume to remonstrate

monstrate to the Reverend Clergy of every Perswasion, the Growth of Infidelity and Profane-ness at this Time, I am apt to believe they would throw aside all Disputes among themselves, and unite their Labours for the convincing Mankind of the Truth of this fundamental Article.

BUT my Zeal may perhaps have carry'd me too great a length already : — People will say, I ought to confine myself to the World I am in, and not travel to those of *Futurity*, unless I were able to discover more of them : — To the first Part of this Cavil I can only answer, that our well-doing *here* is so closely connected with our well-doing *hereafter*, that I found it impossible to separate them ; and that Religion and real Morality were, in effect, the same : Then as to the other, those only who know how to describe a Future State, ought to condemn my Ignorance of it ; but it is my Happiness that all Human Learning and Penetration are at a stand in this Affair, and the *Idiot* and *Philosopher* are on a footing.

SAINT *Paul*, the great Apostle of the *Gentiles*, is the only Person we read of who, while living, was ever favour'd with the Prospect of eternal Glory ; yet, after being rapt into the third Heaven, confesses himself unable to utter the Wonders he heard and saw, and tho' possess'd of the most profound Learning of any Man of his Time, was even unable to determine whether he was in the Body, or out of the Body, when this peculiar Grace was bestowed on him.

THE Purport of this little Essay is only to remind People of the Indignity they put on Human Nature, when they compare it with that of Brutes, and to prevail on them to cherish an assured Belief of that Immortality, which can alone render them worthy Members of Society while on Earth, and give them a Claim to the Blessings of it when they go hence; — that only Reflection which can afford the *Poor* any solid Comfort under their Misfortunes while *living*, and inspire the more *Prosperous* with a contented Resignation when dying.

WEAK as my Endeavours are, they may possibly be affecting to some one Person; and if so, will much more than compensate for all the Railery I may meet with from others, who would treat the most learned Work on this Topic with the same Derision.

THE worst that can be said of this Attempt is, that it is the Overflowings of a Heart sincere and ardent for the Happiness of that Specie of the Creation, of which I have the Honour to be: — If every one thinks in the same Way, whatever Errors I have been guilty of will find an easy Pardon; and judging of the *Act* by the *Intention*, join with me in grateful Praise of that immense and gracious Power who made us what we are.

THE two Letters signed *Adrasta* and *Philenia* are received, and shall not fail of being inserted in the next *Female Spectator*; but that from *Britannicus* requires some Deliberation: — We know
not

not how a Piece of that Nature may be relish'd at so critical a Juncture as this is; and if we should find ourselves oblig'd to delay, or entirely omit the Publication, flatter ourselves he will excuse it, as he may be assured it will not be the Effect of Choice, our Desire being to oblige all our Readers, and our Correspondents in particular, as far as is consistent with Prudence, or the main Intention of these Lucubrations.

End of the ELEVENTH BOOK.



T H E

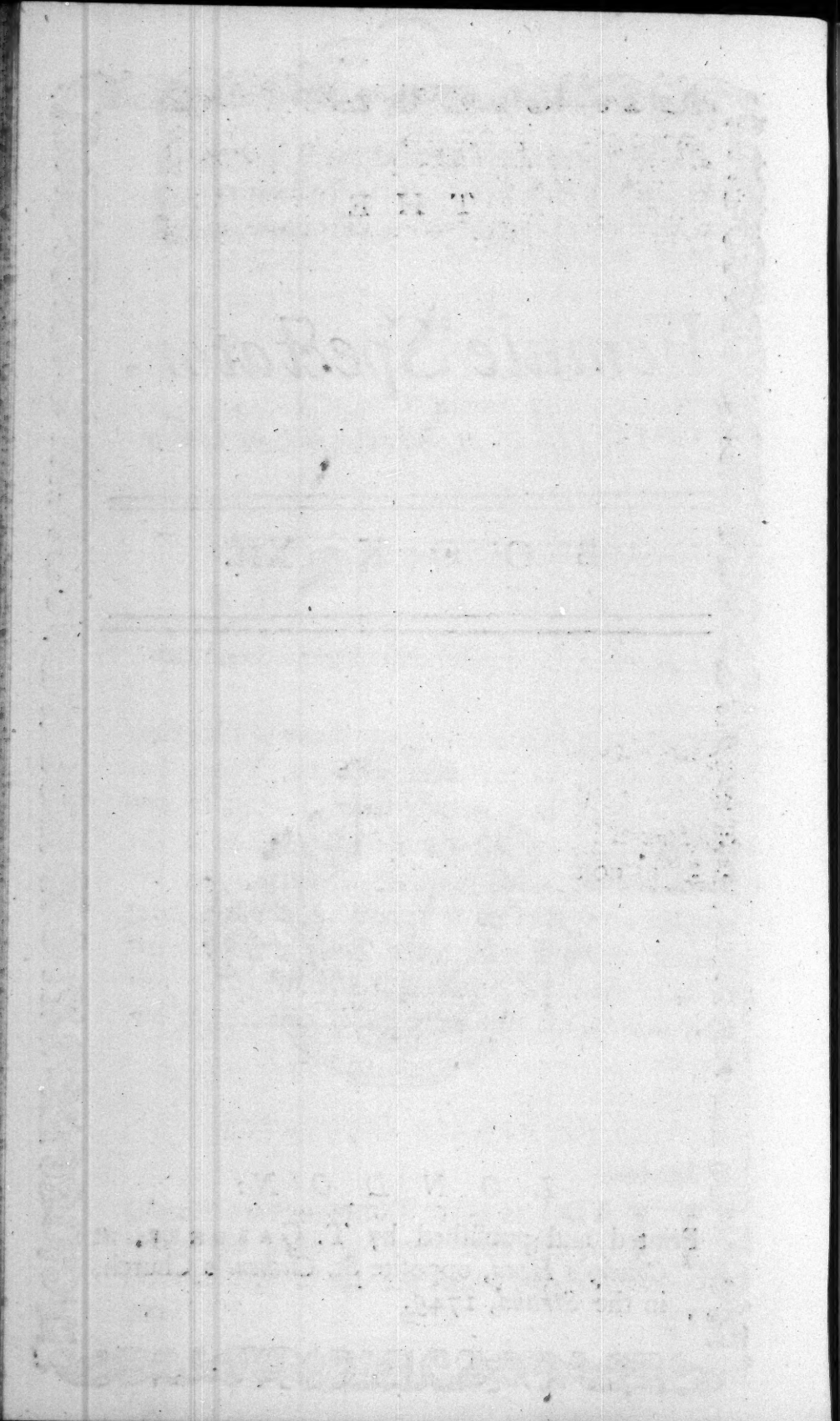
Female Spectator.

B O O K XII.



L O N D O N:

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T H E

Female Spectator.

B O O K XII.



THE immoderate Love of Gaming, so prevalent of later Years, has been already touch'd upon in one of our former Essays; but as the Evil, instead of decreasing, becomes every Day more spreading, the following Letter, which sets forth the Folly and Madness of it in the most picturesque Manner, may possibly make those who were guilty ashamed of being so.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

Madam,

‘ **H**AD I no other Temptation for writing
‘ to you than barely making those Ac-
‘ knowledgments which are due to you from all
Vol. II, U u your

‘ your Sex, for your generous Endeavours to render
 ‘ us truly amiable, I could not resist troubling
 ‘ you with such Proofs of my particular Gratitude
 ‘ as are in the Power of a raw Country Girl.

‘ INSTRUCTIONS deliver’d in so cordial and
 ‘ polite a Manner, I should think could not fail
 ‘ of having their Effect ; at least I have the Plea-
 ‘ sure of congratulating their Success in a Place,
 ‘ which, tho’ a hundred Miles distant from *Lon-*
 ‘ *don*, has not been free from the Contagion of
 ‘ those Follies, which I find reign here, as yet,
 ‘ to an unlimited Degree: I hope, however, a
 ‘ Day will come, when the Observations of those
 ‘ Maxims the *Female Spectator* has so obligingly
 ‘ laid down, will be as much the Mode as the
 ‘ Errors they are intended to explode, at present
 ‘ seem to be.

‘ I CAME, Madam, to this great Town about
 ‘ three Months ago, which, till then, I had never
 ‘ seen : One of the first Visits I made on my Ar-
 ‘ rival was to a Lady, who having received her
 ‘ Education in the same Place with me, I had
 ‘ been extremely intimate ; as I knew she was
 ‘ married to a Person in a high Station, and was
 ‘ oblig’d, by the Rank she now held, to see a
 ‘ great deal of Company, I went in the Morning
 ‘ that I might have the Opportunity of talking
 ‘ to her with more Freedom than I could do be-
 ‘ fore Strangers, and who, by the little I saw of
 ‘ *London*, I found were ready enough to laugh at the
 the

‘ the Simplicity of a Person who had lived always in the Country.

‘ It was between Eleven and Twelve when I came to her Door, where, after knocking a considerable time, a Footman, with his Night-Cap on, and pale, as just risen from the Dead, came yawning forth, and, on my asking for his Lady, *O Gad, Madam*, drawled he out, *we had a Racquet here last Night, and my Lady cannot possibly be stirring these three Hours*. I wondered what had happened, but would not ask any Questions of the Fellow, so only left my Name, and said I would wait on her at a more proper Time.

‘ FROM thence I went among the Shops, bought some Things I had occasion for, then returned to my Lodgings, eat my Dinner, and about three made a second Visit to my Friend, having been all this Time very impatient to know what ill Accident had befallen her, for such I judg’d the Fellow meant by a *Racquet* having been at her House.

‘ I HAD the good Fortune now to be admitted, and found her at her Chocolate ; she had a Dish of it in one Hand, and with the other seem’d very busy in sorting a large Parcel of Guineas, which she divided in two Heaps on a Table that stood before her: — She rose and received me with a great deal of Civility and Kindness, told me, she was sorry for my Disappointment on
my

‘ my first Calling, but added, with a Smile, that
 ‘ when I had been a little while in Town, I
 ‘ should learn to lie longer in Bed in a Morning.

‘ STILL she mentioned nothing of any Distur-
 ‘ bance that had happened, and appeared so per-
 ‘ fectly easy and gay, that I knew not how to
 ‘ make any Enquiry concerning it, and had gone
 ‘ from her in a total Ignorance of the Matter, if
 ‘ she had not set me right, by going on, *I am*
 ‘ *not*, said she, *however, always altogether so late*
 ‘ *as I have been Today ; — but you must know,*
 ‘ *I had a Racquet last Night ; — no less than*
 ‘ *sixteen Tables, and it was towards Five before*
 ‘ *we broke up : — I won, ’tis true ; had charming*
 ‘ *Luck ; — but see how I have been cheated ; —*
 ‘ *all these*, continued she, pointing to the lesser
 ‘ Heap of Gold, *are counterfeit ; — not one good*
 ‘ *Guinea among them.*

‘ I was not quite so dull of Apprehension as
 ‘ not to perceive by this, that a *Racquet* was far
 ‘ from signifying what I had at first understood
 ‘ it ; but, desirous of being better informed, I
 ‘ made no Scruple of confessing my Ignorance,
 ‘ at which she laugh’d heartily, but soon made
 ‘ me as learned in the Affair as I desir’d to be :
 ‘ — She told me, that when the Number of
 ‘ Company for Play exceeded ten Tables, it was
 ‘ called a *Racquet*, if under it was only a *Rout*,
 ‘ and if no more than one or two, it was only a
 ‘ *Drum* ; — she concluded with pitying those of
 ‘ her Acquaintance, who, with all their Industry,
 could

‘ could never raise their Drawing-Rooms above
 ‘ the latter.

‘ THE erecting Gaming into a Kind of Sci-
 ‘ ence, inventing technical Terms for it, and glo-
 ‘ rying in attracting a Number of its Professors,
 ‘ appeared to me no less ridiculous, than the
 ‘ Wonder I express’d to hear her talk in this
 ‘ Manner, doubtless, did to her.

‘ I FOUND I might easily have been admitted
 ‘ to this School of Politeness, as all Assemblies
 ‘ where Gaming is promoted are accounted ; but
 ‘ I chose rather to be of the Number of those
 ‘ whom they call unbred Creatures, than purchase
 ‘ the Name of a fine Lady at the Expence of my
 ‘ Money, my Time, and Health, and what, I
 ‘ hope, will ever be with me of equal Estima-
 ‘ tion with any of them, my Reputation among
 ‘ the sober, and more justly thinking Part of
 ‘ the World.

‘ THOUGH I absolutely refused to make one
 ‘ at those nocturnal Meetings, I still continue to
 ‘ visit her at Times more agreeable to myself ;
 ‘ by which Means I have the Opportunity of
 ‘ hearing what passes the Night before ; the Ele-
 ‘ vation which some express at a lucky run of
 ‘ Cards, and the Distraction of others at ill For-
 ‘ tune ; — the little Shifts to which sometimes
 ‘ the greatest Ladies have recourse, in order to
 ‘ support their Credit at these Gaming-Tables,
 ‘ and the fatal Emergencies they are not seldom
 reduced

' reduced to when oblig'd to discharge their Debts
 ' of Honour, for so they are all called that are
 ' this way contracted; but what amazes me
 ' more, is to find that there are *Lady Sharpers*,
 ' who stake false Money, and have even the Ad-
 ' dress to exchange it for Sterling, unperceived
 ' by the Company; but these, it seems, know
 ' each other pretty well, and chuse, if possible,
 ' to get to a Table, where there is no other of
 ' equal Dexterity in the Art:— Sometimes,
 ' however, it happens, that they play with one
 ' no less knowing than themselves, as had been
 ' the Case with my Friend the first Time I saw
 ' her; but she told me she should be even with
 ' the Person, and would take care the next As-
 ' sembly Night to pay her Ladyship in her own
 ' Coin; for she would set one to play with her
 ' that she would have no Suspicion of, and make
 ' her lay down the counterfeit Guineas, which
 ' would be eagerly grasped at, as real, by the
 ' other.

' WHAT a strange way is this of passing Time,
 ' and suffering Corruption to steal into the Heart
 ' by Methods, which, if discovered, serve only
 ' as Matter of Merriment? For I find cheating
 ' at Cards is almost as fashionable as Cards them-
 ' selves; for my Part, the more I hear of it the
 ' more I am amaz'd:— If any thing can demand
 ' the severest Censure of the *Female Spectator*,
 ' this surely does, since none, of all the Follies
 ' of the Age, is so every way destructive.

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‘ EXERT yourself, therefore, dear Madam, on
 ‘ this Occasion, and make, if possible, the Ladies
 ‘ blush, at the Remembrance they have ever en-
 ‘ courag’d, under the Name of Diversion, a real
 ‘ Vice, and what has ever been accounted scan-
 ‘ dalous, even in the other Sex : — Remonstrate
 ‘ to them the irreparable Injury they do them-
 ‘ selves and Families ; — how by the Extrava-
 ‘ gancies they are guilty of at Play, they lay open
 ‘ all their Defects of Temper, and what, perhaps,
 ‘ may have greater Weight with some, how an
 ‘ ill run of Cards shall have the Power to wrinkle
 ‘ their Brows, and to distort all their Features, so
 ‘ as to change Beauty into Deformity.

‘ BUT it ill becomes me to give any Advice
 ‘ to one, who is so much better acquainted with
 ‘ all these Things than I can be : — If any thing
 ‘ I have said may serve as a Hint, worthy the Im-
 ‘ provement of your more judicious Pen, I shall
 ‘ think my Labour well bestowed, who am,

MADAM,

Your very great Admirer,

York-Buildings, And most humble Servant.
 Feb. 9, 1744-5.

ADRASTA.

P.S. ‘ I hear some Ladies and Gentlemen of
 ‘ the above-mentioned Class are preparing to go
 ‘ into the Country; if so, a seasonable Warning
 ‘ from the *Female Spectator* may be infinitely ser-
 Vol. II. X x viceable,

‘ viceable, if it arrives before them at those Places,
 ‘ where, otherwise, they may expect to be well
 ‘ paid for teaching the modish way of Gaming.”

THERE is something so cordial, and truly good-natured in this Concern of *Adrafta*, as cannot be too much praised: — I dare answer, by the Earnestness with which she writes, that wherever she comes, playing, as now practised by many of the polite World, will never want a zealous Opposer; and it would be unjust not to congratulate her on that good Sense, which so well defends her from the Prevalence of Example.

IF she is so little indebted to Time for her Experience as her Letter intimates, I am apt to believe she has read and adopted that Maxim of the celebrated Monsieur L’Abbé *de Bellegard*,

*Vivez toujours comme si vous étiez Vieux, afin
 que vous ne vous repentiez jamais d’avoir été jeune.*

SUCH a Precept was doubtless very necessary, and worthy the Observation of the *French* Ladies, whose natural Propensity to Gaiety seems to require some little Restrictions; but we, who are less volatile, are under no Necessity of laying any weight on the Constitution; a small Share of Reflection will serve to inform us in what Manner we ought to behave, and leave us no Occasion to anticipate the Austerity of Age in order to
 hinder

hinder us from giving into any dangerous Amusements.

THOSE who consider the Value of Time will certainly allow no more of it, even to the most innocent Diversions, than what is barely necessary to unbend the Mind from those Occupations, which, if too intensely attended to, might be of Prejudice to Health; much less, will they squander away so inestimable and so irretrievable a Treasure in that which, of all the Ways Invention ever yet found out for Recreation, has the least to recommend it.

To view Gaming in its most inoffensive Light, and abstracted from all avaritious Ends, what is there in it so enchanting? — Does it exhilarate the Mind? Does it raise any Ideas worthy of a sensible Person? — Does it invigorate the Body, add to the Elasticity of the Nerves, or render the Blood more pure and florid? — On the contrary, is not the Mind in a continual Perplexity, hurried incessantly between Hopes and Fears? Does it not feel the most terrible Alarms at the turning up of an unlucky Card? And is not the Body, by continuing so many Hours in one Posture, coop'd up, as it were, at a Table, and without any significant Motion, benum'd and almost debilitated?

I BELIEVE there can no one Entertainment (excepting this pernicious one) be named, wherein either the Mind or Body does not find some Relief; but in this both equally suffer, and the

Health of the one, and the Understanding of the other are alike impair'd.

THIS is an undoubted Truth with all those who are extremely fond of Play, and those who are not so, tho' they will never experience the ill Effects of it in their own Persons, will see and pity them in others.

BUT, after all, how can this Method of mispending Time, as now practis'd, bear the Name of Diversion? — Is it not more a Business, a Vocation, than any other, I need not say a Person of Condition, can pursue, but even the meanest Tradesman or Artificer, since there are few, even of the most servile and laborious Callings, which engross the Night as well as Day? — Nay every Day, since that which is by the Law of the Land peculiarly appropriated to the Worship of the Deity, we now see devoted to Gaming, inasmuch, that what Cowley says of his Mistress may be applied to it.

*Thou robb'st my Days of Business and Delights;
Of Sleep thou robb'st my Nights:
Ah lovely Thief! what wilt thou do?
What, rob me of Heaven too!
And ev'n my Prayers do'st from me steal,
That I with wild Idolatry
Begin to God, and end them still in thee.*

AN intimate Acquaintance of mine happened to be in a Coffee-House, when a Gentleman that
fat

fat near him ask'd another if he would make one at a Party of Play the next Day. *No*, answered he, very unpolitely, as some of the Company thought, *I never touch Cards on a Sunday*. On which a loud Laugh ensued, and he who had given the Invitation, retorted, *See the Difference between us ; — I never play on any other Day*.

BUT whether Things, if really innocent in themselves, may become otherwise, when they take up any Part of the Sabbath, is not the Matter in question ; and tho' much might be alledg'd on the Part of Decency and establish'd Custom, I shall leave that Point for others to discuss, and only say, that if he who never play'd on a Sunday did little else than play all the Week beside, he was more to be condemn'd than he who never play'd but on a Sunday, meerly for doing so ; but then his boasting of setting apart that Day for Pleasure, which is consecrated to other Purposes, had in it an Air of Prophaneness, which it would be difficult to excuse.

I KNOW very well, however, that there are People precise enough to censure me for not inveighing, with all my Might, against all Kinds of Diversion taken on a Sunday ; and these may perhaps look on what I have said as a kind of Encouragement to Gaming on that sacred Day ; but the more judicious and unprejudiced Part of the World will see into my Meaning, and allow with me, that he who mispends one Day in seven

ven is six times less criminal than he who throws away six Days out of seven.

BUT it is my Opinion it need not be a Matter of Debate which of these two Persons demanded the severest Censure, because it is scarce probable that those who make no Scruple of gaming on the seventh Day will abstain from it the other six, nor that those who devote themselves to it for six Days shall stop on the seventh.

IT seems indeed strange, that any thing so constantly persisted in can continue to give Delight; — all other Pleasures lose their Relish, and grow tiresome by frequent Repetition; but the Love of Play is still unsatiated, and we see People sit down to it every Night with an Eagerness, which is amazing to those who do not take Pains to search into the Motive.

IN fine, it is not the shuffling, cutting, and dividing a Parcel of painted Bits of Paper, which affords the Satisfaction; but the Prospect of sweeping the shining Stakes laid on the Table: Avarice is the great Incentive, and without the Hopes of Gain, Gaming would be looked upon as the most insipid way of passing Time.

How many Estates, which have been impair'd by the Calamities of the Times, or the Luxury of their former Owners, are now devolv'd on Wretches, who, bred, perhaps, to drive a Coach, or trowl a Wheel-Barrow, have the Insolence to
vie

vie in Equipage and Grandeur with the Nobility !

WHAT Numbers of the *undone* of both Sexes does every public Place present us with, who, led by the vain Hopes of mending a decay'd Fortune, have suffered themselves to be strip'd of all, and are indebted to Charity for a miserable Subsistence.

THE Wisdom of the Legislature has indeed given a great Check to public Gaming, and the Cognizance they have taken of it methinks should make Ladies ashamed of encouraging any sort of Play at their Assemblies. — Shall the Drawing Room of a Woman of Quality be a Receptacle for Sharpers, however dignify'd or distinguish'd ? — Can she behold her innocent fair Friend, such a one, perhaps, as *Adrafta*, become the Prey of some designing Man, either in her Person or Fortune, and only laugh at the Ruin she has promoted ! — Can a Woman of Sense sacrifice her Conversation to every Fop, whose laced Coat and Impudence entitle him to Admission ! — O, would the Persons of Condition but reflect how much they demean themselves by mingling with the Herd who thrust themselves into Parties for Quadrille, Whist, and other Games, they would order their Tables to be burnt, and henceforward shut their Doors against all who have frequented them on this scandalous Score.

A PROTEST Gamester is a Bird of Prey, and
without

without Distinction, devours the Vitals of all that come within the reach of his Talons : — This is so known a Truth, that it stands in need of no Arguments to prove it : — It is yet fresh in the Memory of every one, how the Son of a noble Lord was ensnared by two of his Companions, whom he also took to be his Friends, to set the Reversion of the whole Estate, to which he was Heir, on a single Stake ; which being sure of winning, they had a Lawyer ready in the House with an Assignment, which they made him sign the same Instant, and before he should have Time to consider whether there was a Possibility of warding off so terrible a Blow or not ; and tho' his worthy Father, being informed of the Frauds practised on his Son, took such prudent Measures, as obliged those Harpies to resign their Prize ; yet was the Attempt, one would imagine, sufficient to have made all who heard of it beware with whom, and for what they played.

BUT alas ! this has not been the last Example of those Dangers to which all who love Gaming are exposed : — Every Day produces new ones, and I am afraid will continue to do so, while there are any who are permitted to make an Avocation of an Amusement, in itself but too pernicious to Society.

BUT there is one thing which, methinks, calls loudly for Redress and Reformation in a Civil Government, as highly derogatory to Nobility, and a very great Nuisance to the middling Rank
of

of People. It is this: That there are at this Instant several reduced Persons of Quality, who are obliged, for Bread, to give Sanction to the very worst and lowest Degree of common Cheats and Vagabonds; who, on allowing a Weekly Stipend out of their Gains, have the Privilege of practising what Frauds they please, on the Unwary, with Impunity.

THIS very Abuse of the Power of tollerating Gaming, one would imagine, should make Ladies, who have the good Fortune not to be under such Necessities, not only forbear having any such thing at their Assemblies, but also excite their Compassion to relieve the Distresses of those of their own Rank, who are obliged to prostitute their Titles for a Skreen to such vile Purposes.

BUT to consider it simply as an Amusement, it must be allowed a very dangerous one, if we give ourselves the trouble of reflecting on the innumerable Quarrels it has, occasioned between the best Friends, and nearest Relations.—How little the most moderate are able to preserve their Temper, and how a Word, perhaps the most insignificant that can be, is sometimes misconstrued into an Affront, and occasions fatal Consequences. Even among our Sex, Animosities have been contracted at Play that have not easily wore off; and those Revenges we are incapable taking ourselves, have but too frequently been executed by third Persons, and the Feuds, begun by the Wives, extended to the Husbands.

BUT if none of the Considerations above recited are able to prevail with the Ladies (for whom I must confess myself the most concerned) I have a Proposal to make to them, which, if complied with, may be of more Utility than any Remonstrances made by others, or even the most vexatious Inconveniencies felt by themselves.

IT is this. — I would have placed, at the bottom of every *Lustre* that hangs over each Table, a four-square Looking-Glass, to the end that it should be impossible for those who play, to avoid seeing themselves all the Time. — I am apt to believe the Sight of those Countenances they sometimes cannot help putting on, would render the Occasion hateful, and they would thenceforward abjure an Entertainment so prejudicial to their Beauty.

I DON'T doubt but the Gentlemen will laugh very heartily at this Project, but if those of them who have Gaming Wives, Sisters, or Daughters, would insist on the Execution of it, they would soon see the good Effect, or I am greatly mistaken, and will be ready to own I know a little of the Disposition of my Sex.

BUT enough of this for the present. As giving a wrong Bent to the Genius and Humour, is the Source not only of the Vice of Gaming, but all others, the Letter from *Philenia*, which my last gave the Promise of inserting, will remind
those

those who have not so early as they ought to have done, studied their own Emolument, that it is never too late to retrieve that Character which all Women of true Understanding value themselves upon, and be also a kind of Reprimand to the Men, for the little Account they make of a Female Capacity, and the slender Efforts made by even those whose Business and Interest it is to cultivate the Talents they find in us. — I shall leave my Reader to judge of the Justice of those Remarks contained in this Epistle; and as I shall hear, by my attending *Silphs*, what is said upon it, answer hereafter the various Opinions which I doubt not but will be given upon it.

To the FEMALE SPECTATOR.

MADAM,

‘ A FORMER Essay of Yours, I think it was
 ‘ Book the Fourth, wherein you so agree-
 ‘ ably discant on the Mis-use of Time, charm’d me
 ‘ to a very great Degree, and also has given me
 ‘ Courage to add some crude Notions of my own
 ‘ concerning it. — You seem to think, that it is to
 ‘ this all our Misfortunes, all our Irregularities are
 ‘ owing; and to me it is plain, that if we were
 ‘ well instructed in our Youth, of the true Value
 ‘ of Time, we could not possibly do amiss.

‘ But on whom shall the Blame of this be laid,
 ‘ if not on our Governors? — Those who have
 ‘ the Care of us in our most early Years, should
 ‘ inform us, that, of all our Jewels, none are so
 ‘ in-

‘ inestimable as Time ;—that a Moment lost is
 ‘ never to be retrieved ; and that if we husband
 ‘ well the present, it will produce a Crop here-
 ‘ after, that may not only serve us for our whole
 ‘ Lives, but entail eternal Blessings on our Names,
 ‘ by rendering our Virtues immortal in a late Po-
 ‘ sterity.

‘ A Letter subscribed *Cleora*, which you have
 ‘ favoured the Public with inserting in your tenth
 ‘ Book, has very pathetically set forth the Remis-
 ‘ ness of the Men in this Point ; and your Re-
 ‘ marks upon it have been very convincing to
 ‘ me, and many other of your Readers, that
 ‘ there are Women capable of attaining a tho-
 ‘ rough Knowledge in the most abstruse Sciences ;
 ‘ yet, as I am also convinced by an Examination
 ‘ into myself, that every one is not so, or, at least,
 ‘ that we cannot all have Patience to go through
 ‘ the Drudgery of School-Learning, methinks it
 ‘ would not be unbecoming the Politeness of our
 ‘ *English* Wits, to take the same Methods of in-
 ‘ structing us as they do in *France*.

‘ I had the Pleasure of being in that elegant
 ‘ Country for three Years, and but for the unhap-
 ‘ py Eruption between the two Nations, had not
 ‘ so soon left it.—I was highly satisfied at my first
 ‘ coming among them, to see the Respect paid
 ‘ in general to our Sex, but infinitely more to
 ‘ find they so well deserved it, by their most
 ‘ agreeable Manner of Conversation : Besides,
 ‘ that easy Freedom, which is the Essence of
 ‘ good

' good Breeding, I discovered, even among very
 ' young Ladies, a Skill in Philosophy, Geo-
 ' graphy, and other Sciences, which surprized
 ' me, as not being able to comprehend how, at
 ' an Age when we in *England* know little beyond
 ' our Music-Books and Dancing, they should at-
 ' tain such a Compass of Learning, as I imagi-
 ' ned, would require a long and continued Appli-
 ' cation; but my Wonder ceased, when I per-
 ' ceived, that, to speak justly of things, was
 ' rendered as easy to them as to speak at all,
 ' and by a way which I doubt not but you are
 ' as well acquainted with as myself; but least
 ' any of your Readers should be ignorant of it,
 ' permit me to inform them, that all Men of
 ' Learning, Wit, and Genius, have not only a
 ' free Access to the Ladies, but are received by
 ' them with particular Marks of Distinction.—
 ' They have them with them at their Toilets, in
 ' all their Parties of Pleasure, and never think a
 ' Company compleat, in which there are not
 ' mingled one or more who is celebrated for his
 ' Capacity and fine Sense. The Time which
 ' we allow to Milliners, Mantua-makers, and
 ' Tire-women, is with them taken up in the
 ' Conversation of Men of Letters; for tho'
 ' the *French* Ladies are certainly the gen-
 ' teelest Creatures upon Earth, they take the least
 ' Pains to be so of any. — They leave the whole
 ' Care of their Dress to their Women, and ne-
 ' ver think of what they are to wear, till it is
 ' brought to them, and put on.

' Not

' NOT that the Discourses with which they are
 ' entertained by these great Men, have any thing
 ' in them that savour of Pedantry, or that can
 ' make a Lady consider herself as with her Tu-
 ' tor. — On the contrary, all they say is a con-
 ' tinual round of Gaiety and sprightly Wit; yet
 ' is their very Raillery on such Subjects, as mingle
 ' Information with Delight; and I protest to
 ' you, Madam, I have been sometimes more edi-
 ' fied by a single Sentence laugh'd out, than by a
 ' formal, stiff, pedantick Harangue of an Hour
 ' long.

' BUT this is the least Advantage a *French Lady*
 ' reaps from her Regard for Men of Learning. —
 ' Has she an Inclination to Philosophy, Theolo-
 ' gy, History, Astronomy, or in fine, any parti-
 ' cular Study, she has only to make Mention of
 ' it, and is certain of receiving a Letter the next
 ' Day, in which is contained the whole Pith and
 ' Marrow of the Science, and at one View takes
 ' in the Substance of I know not how many
 ' Volumes.

' THE Men are the industrious Bees, which
 ' suck the Sweets of many Author's Works, and
 ' having collected whatever they find worthy,
 ' present it in the most concise and briefest Man-
 ' ner possible to the Lady who expects this Tri-
 ' bute from them, and honours it with her Ac-
 ' ceptance.

' By this Means they are enabled to make a
 ' Part in Conversation on all sorts of Subjects, —
 ' and those among them who are least inclin'd
 ' to think intensely, have yet so general a Know-
 ' ledge of every thing, as may make them pass
 ' for very learned with those who do not enter
 ' into any deep Arguments.

' WHY, dear *Female Spectator*, is it not so
 ' with us? I am sure we have Men whose Capa-
 ' cities are at least equal to any that *France* pro-
 ' duces. — Is it then owing to their Indolence
 ' and Disregard for our Sex, or to our own Re-
 ' missness and Neglect of those who perhaps
 ' have not the Advantage of Title and Estate, to
 ' render their Abilities conspicuous? — I sin-
 ' cerely wish, for the Honour of my Country-
 ' Women, that this latter is not the true Motive.
 ' I am apt to believe, did a Woman of Quality
 ' express a Desire of being instructed in this a-
 ' greeable Way, in any thing she is ignorant
 ' of, no Man of Letters but would rejoice in the
 ' Opportunity of obliging her, and at the same
 ' Time of testifying his own Abilities.

' IN *France* a little Copy of Verses, or a well-
 ' turn'd Epigram, is sufficient to recommend the
 ' Author to the first of the Nobility, and fre-
 ' quently to the King himself. — *There* such-a-one
 ' is not only taken Notice of, but always provided
 ' for in a handsome Manner; whereas, I am for-
 ' ry to observe, that *here* nothing is more con-
 ' temptible than a Needy Wit. They are ex-
 ' cluded

‘ cluded the Conversation of the great World,
 ‘ and seldom permitted even to see the Faces of
 ‘ those who cannot but allow the Merit of their
 ‘ Works.

‘ THE Ladies however, methinks, should
 ‘ have more Softness ; and if they could bring
 ‘ themselves off from these darling Foibles, which
 ‘ at present engross too much of their Time and
 ‘ Attention, I dare answer they would find so
 ‘ much Pleasure in improving their Genius’s by
 ‘ the Means I have been describing, that they
 ‘ would look on a Man of Wit, as not only an
 ‘ agreeable, but a necessary Appendix.

‘ BUT, as you have in several of your instruc-
 ‘ tive *Lucubrations* taken Notice, this must be
 ‘ despaired of, till Recollection shall once more
 ‘ take Place, and the present absurd and pre-
 ‘ posterous Inventions for *killing Time* (as they
 ‘ justly term it) be expelled this Island, and
 ‘ driven back to their native Climes, where Ta-
 ‘ lents for more elegant and polite Entertain-
 ‘ ments have been seldom known.

‘ If you should think what I have said too se-
 ‘ vere, I submit to your Correction ; but if not,
 ‘ shall look on your testifying an Approbation,
 ‘ by giving it a Place in your next Book, as the
 ‘ greatest Honour can be confer’d on,

‘ M A D A M,

‘ Your Constant Reader,

‘ And Humble Servant,

Whitehall, Feb. the
 14th, 1744-5

PHILENIA.

Nothing certainly can be more just than what *Philenia* has advanced, and it were greatly to be wished her Proposal could be brought into Execution ; but I am afraid it will be attended with more Difficulty than she at present may be aware of. — She seems not to have sufficiently consider'd the different Tempers of the two Nations, and that what in *France* is looked upon as no more than, what it indeed is, innocent Gallantry, might here be censur'd as an unbecoming Familiarity. Our Fathers, our Brothers, our Husbands are, perhaps, more tenacious of the Honour of their Family than they need to be : The phlegmatic Disposition of the *English* can ill endure any Galliardisms in the Females belonging to them ; they would be apt, some of them at least, to think the Admiration we profess for Learning, was only a Veil to cover our Admiration of the *Person* who possessed it ; and though it must be own'd, that our Sex at present indulge very great Liberties, yet, as the Number of Men of Wit is but small, an Intimacy with one of those is look'd upon as infinitely more dangerous than that with a thousand Beaus.

It is evident enough, that the Men in general imagine they find their Account in permitting us to trifle away our Time in Follies, which renders us ridiculous Abroad, and insignificant at Home.—A Piece of Cruelty indeed, which but ill agrees with their Professions, but is what we must resolve to bear, till we can pluck up Spirit to assert the Dignity of our Natures, and of ourselves, throw off those senseless Avocations, that

make the finest among us of no more Account than a pretty Play-thing.

YET let it not be said we are the only thoughtless, gawdy Flutterers of the human World:— There are *Men-Butterflies* as well as *Women*:— *Things* that are above the Trouble of Reflection, and suffer themselves to be blown about by every Wind of Folly. — Whatever has the Name of Novelty will carry them through thick and thin; — led by that resistless Charm, no matter if the Chair be overturned, the gilded Chariot broke, and the Coachman's Neck into the Bargain, still they press on a mingled motley Crowd; as witness the Audiences at the Little Theatre in the *Hay-market*, to see the Entertainment of the *Dutch Children*, as they were called, though most of whom were bred up to the Tumbling Art in *Broad St. Giles's* and *White-Chapel*, and hack'd about at all the petty Wells near *London*, while *Shakespeare* and *Otway* warbled their pathetic Strains to empty Boxes at *Covent-Garden* and *Drury-Lane*.

I MUST confess, that I was not sorry to hear that there were at least an equal Number of Men as Women at these Raree-Shews, because that whatever Infatuation our Posterity may be guilty of, it cannot be said that it descended to them wholly by the *Mothers Side*.

THEY say, Extremes are never of long Continuance, and if so, one might flatter oneself that
the

the preposterous Taste now reigning is arrived at its Zenith, and People by degrees would recover their Senses. A Piece left for us the other Day at our Publisher's, exposes, with so much Wit and Humour, the Depravity of the present Genius in Matters of Entertainment, that I think those most immersed in the Lethargy of Folly and Stupidity, must be quickened by it into a Sense of Shame.

To the Fair Authors of the Female Spectator.

LADIES,

THE following Scene, which I beg leave to transmit you, is part of a Dramatic Plan, intended to have been worked up into a Farce, as a Satire upon the *Puppet* Patrons and Patronesses of this politely learned Age; but finding the Humour a good deal diverted, by a vehement Pursuit in our fine Ladies and Gentlemen of another kind, I mean, in a profound Application to the important Solution of a *Conundrum*, I have thought proper to drop the Design, imagining however, that this little Opening will serve to give an Idea of the laudable Views of an Undertaking our People of Taste have been so lavish in encouraging.

I am, LADIES,

Your most Humble Servant,

March the 1st, 1744-5
Bedford Coffee-House, Covent-Garden.

J. J.
SCENE



SCENE, *Townley's* Lodgings.

Enter *Townly* and Servant.

Town. — Who are below, say'st thou?

Serv. — In the first place, Sir, there's your Honour's *Whist* Master, — but, I think, you would not see him.

Town. — Pox take the scientific Trifler, — I'll have no more of his Lessons.

Serv. — And in truth, Sir, you are very much in the right; for by what I have observed, he has taught you the Game so learnedly, that you play it worse than you did before you ever saw his Face, and have continued on the losing Hand, till, Thanks to his Instructions, you are some Thousands less in Bank, and if you went on much longer you might soon have nothing more to lose.

Town. — And who is there else?

Serv. — Why, Sir, there's that strange, squeaking, medely Thing of the doubtful Gender, Mr. *Mollman*, whom the Ladies run so mad after, — though the Duce take me if I can find out for what, with all my Penetration. — Would your Honour please to see him?

Town. — Aye, aye, send him up. (*Exit Serv.* I want to hear a little about his Scheme, — 'tis the Talk of every Company one goes into.

Re-

Re-enter Servant introducing *Mollman* with a Fan and several Puppets.

Moll. — (in an effeminate Voice) Dear Mr. *Townly*, you see I can't pass by the Lodgings of a Man of Wit and Pleasure. — You must subscribe to my sweet Puppets here. — I have been just buying a *Huncamunca* Fan for Miss Puppet *Dapper* of *Leadenball* Street, who wears one as big as Herself — ha, ha, ha : — I suppose you know the Ladies of the Beau-monde have declared War against the Citizens ?

Town. — War, as how, Mr. *Mollman* ?

Moll. — Why, my Dear, there is not a Face in the City of any Note, but what is to be taken off to the Life in my Puppet-Shew ; and let me alone to mimic their Voices.

Town. — So, I find, you are going to revive, as it were, the old *Comedy* in a *Puppet-Shew* ?

Moll. — Gad's Curse, I don't know what you mean by old *Comedy*, — but look you here, my pretty little Precious ! — here's a Curiosity — (shewing a large Puppet) observe, my Dear, — this is Alderman *Brawn* — as like as two P's, — mind his Treble Chin — his Pent-house Eyebrows, and his promontary Belly ; — and this is Mrs. Puppet *Atlas*. — (shewing another), a *Director's Wife*. You would swear 'twas she herself. — Lady *Betty* dressed the Alderman, and Lady *Charlotte*, the *Director's Wife*. — Well, they are sweet Creatures.

Town. The Ladies, I perceive, are in full Employment for you.

Moll.

Moll. Oh! Aye— They are so delighted. — Lud! they have no other Pastime ; — no other Enjoyment. — Gad's Curse ! My little Rogue, I can do any thing with them.

Town. And they with you, I suppose, without any Danger to their Reputations ?

Moll. You may be as satirical as you will, but the little Devils can't live without me, my Dear.

(*Chucking him under the Chin.*)

Town. Hands off, if you please, till I know more of your Undertaking. — Pray, do the Men work for you, too ?

Moll. Oh! Aye, — and help to contrive so purely ! — Why, there's Lord *John*, and Lord *Charles*, and, Gad's Curse, fifty more of them, are resolved to support the Scheme. — They have all of them their Reasons, my Dear.

Town. No doubt : — The Ladies, I suppose, encourage it, as a Satire upon our Sex, to shew, that they think the Men of this Age little better than Puppets ; or, perhaps, they may have our Stage-Entertainments in view, which they may not judge quite as rational as a Puppet-Shew ; or, perhaps, both they and the Men may be of Opinion, that no Actors can so well supply the Want of *Italian Singers* as Puppets.

Moll. Ah, Gad's Curse, you are witty. — I'll tell them what you say. — Come, your Ten Pieces, my Dear.

Town. To be sure, Sir — I must make one in your noble List. — There, Mr. *Mollman*, (*Gives him the Money*)

Moll.

Moll. You're very good, my Dear. — Adieu, my pretty little Precious. — I have a thousand Places to go to. *(Exit Mollman.)*

Town. Adieu, my egregious Coxcomb, or rather Knave; for when Vice wears the Mask of Folly, it becomes most dangerous. — I despise the Puppy and his Project; but there's no supporting Life without doing as others of the great World do. — Besides, my dear *Flirtille* is of the Number of his Admirers, and the Policy of Love demands my Compliance.

Præterea Nihil.



WHAT a Pity, what a Misfortune to the World! — Scarce can all the good Sense contained in this little Sketch of the ingenious Author's Capacity make us forgive his Bit of *Latin* at the End. — *No more after this?* — Yes, I hope he will think better; and as every Day affords fresh Matter for a satiric Genius, he will not fail of exerting that Talent which Nature has so bounteously endowed him with, for the Reformation of Mankind, and never drop his Pen till he has accomplished the laudable End; — an End which Men and Angels will approve, and even should he fail in the Success, the very Attempt would assure to him the Blessings of the Deserving, the untainted Few *below*, and the more permanent and valuable Rewards *above*.

NEVER

NEVER did any Age like this require a *Juvenal* : — Bury'd, as it were, in Luxury and Folly, gentle Strokes would have no Effect ; the severest Lash of Satire should be employed, and dealt about impartially on all ; for as all Modes, whether good or evil, are originally form'd by the great World, and gradually descend to their Inferiors, *there* must the Rectification begin, if we would hope to see any Amendment.

BUT to return. This little Scene is so very descriptive of that Puppet-Shew Project, which at present engrosses the Attention of some of our Nobility, that I cannot but think, had the Author pursued his first Intention, and exhibited it on the Stage, it would have had so good an Effect as to make the Undertakers convert the Images they had been so long in dressing into Fuel for their Chambers. But since we are to despair of this Experiment, and may possibly, in a little Time, have Tickets to invite us to the squeaking Entertainment, *Euphrosine* proposes, by Way of Retort, to make a Party among her City-Friends, and have another of the same Nature presented at *Guildball*. — She has already marked out the Characters, the principal of which are these:

Lady *Gaylove*, a Beauty of sixty-six, in a Pink and silver Sack, sitting at her Toilet, daubing her hollow Cheeks with *Carmin*e, in a great Hurry to go to the Drawing-Room, and fretting that
the

that the Man in *Racquet-Court* does not bring the last new Set of Teeth she bespoke.

Lord *Lumpish*, half asleep in an easy Chair, with the Calves of his Legs where Nature had placed his Ancles ; one of his Arms hanging down like a Pump-Handle, and the other in his Bosom, with Lady *Frolick* pouring a Glass of Viper Wine down his Throat.

Lady *Buxom*, with one Petticoat and a Bed-Gown, lolling on a Couch, and Mr. *Prettyman*, her Groom of the Chambers, tying up her Garters.

Lord *Manly* in a Chairman's Coat over his Cloaths, carrying Lady *Rounciful*, muffled up in his Arms, and Doctor *Goodfee* following, with a new-born Child wrap'd up in Purple Velvet.

Lord *Humdrum* with his Spectacles on, learning the Game of Whist of Mr. *Hoyle*.

Sir *Dubious Eitherway* in Petticoats, and a long Riding-Hood, sculking into a Hedge Tavern near *Charing-Cross*.

Lady *Goggle* kissing her Monkey, and calling him his Grace, and her dear Angel.

Sir *Thomas Spindle* in deep Consultation with a *Jew-Quack*, how to repair the Defects of Age, and fast Living.

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THE Earl of *Basemetal* tearing some old News-Papers, and the Countess beating her Coachman, for giving Way to Lady *Haughty's* new gilt Chariot.

John Waver Esq; jumping between two Stools.

Sir *Necessary Matchlove*, teaching his Wife's Woman to embroider; and Mr. *Peacock* threading the Needles.

Lady *Rattle* in a red *Surtout*, and Hat and Feather, driving her Footman in a Chaise and four, to *Pimlico*.

A HUMOROUS Scene between Lady *Turnup* and a noted Pawnbroker, about some Jewels left in his Hands, the last losing Night at *Whist*.

A VERY tragical, hyperbolical Scene between Lady *Ample*, and an old Earl, supposed to be at the Point of Death.

ANOTHER ranting Scene between the same Lady and her Rival, Mrs. *Triton*, whom she unfortunately happened to meet on the Stairs, as she was going down all in Tears.

A SOLEMN Scene of chusing a Member by Ballot, for the most venerable and honourable Society of *Whist*-Players at *White's* Chocolate-House.

AND

AND the whole to conclude with a grand *Hot-tentot* Dance led up by a high-hip'd, plump young Man of Quality, and one of the Sisterhood of *Drury-Lane*, at a celebrated Revel-House in *Covent-Garden Piazza*.

ALL the Persons and Places to be represented to the Life; but for the Benefit of those who may never have seen the Originals, a Punch to come in between every Scene, and explain the Meaning to the Audience.

THIS, with other Improvements, which will doubtless be made before the Performance is exhibited, I am very apt to believe will turn the intended Satire on the *City*, entirely on the contrary Party, and make the Mention of a Puppet-Shew hereafter more shocking to the Ear than Wormwood to the Palate.

Euphrosine, however, has too much Good-Nature to be the first Aggressor, and keeps her Design *in petto* till the Execution of the other, and then neither *Mira*, nor our noble Widow, will deny she has sufficient Authority to prosecute it.

THE Ladies of St. *James's* Quarter are certainly a little taken off their Edge, by the Publication of some *Conundrums*, which I suppose are what Mr. J—— J—— has a View to in his Letter. They are indeed the fittest Entertainment for the present Age, that has appeared in Print a good while; far exceeding *Jo. Miller's*

Jokes,--*Spiller's* Jests,--Pills to purge Melancholy, or any other Performance of either Player or Poet of *Moorfields*, and answers the Purpose admirably well, at least if it were, as I am informed, intended only as a Test of the Taste of our refined Wits, and composed by three or four merry Companions over a Bottle, with a Wager laid, that not above one out of twenty very fine Ladies and Gentlemen, but would please themselves more on the Character of being able to solve even the most intelligible *Conundrum* in the whole, than on that of the most learned, brave, virtuous, or discreet Person of the Age.

How strange a Reverse has a few Years brought about in the Temper and Genius of the *English* Nation! Could our Forefathers pop up their Heads, and see the Behaviour of their degenerate Race, they surely would repent they ever gave us Being. Yet, if we may believe a noble Poet,

*Time sensibly all Things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours; next Age will see
A Race more profligate than we,
With all the Pains we take, have Skill enough to be.*

I HOPE, however, that his Lordship was less a *Prophet* than a *Poet*, else what virtuous Man would wish to leave an Offspring behind him!

It

It is certain, indeed, that when People of Reason have been ensnar'd by any Inadvertency, or hurried by any violent Passions, so as to commit the greatest Irregularities, and even though they should persist in a long Series of them, Time would at last bring Shame in his Hand, and strike them with Remorse. — They would detest their past Conduct, and give the strongest Admonitions to warn their Posterity from being guilty of the same.

BUT the Misfortune is, that now a-days People seem to have entered into a Combination to thrust even common Sense out of Doors. — Wicked enough 'tis true we are, but yet we are more foolish. — The Crimes we act have no kind of Meaning in them, and we run into Vices, merely because they are Vices, and not because we find either Pleasure or Profit in pursuing them.

A DEPRAVITY of Taste, and a mean Dejection of Mind, are the Snares from which proceed most of the evil Things we see practised, — the First misguides our Choice, and gives it a wrong Propensity; and the Second renders us unable to assert the Dignity of our Reason, in rejecting, with the utmost Disdain, whatever is repugnant to it.

So yielding, alas! are we to what others do, that every one seems to have no Judgment of his own:

own : — In our Dress, our Diversions, our Oeconomy in our Families, and even in our Religion, we are solely swayed by those above us; and if half a score leading People that I could name, were it convenient, were to shew the Example, I doubt not but we might be brought to jump over a Stick as Dogs do in the Street.

BUT I am weary of a Subject no less disagreeable to my own Humour, than it will be to those of my Readers, who may happen to see too great a Likeness of themselves in the Mirror I have presented them with; but to make the best amends I can, will now give the Ladies a little Story, the Truth of which I can aver, that may convince them how much it is in the Power of a fine Woman to convert Barbarism into Elegance, and call the latent Seeds of Wit forth from the coarsest Soil of Rusticity.

A COUNTRY Gentleman of my Acquaintance had a Son of so sullen, rough, and untractable a Temper, that all the Education he bestowed on him, which was very liberal, seem'd wholly lost upon him. — The only thing he made the least Improvement in was *Latin*: — Dancing, Musick, or any of the politer Accomplishments, were his Aversion. — He flew all genteel Conversation, and hardly spoke but when he was in Company with those Men who work'd at mending Hedges, filling up Ditches, and such like Occupations, whose Labours he would frequently assist, and seemed mighty well pleased : In fine, he was the exact Model

del of *Dryden's Cymon*, and cannot be so well described as in that Poet's Words.

A clownish Mien, a Voice with rustick Sound,

*And stupid Eyes that ever lov'd the Ground.
The ruling Rod, the Father's forming Care,
Were exercised in vain, on Wit's Despair ;
The more inform'd the less he understood,
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the Mud.*

*His Corn and Cattle were his only Care,
And his supreme Delight a Country Fair ;
His Quarter-Staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his Back ;
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went for want of Thought.*

How great a Trouble this must be to his Friends and Family any one may judge! — All Means were tried to render him more like others of his Rank and Condition, but tried in vain: — He still continued the same Clod, and was even so obstinately doltish, that the more he found they took Pains to reform him, the more he was bigotted to his Rusticity. — If the Gentlemen of the County invited him to a Hunting-Match he was sure to refuse them, but would run ten Miles to see a Bull-baiting, or a Cudgel-playing. — To hear his Sister play on the Spinnet made his Head ach, but he could sit whole Hours with Pleasure to listen to a Bag-pipe. In fine, never was a more compleat Clown, and so continued till he arrived at the Age of Twenty ; but then, when
all

all hopes of his Amendment were past, a Change no less surprizing than pleasing to all his Friends appear'd in him.

AN Orphan Beauty, to whom his Father was Guardian, came down to pass some Part of the Summer-Season at their Seat. — The Charms of her Person were such as might attract as many Admirers as Beholders, yet were they infinitely short of the more valuable Perfections of her Mind.

SHE was affable, good-natured, chearful, had an uncommon Love for Learning, and had made a good deal of Progress in such of the Sciences as were looked upon by those who had the Care of her Education, becoming in a Person of our Sex. — To add to all this, she was entirely free from Pride, Affectation, and every modish Foppery of the Times, though bred in *London*, and then no more than Seventeen, an Age in which few can boast of being wholly free from them.

OUR modern *Cymon* heard much talk of this fine young Lady's coming, before her Arrival, and of the many Perfections she was Mistress of; but he regarded nothing that was said on that Score, nor had he the least Curiosity to see an Object, of whose Praise all Tongues were so full.

HE knew the Day she was expected, but some Country-gambol took him abroad, and he saw her
her

her not till the next Morning ; the Hour however in which he did was the last of his Liberty.— He insensibly lost all Inclination for his former Pleasures, and wished only to do that which might be approv'd by her.

As he found she lov'd Reading, he began to love it too, and would pass several Hours of the Night in that Employment, that he might be able to have somewhat to entertain her with the next Day.

HAPPENING to come into the Parlour one Day when his Sister and she were dancing a Minuet together to divert themselves, he fretted inwardly that he had so much neglected that Accomplishment, and desired his Father to give orders that the Dancing-master, whom before he had bad get out of the House, might attend him again. — Musick now also grew in great Esteem with him, and as he still remember'd some Touches on the Bass-Viol, he had once more recourse to his Books, and soon improved himself enough to keep Company with that Instrument to his Sister's Spinet, and the more delightful Voice of the fair Occasion of so wondrous a Change.

THE Fields and Meadows now no longer afforded him any Pleasure, unless when *Celia* (for so he afterwards called her) was walking in them ; he no longer talked of Arable and Pasture, boasted of his leaping over five-bar Gates, or tumbling

a pretty Wench on a Hay-stack ; or that he had been the loudest at a Wake or Sheep-shearing. — He was indeed the very Reverse of all he had been ; and perfectly sensible of the Time he had lost, endeavour'd to retrieve it by a continual Application. So great is the Force of Love, when

————— *Not of a vicious Kind*
It does to noblest Acts enflame the Mind ;
Awakes the sleepy Vigour of the Soul,
And, brushing o'er, adds Motion to the Pool ;
Industrious how to please, improves our Parts
With polish'd Manners, and adorns with Arts.
Love first invented Verse, and form'd the Rhime,
The Motion measur'd, harmonis'd the Chime ;

AND so indeed it proved with our Country *Inamorato* : I have already observ'd that the *Latin* Tongue was the only Thing they could beat into his dull Brains ; he made however no great Progress in it till after his Acquaintance with this Lady, but hearing her repeat with an admirable Grace, some Translations of the Odes of *Horace*, and other antient Poets both *Greek* and *Latin*, he was ashamed to think he had not a perfect Understanding in those two Languages, therefore endeavoured to perfect himself in the one, and begin to study the other with all his might.

WHAT will not a Mind resolved, and unwearied Application be able to produce ! The Passion he was inspir'd with for the amiable *Celia*, the Consciousness how little he was worthy of her as
he

he then was, and the ardent Wishes he had to render himself more so, enabled him to work Wonders, and a few Weeks accomplished that which the same Number of Years had fail'd to do, and which perhaps had never been, had *Celia* never come into the Country.

How great a Transport this unexpected, this unhop'd for Alteration gave to his Father's Heart, none who has not been a Parent can conceive; nor was he less satisfied to find it occasion'd by so worthy an Object: But though he, and indeed the whole Family, perceived that Love, and Love alone had wrought this Miracle, none gave the least Hint of it before him, thinking it most prudent to suffer him to pursue his own Method in that Point, and contented themselves with encouraging him in his Studies, and furnishing him with every thing necessary for the Prosecution of them.

HE translated several little Pieces out of the *Classick* Authors, highly to the Approbation of his Father, and a Gentleman who was now appointed for his Tutor, and taken into the House for that Purpose; among other Things, the Story of *Jupiter* and *Europa*, as he found it in *Moschus*, very much hit his Fancy, and he took more than ordinary Pains in putting it into the most elegant *English* he could; for now as Love had inspired him with an Ambition for Learning, so it prompted him to make known the Motive of his Wishes, which yet he had never dar'd to do even by the
most

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most distant Hint. The Method he took was this :

HE transcribed his Translation very fair, ornamented it with many Flourishes of the Pen, and put all the Capitals in Gold and Red, and when he had made it as fine as possible, enclosed it with a Dedication in Verse, the first Essay of his Youthful Muse, which the Reader may suppose was obliged to go through many Alterations before brought to what it was when he took Courage to present it to his adorable *Celia*.

HAVING at last finished it, he shew'd it to his Tutor, making him a kind of a Confident not directly of his Passion, but as if he intended it a Tribute of Gallantry to a young Lady who was his Father's Guest : The Gentleman laughed within himself at the Caution and Modesty of his Pupil, but very well knowing his Patron's Mind, applauded the Design, praised his Poem, and encouraged him to present it.

BUT I will delay no longer the Attention of the Publick, which, I dare say, have Curiosity enough to be impatient for this Production.

To the most amiable *Celia*, with the Fable of
Jupiter and Europa from *Moscos*.

MADAM,

*The Fable in the following Lines will prove
How sharp, how poignant are the Darts of Love
Not*

*Not only Men subscribe to Beauty's Sway,
But Charms like Your's even Gods themselves
obey.*

Europa's Fate the Truth of this displays ;

Europa was the Celia of those Days :

Europa's Charms could make ev'n Jove forego

The Joys of Heaven for greater Joys below :

In a Disguise he woo'd, and gain'd the Maid,

And all the Blessings he received repaid.

Her Virgin Heart at first with Tears was prest,

Tears fill'd her Eyes, Sighs heav'd her Snowy

Breast :

She never yet had by Experience prov'd

What 'twas at once to love, and be belov'd :

But soon as e'er the thrilling Dart she feels,

And warm Ideas speechless Joys reveals,

Tears flow no more, no labouring Sighs arise,

Love fires her Breast, and sparkles in her Eyes :

Her mantling Blood a new-born Vigour gains,

Delights her Heart, and revels thro' her Veins.

Pleasures too great to name she now receives,

Pleasures so great she hardly knows she lives.

What Moscus wrote, for You I strive

t'express,

And put Europa on an English Dress.

To You I dedicate my Days, my Hours ;

Nay every Minute of my Life is Yours!

Whate'er I do to You shall still belong

'Tis you inspire, and you shall grace my Song.

Europa of herself must fly to You ;

What her Charms did of Old, Your's now can do,

Nay more, to Your's a greater Power is given ;

Her's drew Jove from, Your's raise a Man to

Heaven.

Ac.

‘ ACCEPT, most excellent Lady, of this humble
 ‘ Offering, as it is the first Trial of a *Muse* which
 ‘ owes its Being to you, and shall ever be de-
 ‘ voted to you, with all Zeal and Fidelity, by your
 ‘ adoring

STREPHON.

THERE is, in my Opinion, something of Nature in this Poem more touching to the Heart than the most masterly Strokes of Art.—*Celia* disdain’d not to accept it with all the Sweetness imaginable; but tho’ she was not ignorant of the Passion she had inspired him with, any more than others who saw the Effect of it, yet she seemed not to have the least Suspicion of it, and feigned to look not only on this Dedication, but also on every other Token of what he felt, as proceeding from no more than meer Complaisance.

BUT the Time in which she had always intended to return to *London* drawing near, poor *Strepson* began to be extremely melancholly, and the Father apprehending some ill Consequence from this Separation, thought it best no longer to defer acquainting his Charge, with the Effects her Beauty had produced, and prevail with her, if possible, to tarry a little longer with them. He told her, that if his Son continued to improve, as he had begun since she had been their Guest, he flattered himself she would not think him unworthy of the Happiness to which he found he had aspired, and that, for his own part, as he
 had

had always loved her as a Daughter, he wished for nothing so much, as to make her such.

Celia was not at all surpris'd at this Declaration ; on the contrary, she had expected it for some Time before, therefore was not unprepared with an Answer. The Person of *Strepbon* had nothing in it disagreeable, and the Thoughts that all the Pains he took to regulate his Behaviour, was intirely owing to his Desire of pleasing her, had more Weight than had she found him the most accomplished Man on Earth. — Her Generosity made her compassionate his Love, and her Prudence remonstrated to her, that it was not likely she should ever have an Offer of more Advantage ; for indeed she had but a small Fortune, and he was the Heir of a very large Estate, so that she had not the least Repugnance to the Match.

SHE replied to the old Gentleman, that the Obligations she had to him for the great Care he had taken of her, had made her consider him in the same Light as a Father ; that the young Lady his Daughter was extremely dear to her, and that *Strepbon*, as being the Son and Brother of two Persons, who were the first in her Esteem and Love, could not be altogether indifferent to her ; but added, that they were both too young yet to think of Marriage, and that probably his Mind might change on the Sight of some Object more agreeable than herself ; but if it happened that he continued in the same Way of thinking, she

she knew not how to refuse any thing to a Family, to whom she owed so much.

THE Father was rejoiced to find she had not an Aversion to his Son ; and as he himself thought they were both of them young enough, was not in haste for compleating the Marriage, only begg'd she would not think of leaving them ; for, said he, *as it is solely to your Presence I owe a Son worthy of being called so, there is too much Reason to fear your Absence will make him relapse into his former self.*

Tho' I think there is not any Danger of such a Misfortune, answered she, smiling, *yet, Sir, it is sufficient to engage my Stay, that you are pleased to command it.*

IN fine, she continued with them the whole Winter, during which Time *Strephon* made vast Improvements ; and, being emboldened by his Father, by Degrees found Words to express the Passion he was possess'd of in so pathetic a Manner, that *Celia* confessed her Sensibility of it, and the ensuing Spring the Nuptials were solemnized to the extreme Satisfaction of all the Parties concerned.

I HEAR that he became a most accomplished Person, and what may justly be called a fine Gentleman, tho' not in the modern Acceptation of the Word ; and that no Age ever produced a more happy Pair than *Strephon* and *Celia*, which
Names

Names they still retain among their Intimates, in Memory of their first Love.

As nothing but the Power of Beauty could have roused this young Gentleman from a Stupidity which seemed natural to him, I cannot help laughing to think what a Mixture of *Dolt* and *Fop* there had been in him, had his Mistress been like some fine Ladies that I know in the World. The *Clown* had still remained in him, and when his Outside had been transformed into a *Beau*, there could not have been a more comical Composition.

SUCH Animals, however, are sometimes to be met with even in this great Metropolis; and it would be extremely to the Glory of our Sex, if they would oblige all their Lovers to become rational Creatures before they accepted their Addresses. But alas! while *Puppet-Shews* and *Conundrums* take up their Attention, no such Thing is to be expected: — While the Women continue to be attached to Trifles, the Men will also continue to encourage them in the Hope of pleasing; and as *Strephon* endeavoured to render himself worthy of a Woman of Sense, by becoming Master of such Accomplishments as he found were necessary for that End, so will all who really love, affect to be what will be most engaging to the Object of his Affections.

I THEREFORE maintain, that every beautiful Woman ought to answer for all the Follies

of her Admirers, provided that she continues them in her Train ; and that it may not be said I lay too great a Stress on the Influence of my own Sex, I would also have every Man of Sense condemned for the Impertinencies committed by the Woman he makes his serious Addressees to. — As the mutual Desire of pleasing each other in both Sexes is natural and laudable, each would doubtless be reform'd when they found it the only way to answer that great End.

VICES are more easily left off than Follies. — Conscience, though uncalled and unconsulted, will sometimes interpose, and stop us even in the very Act of any thing that is truly criminal. But Reason is not always so officious : Our good Sense is often lulled asleep by our Vanity, and while we think we do no Harm, we think we may do any thing.

FOLLIES however, when too much indulged, frequently lead us into Vices before we are aware, and are the more dangerous as we perceive not where we are going till too late to retrieve ourselves, and we have nothing but a sad Repentance to befriend us.

THE Love of Gaming, being fond of every new Trifle, and a continual Habit of rambling from one publick Place to another, are of this Sort ; and I may say they are Captains-General of
that

that Army of Errors, which enable us to combat against Virtue, and will in Time overthrow it.

*Ill Habits gather by unseen Degrees :
As Brooks make Rivers, Rivers run to Seas.*

I WOULD have every Woman of common Understanding ask herself the Question, if it is not more Honour to her to be seriously praised and admired by one Man of Sense, than to have the unmeaning, idle, hyperbolical Compliments of twenty fluttering Coxcombs !

BUT as I have already at various Times in the Course of these Speculations taken Notice, so I cannot forbear again repeating, that it is wholly owing to the want of a due Reflection, that we see People so generally run contrary, as it were, to every thing that is their true Interest to pursue.

I DON'T find but that even now, on the reading or being told the History of any great and memorable Person, the Auditors are sensibly affected, and ready enough to give such-a-one the Praises they deserve. — Why therefore are they not fir'd with an Ambition of emulating them ? — Why does not every Woman aim at being a *Cornelia* ? — Why do not the Men copy after a *Scipio* or a *Brutus* ? — Both Sexes, and all Degrees and Ranks, may find Models, not only among the Antients but Moderns, by which they ought to square their Actions, if they would but consider

sider how infinitely it would become them to do so.

BUT thinking seriously is a Fatigue which those of the polite World cannot support : It must therefore be some demonstrative Proofs, that to *deserve* is the only way to *receive* Applause, that can change the present fashion of Behaviour.

FOR Example, would a few sparkling Beauties, such as *Amabella*, *Martilia*, and some others, who unhappily permit themselves to be galanted by a Train of Coxcombs which every Day follow them in the *Mall*, play with their Fans in the Boxes at the *Opera* and *Play-Houses*, and boast of being admitted even at their Toylets, resolve henceforward to have no Society but with Men of Wit, Honour, and Reputation, how soon would Merit become the Mode, and all kinds of Foppery be left off.

THEN on the Side of the Men, *Porphirio*, *Albinus*, *Portius*, and all who are celebrated for their Wit and fine Taste, must renounce all Conversation with the Fair *Hoydens* of the Age, and say fine Things to none but who are qualified to make them proper Answers.

I REMEMBER to have heard, that in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, a Time in which they say *British* Wit and Elegance were at their height, that Monarch being walking in the *Mall*
one

one Day, was infinitely charmed with the Beauty of a young Lady who happened to be there, and after having pass'd her in two or three Turns, at length went up to her and accosted her with an Air of Gallantry and Good-Breeding peculiar to himself; to which she made very awkward Replies: And when he told her, that Beauty such as her's, would add to the Splendor of a Court, *It may be so*, cried she, *but I shall never go there.*—*Why*, demanded the King? *Because I won't*, resum'd she. This Behaviour in a Moment cur'd the amorous Prince of all the Passion she had inspir'd him with, and he turned from her with as much Contempt as he had approach'd her with Admiration, saying, *Fair and Foolish! What a Pity it is when a Woman loses by her Tongue all the Advantages her Eyes have gain'd!*

'TIS certain indeed, from all Accounts of this Prince, that liable as he was to the Force of Beauty, and to be taken with every new Face that had any thing lovely in it, *Wit* only was capable of making a lasting Impression on him, either in Men or Women. — All his Mistresses were famous for Vivacity of Genius, and though there might be then, as well as now, some heavy-headed Courtiers about him, yet those with whom he pass'd his private Hours were all Men of the most elevated Capacities.

THE Love of ingenious Conversation descended from the Throne to every Thing beneath;
and

and if that Age might be called an Age of too much Gallantry, as doubtless it was, there was a certain Delicacy in Amours which cannot be alledged in Favour of the present. — This is said by Persons who are least inclined to palliate Vice, and cannot be suspected of Partiality to one Period of Time, any more than to another.

I don't know how it is, said a Friend of mine, who in his Youth, I suppose, might be of the gay World, but the Men of these Days are strangely bappy : — In my Time a fine Woman was not to be gain'd without a long Application, and a thousand Testimonies of an unfeign'd and constant Regard ; but now a Game of Romps, or a lucky Run at Cards, reduces the vanquish'd Fair to accept of what Condition the Conqueror is pleased to give.

How wisely did the Antients assign two *Cupids* of such different Natures, to preside over amorous Affairs ! — the One all Tenderness and Truth, inspiring no inordinate Desires, but meek, humble, and aiming at the Satisfaction of the Object beloved ; — the Other rampant, presuming, regarding only Self-gratification, and trampling under foot all Considerations that offer to oppose it.

CAN our Sex then, whose Characteristick is Softness and Gentleness, prefer the latter to the former, and forgo even Nature ! Surely no, if
mid-

midnight Riots drown not all Reflection, or some fatal Exigence render it of no Force.

I REMEMBER to have seen in a Library belonging to one of my Relations, a little Book entitled *The Card of Fancy* ; it was, I believe, one of the first Essays of Printing in *England*, and both the Characters and Language so obsolete, that it was scarce intelligible to a modern Reader. Perhaps the very being so, heighten'd my Curiosity ; and my extreme Desire, seconded by the Skill of the Owner of the Library, made me in a little Time able to comprehend the Contents ; which were a Collection of several remarkable little Histories with proper Remarks on each, which served as a kind of Moral to direct the Reader how to make his own Improvement of the Passages he found there.

THERE were several pompous Accounts of the Tilts and Tournaments of former Times made in Honour of our Sex, and what wonderful things Love enabled his Votaries to perform in the Presence of their Mistresses ; especially if they were honoured with a Scarf, Ribband, or Glove, wherewith to ornament their Helmet ; but there was one which above all the rest took my Humour, as I thought it more display'd the Power of that little Deity, which once made a great Noise in the World, than any I had ever heard or read of. Some of those who think the *Female Spectator* worth their Perusal, may possibly be as well pleas-

ed

ed with it as I was, and in that Hope I take the Liberty of presenting it as a great Curiosity.

A FORMER Essay of mine has mentioned, on a different Occasion, one *Jeffery Rudell* a young Nobleman of *Provence*, a fine Country now appertaining to *France*, but formerly a Feoff of the Empire. The Book, from which I took the Narrative I am about to give, describes him as one of the handsomest and most polite Persons of the Age he liv'd in. King *Richard* the First of *England*, who, for his undaunted Spirit, was surnamed *Coeur de Lyon*, having past some Part of his Youth in *Provence*, became exceedingly intimate with him; and when he came to the Crown sent to intreat he would not forget their former Friendship so far as not to make him a Visit: *Jeffery Rudell* accepted the Invitation, came over, and was the first that revived Poetry in *England*, after it had lain dormant several hundred Years: There are Verses of his composing still extant in the Hands of some of the antient Nobility and Gentry of this Kingdom, and Mr. *Rhymer* tells us, that there are many more in the Library of the Grand Duke of *Tuscany*.

WHEN King *Richard* made his *Crusade* in the *Holy Land*, this *Jeffery* went with him, and prov'd himself no less a Hero in the Time of Battle, than he was a Courtier in the Times of Peace. — He was a Prisoner with that Prince in *Germany*, when on his Return from fighting the

the Battles of *Christ*, he was seiz'd by the treacherous Duke of *Austria*, and detained three whole Years for so exorbitant a Ransom as scarce the whole Wealth of *England* could discharge : An Obligation to the House of *Austria* which many Ages had cause to remember ; but Time erases all Things, and we are a forgiving People. — This however is not to the Purpose of my History, the present Descendant of that Family will doubtless make Attonement for all the Injuries offered to us by her Predecessors, as well as amply recompence the Favours she in Person has received.

LIBERTY at last regain'd, he came not with the King to *England*, but pass'd into *Bretagne*, the Inheritance of Prince *Geofry* Brother to *Coeur de Lyon*, and who was Father to that unhappy *Arthur*, who lost his Life in the Usurpation of his Uncle *John*. There did he hear such Wonders of the Beauty, Wit, Learning, and Virtue of the Countess of *Tripoly*, that he became more truly enamour'd of her Character than is common in our Days, for Men to be with the most perfect Original that Nature ever fram'd, or Art improved.

NEITHER his Friendship for Prince *Geofry*, nor the Perswasions of the Nobility of *Bretagne*, by whom he was extremely respected and beloved, could prevail on him to stay any longer

there. — He hir'd a Vessel, and with the first fair Wind fet Sail for *Tripoly*.

BUT though his Passion made him thus obstinately bent to forsake all that besides was dear to him in the World, and run such Harzards for the Sight of the beloved Object ; yet his good Sense sometimes remonstrated to him, that the Adventure he undertook, had in it something romantick, and the Uncertainty how he might be received on his Arrival, filled him with the most terrible Agitations.

To alleviate the Melancholly he was in, during his long Voyage, he pour'd out the Overflowings of his Soul in many Odes and Sonnets, but as they were all in the *Provencial* Tongue, I forbear to transcribe them ; only, to shew in what manner the Poets of those Days wrote, will give my Readers one, as I find it translated into *English* by Mr. *Rhymer* :

I.

*Sad and heavy should I part,
But for this Love so far away
Not knowing what my Ways may thwart,
My Native Land so far away.*

II.

*Thou that of all Things Maker art,
And form'st this Love so far away ;
Give Body's Strength, then shan't I start,
From seeing her so far away.*

III.

*How true a Love to pure Desert,
Is Love to her so far away!
Eas'd once, a Thousand Times I smart,
Whilst, ah! she is so far away.*

IV.

*None other Love, none other Dart
I feel, but her's so far away,
But fairer never touch'd an Heart,
Than her's that came so far away.*

My Author says, that never Voyage was more unprosperous, that they had great Storms, which obliged them more than once to put into Port to refit, and sometimes were so becalmed that the Ship could not make any way, but seem'd almost motionless: But their worst Misfortune was, they were attacked by two *Turkish* Gallies, who, but for the extraordinary Valour and Conduct of *Jessery Rudell*, had made them all Prisoners. — He received however several Wounds, the Anguish of which joined to his other fatigues, and the more severe Anxiety of his Mind, threw him into a languishing Distemper which every Moment threatened Dissolution.

THEY met by Accident with a Ship bound for the Southern Part of *France*, which being so near his own Country, he was very much persuaded by the Commander to go on board him, and turn back: He alledged to him, that in the
Con-

Condition he then was, nothing could be more proper than to prosecute his Intention; that probably his native Air might be of Service to him, and that when he was recovered, he might again set out for *Tripoly* with more Probability of Success.

BUT all this, tho' highly reasonable, had no Effect. — The weak and decayed Situation of his Body had no Influence over his Mind, which, wholly taken up with the Perfections of the beautiful Countess, made him resolute to proceed, whatever should be the Consequence.

IN fine, he continued his Voyage, and no ill Accidents afterward intervening, arrived safe at his so much wish'd for Port. — When he was told, as he lay in his Cabin, that they had dropt Anchor, and were in View of the Towers of *Tripoly*, he lifted up his Hands and Eyes to Heaven, giving Thanks, that, after all his Sufferings, he had the Happiness, at last, of breathing the same Air with that admirable Lady he had come so far in Search of.

ONE who was less a Lover than he was, would have thought this a poor Compensation, when, with all the Efforts he made, he found himself unable to rise out of his Bed, but he received much more than he expected, or indeed had Reason to do. The Countess being informed who was in the Vessel, and the Motive which had brought him there, as well as the Condition to
which

which he was reduced, had Gratitude and Compassion enough to come to visit him, ardently wishing, that this Condescension might restore him to that Health he had lost for her Sake ; but alas ! he was too far gone ; inexorable Death triumphed over the purest Love that ever was. — His Eyes were closed, as those about him thought, for ever, but suddenly opened, on his hearing she was there : She took him by the Hand, and, in the sweetest Accents, told him she was pierced to the Heart to think so worthy a Man should have exposed himself to such innumerable Dangers. — *All, all*, cry'd he, eagerly gazing on her as tho' he would carry her Image with him to the other World, *all my Sufferings in beholding you are overpaid*. He concluded this Expression with a fervent Kiss on her Hand, and in that Action expired.

So rare an Example of an unfeigned Affection, must have necessarily affected any Woman of a generous Soul ; but it made so deep an Impression on that of this amiable Countess, that she lamented his Loss as of a Lover who had long been dear to her : She devoted all that Tenderness to his Memory, which, had he lived, had rendered him the happiest of Mankind. — She had his Body conveyed on Shore, and buried in the most sumptuous Manner, and erected for him a Tomb of *Porphiry* and *Jasper* intermixed, with an Epitaph in *Arabic* Verse ; — had all his Sonnets and Odes curiously copyed over
in

in Letters of Gold ; and, after she had done all she could think on to perpetuate his Name, she took a Vow of Chastity, founded a Monastery, of which she herself was Abbess, and endowed it with her whole Fortune.

I COULD wish this Story had a more fortunate Conclusion, and that, for the Encouragement of such Lovers as the *Provencial* Nobleman, it had related the Triumphs of his Marriage, rather than the Magnificence of his Obsequies ; but as the Motive of my inserting it was to shew the Ladies what Influence they might have over the Men, by behaving so as to acquire a Character like that of the Countess of *Tripoly*, those who wish'd to be loved as she was, may possibly become her Imitators.

IT is my Design, in some future Essay, to lay down a few Maxims and Rules of Conduct collected from several of the most learned and polite Authors of all Ages, which, if followed, will well supply every Deficiency in Nature, give Charms to the plainest Face, and render Beauty infinitely more conspicuous.

A SECOND Letter from *Britanicus* is come to Hand, but the same Reason which depriv'd the Publick of the Satisfaction it might have received by the former, holds good also against this ; though so great a Regard have we both
for

for the Subject, and his most just and agreeable manner of handling it, that we shall run the hazard of offending those few who may think themselves too severely dealt with, in order to oblige the more valuable, and we hope more numerous Part of our Readers, and readily insert it in our next Publication; provided he consents to our omitting the Prophecy, and the three last Lines of his fifth Paragraph, as well as changing the initial Letters of proper Names for fictitious ones.

It will be easy for him to conceive the Necessity there is of doing this, if it appears in Print; and will therefore pardon the Proposal, and favour us with his Resolution upon it.

A LETTER sign'd *Dorinda*, another *H. L.* and a third *Claribella*, are all of them received; the two first will not fail to have a Place in our next Lucubrations; but the other, by reason of its length, must be defer'd till the Month following, when the Lady may depend on seeing the Story it contains made as publick as our Canal will permit, and also those Observations which shall occur to us on a mature Consideration of the Matter.

If our Opinion should happen (as I fear it will) in some measure to vary from that the fair Author is of at present, we flatter ourselves she will excuse it, on Account of that Sincerity and Impar-

partiality we are determined to preserve through the whole Course of these Essays.

THE Verses of *Simonides* do not at all accord with the Rules we have prescribed ourselves ; — they may possibly be more agreeable to the Publishers of some of our Weekly Papers. Therefore, if the Author has no other Copy than that which he sent to us, to prevent him from the Mortification of having his Wit thrown away, it shall be left at our Publisher's, where, if he pleases to call, it will be returned, without one Word borrow'd or embezzled.

End of the TWELFTH BOOK.



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